f 1084/1

Chaucer
Canterbury Tales
England, c. 1440-50

Rebound by J.R
Dec 16th 1882.

Phillipps MS
8137 Mag Ph
a 44. 240.

The note on the opposite page refers to this M.S. previous to being rebound & rearranged.

T. F. F.

This MS. has been carelessly bound so as to
separate portions of the same tale —

Leaves missing ought to be carefully examined
& the lines restored to their original arrangement.

That the original arrangement (however) of this MS.
must have been various, it is easy to demonstrate,
notwithstanding the evident antiquity.

The readings I suspect to be of better authority

Chaucer Canterbury Tales
15th Cent.

C

Mr Cooper Tobe

Miller Tobe
Reese Tobe
Coben Tobe

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E

Vn to ye straunge lordes as it was kyght.
Ze ther was holden no discomforture.
ffor fallyng is an vn auenture.
Ne to be las be force vn to a stake
Vn yolden and with twenty knyghtis take.
A psone alone withouten moo.
And hames forth be arme foot and two,
And eek his steede dryuen forth with staues.
With footmen bothe yomen and knaues.
It was ariettes hym no vylanye
Yere may no man deyen of cowardye
ffor whiche anoon Duke Theseus leet crye.
To stynten alle rancour and enuye.
Ye gree as well of oo syde as of othir
And eythir syde alyke as othres brothir
And yaff hem yiftis after here degre.
And fully heeld a feste dayes thre.
And conueied ye kynges worthily,
Out of his toun a ꝛ̃one larygely.
And hom went euery man ye rydht wey,
Yere was no more but fare well and haue good day.
Of this batayle I wile no more endite
But speken of Palamon and of Arcite.
Suffisith ye breef of Arcite and ye soor.
Encreseth at his herte more and moor
Ye cloteed blood for ony leeche craft.
Corrupteth and is in his body laft.
Yat nothir veynblood ne ventusynge.
Ne drynk of herbes may been helpynge
Be vertu expulsif or animal.
ffrom thilke vertu clepid natural.
Ne may ye venym voyde ne expelle.
Ye pipes of his longes gan to swelle.
And euery lacert in his herte adoun
Is shent with venym and corrupcioun
Hym gayneth nouthir for to geten his lyf.
Vomyt vpward ne downward laxatif.
Al is to brosten thilke region
Nature hath no dominacioun.
And certeynly where nature wile not werche.

Cc

Phillipps MS
8137

The

ffare weel pheysyk/ yoo bere ye man to chyrche -
Yis all ans some pat Arcita moste deye -
ffor Whiche he seendith after Emelie -
And palamon his cousyn deere -
panne seyde he thus as yee schall after heere -
Not may my Woofulle hurt in myn herte -
Declaren oo poynt of my sorewes smerte -
To yolh my lady pat I loue moste -
But I bequethe pe seruise of my goost -
To yolh abouen euery creature -
Sithen pat my lyf may no lengere dure -
Allas the Woo allas pe peynes strongе -
pat I for yolh haue suffried and soo longe -
Allas pe deth allas myn Emelye
Allas departyng of oure compaunye -
Allas myn hertis queen allas my leef Wyf -
Myn hertis lady ender of my lyf -
What is pe worlde What may men haue
Nolh with his loue nolh in his colde graue -
Allone Withouten any compaunye -
ffare weel my fare weel myn Emelie
And softe take me in your armes
ffor loue of god herkeneth What I seye -
I haue heere with my cousyn palamon -
Hadde stryff and rancour many a day agoon -
ffor loue of yolh and for my ielousie
And Jubiter soo wis my soule gye -
To speken of a fulle pfitly -
With circumstaunces al trewly -
pat is to seyne trouthe honure and knyghthood,
Hyndom humblesse estate and hyghe kynrede -
ffredom and all pat longeth to pat arte -
Soo Jubiter haue on my soule parte -
As in this worlde rytht nolh knowe I noon -
Soo worthy to be loues as palamon -
pat serueth yolh and Wile doo all his lyf -
And if that yee schall euere been a wyf -
ffor yete not palamon pe gentil man -
And With that Woorde his speeche faylle began -
ffor from his feet vn to his herte Was come -

The cold of deth that hath hym ouercome
And yet more our for in his armes two
The vital strengthe is lost and al agoo
Only the intellect withouten more
That abydde in his herte syke and sore
Gan fayle when the herte felte deth
Dusken his eyen two and fayleth breth
But on his lady yit caste he his eye
His last word was mercy Emelye
His spirit chaunged hous and place there
As I can neuere I can not tellen where
Therfore I stynte I am no divynistre
Of soules fynde I not in this registre
Ne me ne list thilke opynyons to telle
Of hem thoughe that thei writen where pat dwelle
Arcite is cold that Mars his soule gye
Now wole I speken forth of Emelie
Shrighte Emelie and howleden Palamon
And Theseus his sustre took anoon
Swounynge and bar hire fro his cours abedy
What helpeth it us to tarien forth the day
To tellen how she wepte both eue and morwe
For in swiche cas wommen haue swiche sorwe
When that here housbondis been from hem agoo
That they more part therin sorwen soo
Or elles fallen in swich maladie
That at the laste certeynly thei deye
Infinite harmes been and eke pestilences
Of olde folk and folk of tendre yeres
In all the toun for deth of this thebean
For hym there wepen both child and man
So greet wepynge was there certayn
When Arcite was brought al fresshe slayn
To Troye allas the pite that was there
Crieshynge of chekes rendynge eek of heer
Now wolde thou be dede these wommen crye
And haddest gold inough and Emelye
No man myghte glade Theseus
Saunynge his olde fadir Egeus
That knew this worldes transmutacioun

As he hadde seyn it vp and doun -
Ioye after woo and woo after gladnesse -
And sheweth hem ensample and lykenesse -
Right as there dyed neuere man quod he -
Pat he ne liuede in eerthe in some degree -
Right so there liuede neuere man he seyde -
In al this world pat sumtyme he ne deyde -
This world is nought but a thurgh fare full of woo -
And we been pilgrimes passynge to and fro
Deth is an ende of euery worldly soor -
And ouer al this yit seyde he muchel more -
To this effect ful wysely to enhorte -
The people pat thei hem shulde reconforte -
Duke Theseus with al his best aure -
Caste how where pat the sepulture
Of good Arcite may best maad be -
And eek most honurable of degree -
And atte the laste he took conclusioun -
That there as first Arcite and Palamon -
Hadde for loue the batayle hem bitween -
That in the selue grene shete and grene
Where with he hadde his amerous destres -
His compleynt and for loue his hoote fires
He wolde maken a feer in which the office
Funeral he myghte hem alle complice -
He leet anoon comaunden to hakken and hewen -
The okes olde and leyn hem on a rewe -
In culpounes wel armed for to brenne -
His officeres with sherpe hoot pei renne -
And right anoon at his comaundement
And after Theseus hath sente
After a beere and it al ouer spradde
With cloth of gold the richeste that he hadde
And of the same suite he clothede Arcite -
Vpon his hondis his gloues white -
Eek on his heed a croune of laurer grene -
And in his hond a swerd ful bryght and keene -
He leyde hym bare the visage on the beere -
Therwith he wepte that pite was to heere -
And for the people shulde seen hym alle -

Whanne it was day he brought hym to pe halle-
Ytt wreth of pe cry and of pe stresse-
Tho gan this Noysfull Thebean palamon-
With flotery berd and rugyy asshy heeris-
In clothes blake droppes alle with teeris-
And passynge othure of weepynge Emelie-
Sche reufullest of alle pe compaynye-
In as moche as pe seruyse shulde be-
Pe more noble and ryche in his degre-
Duke Theseus leet foorth pe stedes brynge-
Pat trappes weren in steel all gliterynge-
And keuered with pe armes of Daune Lorde
Upon these steedis gryete and whyte
There stoden folk of whiche oon baar his sheeld
Anothir his spere vpon his hondis heeld
pe thrydde baar with hym bobbe turkes
Of brent gold pus pe caas and eek pe harneys-
And risen foorth a pas with soun cheere-
Toward pe grone as pee shulde after heere-
Pe nobeleest of pe grekes pat there weere-
Upon here shuldris tarieden pe heere-
With staat pas and thanne rest and pete-
Purch out pe cite be the mayster streete-
That spradde pus all with blak and wondur hyshe
Ryght of pe stuue is pe streete wrye-
Upon pe ryght hond went oolde Egeus-
And on pe tothir syde Duke Theseus
With vesseles in here hond of gold full fyne-
All full of hony mylk and blood and wyne-
Eek palamon with full greet compaynye-
And after that come noysfull Emelie-
With feer in hande as pat tyme pe tyde-
To do pe office of funeralle pryse
Hyrh labour and full greet apparaylynge
Pus at pe fyre and at pe feer makyng-
Pat with his grysely top pe heuene raughte-
And twenty fadme of brede pe armes straughte-
This is to seyne the bookes weere soo wrooth-
Of tree first there pus leyd many a looth-
But how pe feer pus maad vpon hyshte-

Ze eek ye names hath ye trees lyghte -
As oak / fir birche asp alder elme popelere -
Wilek holme plane asshe boy chesteyn bynd launer -
Wayful thorn beche eek hasell whyppultree -
Hath thei weere feld shall not betold for me -
Ne hath ye goddes runne vp and down -
Disherites of here habitacioun -
In whiche thei wonedeu in reste and pees -
Nymphes faunes and amadrides -
Ne hath ye bestes ne ye briddes alle -
Flesden for feer whanne ye gas falle -
Ne hou ye grounde agast was of ye lyght -
Pat was not wont to see ye sunne bryght
Ne hath ye feer gas touches first with fire -
And thanne with breye stykkes doueu a thre -
And thanne with greene hode and spinerye -
And thanne with cloth of gold and perrye -
And garlondis hangynge with mauye and flour -
Ye myrre the encense with alle soo sweete odour
Ne hath arrite lay among alle this -
Ne what richesse abouten his body is -
Ze hath Emelie as was ye fyre -
Putte in ye feer of funerall guise -
Ne hath sche swounede whanne mad was ye feer -
Ne what she spak ne what was hire desyr -
Ne what ielowsies men in ye feer caste -
Whanne pat the feer was greet and breute faste -
Ze wolde hath sownne casten here weede and sommne here spere
And of here vestementz whiche thei were -
And cuppes full of mylk and wyn and blood -
In to ye feer pat brente as it weere wood -
Ne hath ye grekes with an hoge route -
Thries riden al ye feer aboute
Vpon ye lefte hond with a loude shoutynge -
And thries with here speres clateringe
And thryes hath ye ladies gan crie -
Ne hath pat lasse was houshirde Emelie -
Ze hath arrite is brent in asshen colde -
Ne ye liche wake was holde -
Al pat nyghte ne hath the grekys play -

The wake pleyes keepe not to say.
Who trastelyth best nakes with oyle anoynt.
Ne who hair hym best in no disioynt.
I wile not tellen all howe thei ffoon
Hoom til Athenes whan pe pley is doon.
But shortly to pe poynt thanne I wile ende
And make of my long tale an ende
Be passe and be lengthe of yeeris
Al fynyt is pe mooryng and pe teeris.
Of grekes be oon generall assent.
Yanne semed me pere was a plement
Tt Athenes vpon a certeyn poynt and cas.
Among poynts spoken was
To have with certeyn contrees alliaunce.
And have of thebanes fully obeissaunce.
ffor which this noble theseus anoon.
Let senden after gentil Palamon.
Vnkyst of hym pat was pe cause and why
But in hyse blake clothes sorowfully.
Be come at his comaundement on hyghe.
Tho sente theseus for Emelie.
Whanne that thei weere sette and huyst was all pe place.
And theseus abiden hath a space.
Or eny word come fro his wyse brest.
His eyen sette he there hym lyst.
And whiche a sadde visage he sith stille.
And after pat wyght thus he seyde his wille.
pe firste moevere of pe cause above.
Whanne he first made pe fayr cheyne of loue.
Greet was pe effecte and heigh was his entent.
Wel wiste he why and what thereof he mente.
ffor with that fayre cheyne of loue he bond.
The feer pe eyr pe water and pe lond.
And certeyn bondis pat thei may not flee.
pat same prynce and pat same moevere quod hee.
Hath stablyssed in this wrecchede world adoun
Certeyn dayes and dominacioun.
To alle pat is engendred in this place.
Ouer pe whiche day thei may not pace.
Al mowe thei yit pe dayes abregge.

There not auctorite to allege -
ffor it is proued be experience -
But that me lust declaren myn sentence -
Panne may men be this ordre discerne -
That ilke mouere stable is and eterne -
Weel may men knowen but it be a fool -
Pat euery ptye Narreyneth from his hool -
ffor nature hath not taken his begynnyng -
Of no ptie or of cantell of no thyng -
But oo thyng pat pfyt is and stable -
Descendynge soo til it be corrumpable -
And therfore of his Wyse purueiaunce -
he hath soo Weel be sette his ordenaunce -
Pat specie of thynges and progressiounes
Shuln enduren be successiounes
Ans not eterne Withouten ony lie
Pis mayst thou vnderstonde and see at eye -
Loo ye ook pat hath soo longe anoursshyng -
ffro pe tyme pat it first begynneth to springe -
And hath soo long a lyf as yee may see -
Pat at the laste Wastes is pe tree -
Considereth eek how pat pe hard stoon -
Vnder oure feet on Whiche Wee treden and goon -
Pat Wasteth it as it lyth in pe Way -
Pe broode ryuer som tyme Weyt Wye -
Pe gruete tounnes soo Wyde Wane and Weende -
Wanne ye see pat all this thyng hath ende -
And man and Woman soo Wee Wile also -
Pat needith noon of the tymes tho -
Pat is to seyne in youthe or elles aage -
he mote be dees pe Wyng as shall a page
Somme in his bedde somme in pe deepe see -
Somme in pe large feeld as yee may see -
Pere helpith not alle gooth pat ilke Wey -
Panne may I seye pat all this thyng Wile deye -
What maketh this but Iubit pe Wyng -
Pat is pryncee and cause of all thyng -
Conuertynge alle vn to his pre Wille
ffrom Whiche it is Narreynes sooth to telle -
And Weere ageyn no Wrettare on lyue -

And for Gamelyn was yongest he sholde haue nought.
Alle the lond that there was thei deuyden it in two.
And leeten Gamelyn pe yonge [illegible] lond ygoo.
And eche of hem sede to other full lõde.
Hise bretheren myghte yeuen hym lond [illegible] wolde.
Whanne thei hadde deled pe lond.tt here wille
Pei comen to pe kyngh.t there he lay stille.
And tolden hym anoon how thei hadden wrought.
And pe kyngh.t there he lay sykede it rygh.t nought.
Wanne seyde the kyngh.t be seynt martyn.
For.tt pat pee haue doon pat is pe lond myn.
For goddis loue Neygh.tebours stondeth alle stille.
And I schal deelen my lond rygh.t after my wille.
Jon myn eldeste sone shall haue plowes fyue.
Pat was myn faderes heritage whyle he was on lyue.
And my myddleste sone fyue plowes of lond.
Pat I halp for to gete with my rygh.t hond.
And alle myn other purchas of londis and leedis.
That I bequethe Gamelyn and alle myn goode steedis.
And I beseeche pow.r goode men pat la.te can of lond
For Gamelynus loue pat my queest stonde.
Pus alle pe kyngh.t his lond be his day.
Kyngh.t on his bedde lay sek there he lay.
And soone after he lay stoon stille
And deyde whanne tyme com as it was cristes wille.
Anoon as he was ded and vnder gras grauе.
Soone the eldere brother gilede pe yonge knaue.
He took in to his hond his lond and his leede.
And Gamelyn hym sellue to clothen and to feede.
He clothede hym and fedde hym euele and eek wrothe.
And leet hise londis forfare and hise houses bothe.
His pkes and his wodes and bedde nothyng weel.
And sithen he lyt a boughte on his owne felle.
Soo longe was Gamelyn in his brotheris halle.
For pe strengheste of goode wil thei douteden hym alle.
Per was noon there in nother yong ne old
That dorste withsitten Gamelyn pere he neuere soo bold.
Gamelyn stood on a day in his brotheris yerd.
And bigan with his hand to handelen his berd.
He thoughte on hise londis that layn vnlaw.

Fytte

And hyse [illegible] ookes pat Dom weere dulle.
Hise pkes weere broken and his Deer reues.
Of alle hise goode [illegible] noon pas hym be leues.
His houses [illegible] vnhelis and fulle euele dyghte.
Pho [illegible] Gamelyn it weente not a rysshe.
Af[illegible]tun his brothir Sulkynge there.
[illegible]yde to Gamelyn is oure mete yare.
Pe Knyghtes hym Gamelyn and sheue be goddis boot.
Thou shalt go bake thi seluen Pil not be thi coot.
Nolt brothir Gamelyn holt answerest thou nolt.
Nolt spakest neuere shriche a Woord as thou dooste nolt.
Be my feyth seide Gamelyn nolt me thenketh neede.
Of alle the harmes pat I haue took neuere yt speede.
My parkes be broken and my Deer be reued.
Of myn armes and my steedis nought is me beleues.
Al that my fadir me beqwath alt gooth to shame.
And therfore haue thou goddis curs brothir be thyn name.
Panne spak his brothir that myre was of rees.
Stond stille gadelyng and hold thi pees.
Thou shalt be fayn to haue thi mete and thi weede.
What spekest thou gadelyng of lond or of leede.
Panne seyde Gamelyn pe child that yong.
Cristes curs mote he haue pat clepith me gadelyng.
I am no Peers gadelyng ne no Peers knyght.
But born of a lady and geten of a knyght.
Ne durste he not to Gamelyn neuere a foot goo.
But clepede to hym his men and seyde to hem tho.
Goth and beteth this boy and reueth hym his Witte.
And leet hym leerne mothir tyme to answere me bette.
Panne seyde pe child yong Gamelyn.
Cristes curs mote thou haue brothir art thou myn.
And if I schulle algate be beten anoon.
Cristis curs mote thou haue but thou be that oon.
And anoon his brothir in that greet heete.
Made hise men to fetten staues Gamelyn to bete.
Phanne euerich of hem hadde a staff I nomen.
Gamelyn was war tho he seey hem comen.
Tho Gamelyn seey hem comen he lookede oure alt.
And was war of a pestelt stood vndir pe walt.
Gamelyn was light and thidir gan he leepe.

And drofe alle his brothers men rygtyt soone on heepe.
And lookede as a wylde leoun and leyde on goode wone.
Po his brothur seey pat he began to goone -
He fley vp in to a loft and shette pe doze faste.
Pus Gamelyn with his pestelt made hem alle agaste -
Somme foz Gamelyns loue and somme foz eye.
Alle thei drowen hem to halues po he gan to pleye.
What nolt seyde Gamelyn euele mote yee thee.
Pile yee begynne contek and soo soone flee.
Gamelyn sought his brothur whidur he was flowe.
And saugthe where he lookede out at a wyndowe.
Brothur seyde Gamelyn come a litil neere.
And I pile teeche pe a pley at the bokeleere.
His brothur hym answerede and seyde be seynt richer
While yat pestelt is in thyn hond I pile come no neere.
Brother I pile make thi pees I swere be crystis ore.
Cast away pe pestelt and pathe the nomore.
I nuste neede sede Gamelyn pathe me at ones.
ffor thou woldest make thi men to breke thi bones.
Ne hadde I had mayn and mygtht in myn armes.
To haue hem fro me thei wolde haue do me harmes.
Gamelyn seyde his brothur be thou not wroth.
ffor to seen pe haue harm me neere rygtht looth.
I nedede it nought brothur but for a fondyng.
ffor to loken or thou art stroug and art soo yyng.
Coue adam thanne to me and graunt me my boone.
Of so thyng I pile pe axe and be schulu saught soone.
Doun thanne come his brothur pat fekill was and felle.
And his swithe soore a ferd of pe pestelt.
He seyde brothur Gamelyn axe me thi boone.
And looke thou me blame but I it graunte soone.
Panne seide Gamelyn brothur I wis
And be schulu be it oon thou must graunte me this.
Att pat my fadur me bequath while pat he was on lyue.
Thou must do me it haue if be schulu not stryue.
Pat schalt thou haue Gamelyn I swere be trustis ore.
Alle that thi fadur pe bequath thouth thou woldest haue more.
Thi lond pat lyth lere weel it shall be sothe.
And thyne houses reyses vp pat been leyd ful lothe.
Thus seide pe knyght to Gamelyn with mouthe.

And thoughte on falsenesse as he weel coude.
Pe knyght thoughte on tresoun and Gamelyn on noon.
Was wente and kyssede his brother and shame the weren at oon.
Allas yonge Gamelyn no thynge he ne wiste.
Seth sirich fals tresoun his brother hym kiste.
Herkeneth and lysteneth and holdeth yo tunge.
And yee shulu heere talkynge of Gamelyn pe yonge.
Pere was there beseen cryd a Crustbynge.
And therfore there was sette a ram and a ryngg.
And Gamelyn was in Grift to weende therto.
ffor to preuen his myght what he coude doo
Brother seide Gamelyn be seynt richere.
Thou must leene me to wrygst a litil curtere
pat is fressh to pe spores on for to ryde.
I moste on an Erande a litil theere beside.
Be god seyde his brother of stedis in my stalle.
Goo and cheese the pe beste spare noon of hem alle.
Of stedis and of curseers pat stonden hem beside.
And telle me goode brother whiche thou Gilt ryde.
Heere beside brother is eyde a Crastbynge.
And therfore schalt be sette a ram and a ryngg.
Moche worshipe it weere brother to vs alle.
Wrygste pe ram and pe ryngg bryngen hom to this halle.
A steede there was sadeled smartly and skeet.
Gamelyn yede a peire of spores faste on his feet.
he sette his foot in pe stirop the steede he bestrood.
And toward pe Crustbynge pe yonge child rood.
Po Gamelyn pe yonge was riden out at pe gate.
pe false knyght his brother lookede yit after that.
And besoughte Jesu Crist pat is heuene kynge
He mygste breke his nekke in that Crustbynge.
As soone as Gamelyn come there pe place was.
he lyghte down of his steede and stood on pe grus.
And there he herde a fraunkelyn weylaway singe.
And began bitterly his hondis for to wryngge.
Goode man seyde Gamelyn why makest thou this fare.
Is there no man pat may pee helpen out of care.
Allas seide this fraunkelyn pat euere was I bore
ffor theyne stalworth sones I weene pat I haue lore.
A champioun is in the place pat hath wrought me sorowe.

ffor he hath slayn my two soues but if gods hem helpe.
Wole yeue ten pound be Jesu Cryst and more.
With ye noues pat I fonde a man to handlen hym soore.
Good man seyde Gamelyn Crist thou heel doone.
Holde myn hors while my man dradreth of my shoon.
And help my man to keepe my clothes and my steede.
And I while m to place goon to loke if I may speede.
Be gods seyde pe frankeleyn it shall be done
I while my seluen be thi man to dradren of thi shoon.
And weende thou m to place Jesu Crist the speede.
And dreede not of thi clothes ne of thi good steede.
Barfoot and vngurt Gamelyn In came
Alle that weere m pe place weed of hym thei nam
Holy he durste auntren hym to don his myght
Pat was soo doughty a champioun m Crafftynge and m hyght.
Vp sterte the champioun rapely anoon.
Toward yong Gamelyn he began to goon.
And seyde Who is thi fadir and Who is thi sire.
ffor soothe thou art a greet fool that thou come heere.
Gamelyn answerede pe champioun tho
Thou knyght heel my fadir while he coude goo
Whiles he was on lyue be seynt Martyn.
Sire Jon of Boundis was his name and I Gamelyn.
ffelaske seyde pe champioun soo mote I thryue.
I knyght heel thi fadir whiles he was on lyue
And thi selue Gamelyn I while that thou it heere.
While thou weere a yong boy and moche schrewe thou weere.
Panne seide Gamelyn and sweer be trystis ore.
Nolde I am eldere I-wyen thou shalt fynde me a more.
Begod seyde pe champioun welcome mote thou be.
Come thou ones m myn hond thou shalt neuere the.
It was weel Wednesdai pe nyght and pe moone schoon.
Whanne Gamelyn and pe champioun to gidere gunne goon.
Pe champioun caste turnes to Gamelyn pat was prest.
And Gamelyn stood and bad hym doon his beste.
Panne seide Gamelyn to pe champioun
Thou art fast aboute to bringe me a doun.
Nolde I haue proues manye turnes of thyne.
Thou miste he seide proue oon or two of myne.
Gamelyn to pe champioun yede smartly anoon.

Of alle pe tornes pat he coude he sterkede hym but oon.
And kest hym on pe left syde pat thre rybbes to brake.
And therto his oon arm pat yaf a greet crak.
Panne seide Gamelyn smartly anoon.
Schalk it been holde for a cast or ellis for noon.
Be god seide pe champioun whether it be.
He that cometh ones in thyn hond schalk he neuere the.
Panne seyde the frankeleyn that hadde his sones there.
Blessed be thou Gamelyn pat euere thou bore weere.
Pe frankeleyn seide to pe champioun on hym stood hym noon eye.
This is yong Gamelyn that taughte pe this pleye
Ayeen answerede pe champioun pat liteele no thyng whel.
He is alther maister and his pley is ryght felle.
Sithen I wrastlede first it is gioon yore.
But I was neuere in my lyf handeles soo soore.
Gamelyn stood in pe place anoon withouten serke.
And seyde if there be no leete hem come to werke.
Pe champioun pat peyneede hym to werke soore.
It seemede be his contenaunce pat he wile no more.
Gamelyn in pe place stood stille as stoon.
ffor to abyde wrastlyng but there come noon.
Pere was noon with Gamelyn pat wolde wrastle more.
ffor he handeles pe champioun soo wonderly soore.
Two gentilmen yemede pe place.
Come to Gamelyn yod yeue hym good grace.
And seyde to hym do on thyn hosen and thi shoon.
ffor sothe it this tyme this feyre is doon.
And thanne seide Gamelyn soo mote I wel thee
I haue not yit hallowed sold my ware.
Po seyde the champioun soo brok I my sheere.
He is a fool pat therof beyeth thou selleest it soo deere.
Po seide pe frankeleyn pat was in moche care.
ffelasche he seyde why lakkest thou this ware.
Be seynt Jame in Gales pat many man hath sought.
yit is it to good cheep pat thou hast bought.
Po that gurdeyns weere of that wrastlyng.
Comen and brought hte Gamelyn pe win and pe ryng.

And wente with moche ioye hoom in pe morwenyng.
His brother seey wheere he cam with pe greete wynne.

And lasse shette pe gate and holden hym Without.
Pe porter of his lord Was soore agast.
And sterte anoon to pe gate and lokede it faste.
Wolk hytheth and lesteneth bothe yonge and olde.
And yee shuln heere of Gamelyn pe bolde
Gamelyn come therto for to have comen in.
Yanne Was it shette faste With a pyn
Thanne seide Gamelyn porter undo pe yate.
ffor gode mannes sone stond theratte.
Yanne answerede pe porter and swoor be Goddis herd.
Thou ne shalt Gamelyn come in to pis yerd.
Yon lyxt seide Gamelyn soo broke I my thyne.
He smoot pe Wyket With his foot and brak alwey pe pynne.
Pe porter seey tho it mygthte no bettere be.
He sette foot on eerthe and began to flee.
Be my fey seide Gamelyn pat travaile is lore.
ffor I am on foote as hygh as thou haddest it swore.
Gamelyn ourr took pe porter and his teene Wrake
And gert hym in pe nekke pat pe boon to brake.
And took hym be thatt oon arm and threw hym in a Welle.
Sy fadame it Was deep as I have herd telle.
Thanne Gamelyn pe yonge thus hadde pleyd his pley.
Alle that in pe yerd Weren dwolen hem alwey.
Yet dreeden hym full soore for Werk pat he Wroughte
And for pe fame companye pat he hidir broughte.
Gamelyn yede to the yate and leet it up wyde.
He leet in alle pat goon Wolde or ride.
And seyde yee be Welcome Withouten ony greve.
ffor We Wile be maystirs heere and axe noman leve.
yisturday I lefte seyde yongt Gamelyn
In my brothir seler fyue tunne dyn.
I Wile not this companye parten on thynne.
And yee Wile doon after me While a sope is therynne.
And if my brothir grutche or make foul cheer
Outhir for spence of mete and drynk pat We spende heere.
I am oure eritour and bere oure alther purse.
He schalle have for his gruchynge seynt marie curse.
My brothir is a necyth goon I Were be cristis ore.
And We Wile spende lavysly that he hath spared yore.
And Who that make gruchynge pat heere Welle.

Ye schalle to ye porter in to ye halle yelle -
Seuene dayes and seuene nyght Gamelyn held his feste -
With moche solace was there and noon eheste -
In a litil toret his brothir lay steke -
And seey hem wasten his good and durst not speke
Erly in a morehenyng on ye vij^e day -
The gestis come to Gamelyn and bolde goon here way
Lordis seyde Gamelyn while ye soo hye -
Ase ye hyn is not yit drouken soo broke I myn eeye -
Gamelyn in his herte was full woo -
Whanne hise gestis tooke here leeue for hym for to goo -
He bolde yei hadde dwelled leengere and thei seide nay -
But betaughte Gamelyn god and good day -
Pus made Gamelyn his feste and brought it well to eende -
And after hise gestis took leeue to weende -
Lytheth and listeneth and holdeth youre tunge -
And yee shulu heere gamen of Gamelyn ye yonge -
Herkeneth lordynges and listeneth aryght -
Whanne alle gestis weere goon how Gamelyn was dyght -
Ase ye while pat Gamelyn held his mangerie -
His brothir thoughte on hym be wreke with his treacherie -
Po Gamelynes gestis weere riden and goon -
Gamelyn stood anoon allone fiends hadde he noon -
Po after felle soone with in a litil stounde -
Gamelyn was taken and full harde bounde -
ffoorth come ye false knyght out of ye soler -
To Gamelyn his brothir he yede full neer -
And seyde to Gamelyn who made ye soo bold -
ffor to strooyen my stour of myn household -
Brothir seyde Gamelyn wrathe wyght nought -
ffor it is many day goon sithen it was bought -
ffor brothir thou hast had be seynt richer -
Of xl^e ploghes of lond this sixteene yeer -
And of alle ye beestis thou hast foorth bredde -
Pat my fadir me bequath on his deth bedde -
Of alle this sixteene yeer I yeue ye ye mowe -
ffor ye niete and ye drynk pat wee haue spended now -
Panne seide ye false knyght euele mote he the -
Herkene brothir Gamelyn what I wile yeue the -
ffor of my body brothir heere geten haue I noon

I Cook

Vile make ye myn eyr ſwere be ſeynt Jon.
Ofey ſeide Gamelyn and it ſo be.
And thou thenkeſt as thou ſeyſt god yelde it the.
No thynk Criſte Gamelyn of his brothir gile
perfore he hym betyzlede in a litil Chile.
Gamelyn ſeyde he do thynk the telle.
Jo thou thrieſt my porter in ye halle Celle.
Thoor in that Chuthe and in that greet moote.
Jat thou ſhuldeſt be bounde bothe hand and foote.
ffor to holden myn auoll as the behoote.
Brothir ſeyde Gamelyn as mote the
Thou ſhalt not be for thore for ye loue of me.
Tho made thei Gamelyn to ſitte myzhte not ſtonde.
Til thei hadden hym bounde bothe foot and hond.
Ye fals Enyzht his brothir of Gamelyn Cas agaſt.
And ſente after fetens to feteren hym faſte.
His brothir made lefnyges on hym there he ſtood.
And tolde hem jat comen in jat Gamelyn Cas Cood.
Gamelyn ſtood to a poſt bounden in ye halle.
Jo that comen in lookede on hym alle.
Euere ſtood Gamelyn euene vp rytht.
But mete ne drynk hadde he noon neithir day ne mytht.
Janne ſeide Gamelyn brothir be myn hals.
Noll I haue eſpied thou art a jurti fals
Hadde I Ciſt ye treſoun that thou haſt founde.
I Colde haue youen ſtrokes or I hadde be bounde.
Gamelyn ſtood bounden ſtille as ony ſtoon.
Tho dayes and tho nyzhtis mete hadde he noon.
Janne ſeyde Gamelyn jat ſtood bounde ſtrongе.
Adam ſpenſer me thynketh I faſte longe.
Adam Spenſer noll I beſeeche the
ffor ye moche loue my fadir louede the.
If thou may come to ye keyes leſe me out of bonde.
And I Cile parte Cith ye of my free lond.
Janne ſeyde Adam jat Cas ye ſpenſer.
I haue ſuch thi brothir pris yȳ peer.
If I leete ye goon out of his heire.
He Colde ſey afturCard I Ceere a traitour.
Adam ſeide Gamelyn ſo brok I myn hals.
Thou ſhalt fynde my brothir at ye laſte fals.

Therfore brothir Adam lose me out of bondes -
And I Wile parte With ye of my free londis -
Pat Wiche forWard seide Adam I Wis
I Wile do therto al pat in me is -
Adam seide Ganelyn as mote I the -
I Wile holde ye couenaunt and thou Wil me -
Anoon as Adams lord to bedde Was goon
Adam took pe keyes and lect Ganelyn out anoon -
He vnlokkede Ganelyn bothe handis and feet -
In hope of auauncement pat he hym be heete -
Panne seyde Ganelyn thanked be godis sonde -
Now I am loos bothe foot and hande -
Hadde I now eten and dronken aryght -
Pere is noon in this hous schulde bynde me this nyght -
Adam took Ganelyn as stille as ony stoon -
And ladde hym in to spense raply anoon -
And sette hym to soper ryght in a preue stede -
He bad hym do gladly and Adam so dede -
Anoon as Ganelyn hadde eten Weel and fyn -
And therto dronken Weel of pe beste Wyn -
Adam seide Ganelyn What is now thi reed -
Or I goo to my brothir and yelde of his heed -
Ganelyn seyde Adam it schalle not be so -
I can teeche the a reed pat is Worth pe tho -
Goot Weel for sothe pat this is no nay -
We schuln haue a mangerye ryght on sonday -
Abbotes and prysours manye heere schalle be -
And othire men of holy churche as I telle - ye
Thou schalt stonden vp be ye post as thou Weere hand fast -
And I schalle leue hem vnloke pat Wey thou may hem taste -
Whanne that thei haue eten and Washen here hondis -
Thou schalt beseeken hem alle to brynge pe out of bondis -
And if thei Wile bereke the pat Weere good game -
Panne Weere thou out of prisoun and out of blame -
And if eche of hem sey to vs nay -
I schalle doon anothir I Wis be this day -
Thou schalt haue a good staff and I Wile haue anothir -
And cristis curs haue that oon pat faileth pat othir -
yee for gode seide Ganelyn I seye it for me -
If I fayle on my syde euele mote I the -

¶ We schulu algate assoylen hem of here synne.
Harne me brothir Adam what we schulu begynne.
Gamelyn seyde Adam be seynt chaunte.
¶ While Harne the beforn what it schalle be.
What ¶ wynke on the looke for to goon.
And caste alwey thi feteris and come to me anoon.
Adam seide Gamelyn blessed be thi bones.
Hit is a good counseil youen for pe nones.
If thei Harue me to bryngen out of boundes.
¶ While sette goode strokes ryght on here leendis.
So pe sondey was comen and folk to pe feste.
Hanne tha Heere welcomed bothe leest and meste
And euere as thei at the halle dore comen in.
Pei caste here eeye on yong Gamelyn.
pe false Knyght his brothir full of trecherye.
Alle pe gestis hit there Heere at pe mangerye.
Of Gamelyn his brothir he tolde hem with mouthe
Alle pe harm and pe schame pat he telle coude.
Tho thei Heere serued of messes two or thre.
Hanne seide Gamelyn hou we serue yee me.
It is nought Heel serues be god pat alle made.
pat ¶ sitte fastynge and othire men make glade.
pe false Knyght his brothir peer as he stood
Tolde alle gestis pat Gamelyn was wood.
And Gamelyn stood stille and answerede nought.
But Adams Woordis he heeld in his thought.
So Gamelyn gan speke Wheelfully with alle.
To pe greete lordis pat seeten in pe halle.
Lordis he seyde for cristis passioun.
helpe to bryngen Gamelyn out of prysoun.
Hanne seyde an abbot sorelye on his checke.
He schalle haue cristis curs and seynt maries cecke.
pat pe out of prisoun beggeth or borethe.
But euere Worthe hym Heel pat doth pe moche sorethe.
Aftir that abbot hanne spak muthir.
¶ Holde thyn heed Heere of thou Heere my brothir.
Alle that pe borethe foule mote hem falle.
pus thei seide alle pat Heeren in pe halle.
Hanne seide a priour cuele mote he preue.
It is greet sorelye and care boy thou art on lyue.

Fytte

Of seke Gamelyn soo I wole my bone -
Now I shall spien pat freendis shall I noone -
Curses mote he gothe bothe flesh and bloos -
Pat euere doth priour or abbot ony goos -
Adam pe spenser took vp pe cloth -
And lookede on Gamelyn and say tlat he was wroth -
Adam on pe pantrie litil he thoughte -
But tho good sawes to halle doze he broughte -
Adam lookede on Gamelyn and he was faar anoon -
And caste alley pe feteris and began to goon -
Tho he cam to Adam he took pe oon staff
And began to worche and goode strookes yaff -
Gamelyn come in to pe halle and pe spenser bothe -
And lookede hem aboute as thei hadde been wrothe -
Gamelyn spieynet hooly Qatur Qith an okene spure -
Pat sonne pat stood vpryght felle in pe feer -
There was no lefsed man pat in pe halle stood -
Pat wolde doo Gamelyn ony thyng but good -
But stooden beffden and leet hem bothe worche
ffor thei hadde no reuthe of men of hooly churche -
Abbot or priour monk or chanoun -
Tho Gamelyn ourtook anoon thei yeden doun -
There was noon of alle pat Qith his staff mette -
Pat he made hem our throwe and qwyten hem his dette -
Gamelyn seide Adam for seynt charite -
Daye good huere for pe loue of me -
And I Qile keepe pe doze soo euere heere I masse -
Er thei been assoiles pere schall noon passe -
Doute pe nought seide Gamelyn Qhile pe been in feere -
Keepe thou Qeel pe doze and I Qile Qerchen heere -
Be steere pe good Adam and leet pere noon flee
And pe schulin tellen largely hoolv manye tlat there be
Gamelyn seide Adam doo hem but good -
Pei be men of hooly churche drawe of hem no blood -
Saue Qeel pe aroune and doo hem no harmes -
But breke bothe heere leggres and sithen heere armes -
Pus Gamelyn and Adam Qroughte ryght faste -
And pleyde Qith pe monkes and made hem agraste -
Pider thei come rydynge roby Qith Qaynes -
And hoom ayeen thei Qeere lad in capris and Qaynes -

Tho thei hudden alle do thynne serde a grey freere.
Allas sire Abbot What dede We nolle heere
Tho patt We comen hidur it Has a cold reed
Ve hadde been bettere at hoom With Hattir and With breed.
Whiles Gamelyn made ordris of monkes and freere
Euere stood his brothir and made foul cheere.
Gamelyn vp With his staff patt he Heel Eneth.
And gerte hym in pe nekke patt he outr threth.
A litil aboue the gerdil pe regge boon to brast.
And sette hym in pe feteris there he sat erst.
Sitte there brothir seyde Gamelyn.
ffor to colen thi body as I dede myn.
As swithe as thei hadde spoken hem on here foon.
Thei asked Watir and Breesshen anoon.
What sonne for here loue and sonne for here ake.
Alle pe fraunchis fuede hem of pe beste lake.
Pe sesherreue Was themne but fyue myle.
And aft Was tolde hym in a litil While.
Holle Gamelyn and Adam hadden doon a sory res.
Bounden and Wounded men dyens pe kynges pees.
Poo begun soone stryf for to Wake.
And pe shereue aboute Gamelyn for to take.
Nolle litheth and lestneth slo gos peue yolle good fyn.
And yee schulu heere gode game of yong Gamelyn.
ffoure and twenti pongte men patt heelden hem fulle bolde.
Come to pe shereue and seide patt thei Wolde.
Gamelyn and Adam feethe be here fey.
The shereue yaff hem leeue sooth for to sey.
Thei hyeden fuste Wolde thei not lynne.
Til thei come to pe gate pere Gamelyn Was Inne.
pei knokkeden on pe gate pe porter Was neygh.
And lookede out at an hole as man patt Was sleygh.
pe porter hadde beholden hem a litil While.
He louede Heel Gamelyn and Was Adrad of gyle.
And leet pe Wyket stoonde fulle stille.
And askede hem Without Whatt Was here Wille
ffor alle pe gretete compaune thanne spake but oon.
Undo pe gate porter and leet vs in goon.
Panne seyde pe porter soo brouke I my chyn.
Yee schulu seye youre erande er yee come In.

The

Hey to Gamelyn and Adam of here wille be.
Hee wile speke with hem two woordis or three.
Affelawe seide pe porter stonde there stille.
And I wile wende to Gamelyn to yeue his wille.
In wente pe porter to Gamelyn anoon
And seyde sire I warne yoww heere be comen youre foon.
Pe sherewes wiew been atte gate.
Affor to take yoww bothe schule yee not scape.
Porter seyde Gamelyn soo mote I weel the.
Wile allowe the thi woordis schamme my tyme see.
Goo ageyn to pe gate and dwelle with hem a while.
And thou schalt see wyght soone porter a gyle.
Adam seide Gamelyn looke pe to goode.
Wee haue foo wiew atte gate and freendis ueuere oon.
It be pe sherewes wiew pat hidur be come
Yei be sworn to gidere pat we schalle be nome
Gamelyn seide Adam hyghe the wyght blyue.
And if I fayle the this day cucle mote I thryue.
And we schulu soo welcome pe sherewes wiew.
Pat sonnue of hem schalle make here bedis in the fen.
Att a posterne gate Gamelyn out wente.
And a good eurtstaff in his hond hente.
Adam hente soone anothir gweet staff.
Affor to helpen Gamelyn and goode strokes yaff.
Adam feld tweyne and Gamelyn feld three.
Pe thothir sette feet on eerthe and began to flee.
What seyde Adam soo euere heere I masse.
I haue wyght good wyn dryuk or pe passe.
Nay be god seide thei thi dryuk is not good.
It wolde make maumes bigyn to lyn in his hood.
Gamelyn stood stille and lookede hym aboute.
And seyde pe schereue cometh with a gweet route.
Adam seyde Gamelyn what be woll thi reedis
Heere cometh pe schereue and wile haue oure heedis
Adam seyde to Gamelyn my reed is woll this.
Abyde we no lengere lest we fare amys.
I rede that we to wode goon or that we be founde.
Bettere is there loos panne in to bowe be bounde.
Adam took be the hond yong Gamelyn.
And euerich of hem dranke a draught of wyn.

And aftur tooken here coure and beenten here Key
Tho fonde pe Sherene wyfe but noon eye.
pe Sherene hyghte doun and Sente m to halle.
And fonde pe lordes fetres faste Bath alle.
pe Sherene vnfeteris hym ryght sone anoon.
And sente aftur a leeche to heelen his wynde baon.
Leete Be nosse pe fals knyght him m his caue.
And talke Be of Ganelyn and looke hosse he faue.
Ganelyn m to pe Bode stalkede stalle.
And Adam spenser lykede wyght ille.
Adam Boor to Ganelyn be seynt Richer.
Nosse I see it is merp to been a spencer.
pat leeuere me Beere eyres to bere.
panne Balken m this Bilde Bode my clothis to tere.
Adam seyde Ganelyn dismay pe ryght nought.
Many a good mannes child m care is brought
As thei stooden talkynge bothe m feere.
Adam herde talkyng of men and wyth hym thoughte thei Beere.
Tho Ganelyn vndir Bode looked arygh.
Seuene store of ponge men he seey Beel dyght.
Alle satte at mete compas aboute.
Adam seide Ganelyn nosse haue I no doute.
Aftur bale cometh boote thurgh grosis myght.
me thenketh of mete and dryuk I haue a syght.
Adam looked po vndir Bode bough.
And tho he say mete and he Bas glad I nough.
ffor he hopes to god to haue his deel.
And he Bas soore alonged aftur a good meel.
As he seyde that Boord the maistir outlawe.
Saugh adam and Ganelyn vndir Bode schawe.
ponge men seide pe maistir be pe goode rode.
Am Baar of gestis god seende vs goode.
pondir been tho ponge men Beel a dyght.
And pauenture there bee more Bho soo lokede arygh.
Aryseth vp ponge men and sette hem to me.
It is good pat Be eten Bhat men thei bee
op there sterten seuene fro pe dyner.
And metten Bith Ganelyn and Adam spenser.
Bhanne thei Beere neeygh hem thanne seide that oon
yeldeth vp ponge men youre bowes and youre floon.

Thanne seide Gamelyn pat yongé was of elde.
Moche sorwe mote thei have pat to yolde hem yelde.
I curse noon othir but rygth my selue.
Thei yee fette to yolde fyue thanne be yee tuelue.
Tho thei herde be his wordes pat mygth was in his armes.
pere was noon of hem that wolde don hem harm
But seide to Gamelyn mylde ly and stille.
Come ageen oure mayster and sey to hym thi wille
yonge men seyde Gamelyn be yo^ lefte.
What man is yo^ mayster pat yee with be.
Alle thei answerede withouten lesyng.
Oure mayster is erowned of outlawes kyng.
Adam seyde Gamelyn go we in cristis name.
He may neithir mete ne dryng warne vs for shame.
If that he be heende and come of gentil blood.
he wile yeuen vs mete and dryng and don vs som good.
Be seynt Jame seyde Adam what harm pat I grete.
I wile auenture me that I shalle mete.
Gamelyn and Adam wente forth in feere.
And thei grette pe maister that thei fond there.
Panne seide the mayster kyng of outlawes.
What seeke yee yonge men vndir woode shawes.
Gamelyn answerede pe kyng with his crowne.
he must needis walke in feeld pat may not walke in towne.
Sire we walke not heere noon harm to doo.
But if we meete a deere to shete therto.
As men that been hungry and mowen no mete fynde.
And been hard be stad vndir woode lynde.
Of Gamelyn wordis pe mayster hadde reuthe.
And seyde yee shalle have I nowth have god my treuthe.
he bad hem sitte doun for to take reste.
And badde hem eten and dryngke and that of pe beste.
As thei eeten and dronken weel and fyn.
Panne seide oon to anothir this is Gamelyn.
Tho was pe maister outlawe in to counseil nome.
And tolde how it was Gamelyn that thidir was come.
Anoon as he herde how it was befalle.
he made hym mayster vndir hym ouer hem alle.
Withynne pe thryde wyke hym come tydyngg
To pe mayster outlawe pat was heere kyng.

Dhat he schulde.

That he schulde comen hoom his pees was maad.
And of that good tydynge he was full glaade.
Tho seyde he to his yonge men sooth for to telle.
We becomen tydynges may no lengere dwelle.
Yoo was Gamelyn anoon withouten taryinge.
Maad maister outlawe and crowned here kynge.
Tho was Gamelyn crowned kynge of outlawes.
And fulfilled alle his wille vndir wode shawes.
Ye false knyght his brother was shereue and sire.
And leet his brother endite for hate and for yre.
Tho weren his goode men sory and no thyng glade.
Whanne Gamelyn here lordes wolues heed was tyde and maad.
And sente out of his men where thei myghte hym fynde.
For to goo seeken Gamelyn vndir wode lynde.
To tellen hym tydinge ye tyme was went.
And alle his goode reues and alle his men shent.
Whanne thei hadden hym founden on knees thei hem setten.
And adoun with here hood and here lordes gretten.
Sire wrathe yoW nought for ye goode wode.
For wee han brought yoW tydinge but thei be not goode.
YoW is thy brother shereue and hath ye baillie.
And hath endited the and wolues heed doth ye crye.
Allas seyde Gamelyn pat euere was soo slak.
Pat ne hadde broken his nekke poo his rigge bak.
Sooth gweeteth weel myn hosebondis and wyf.
While bee at the neyte shire haue goode my lyf.
Gamelyn come redy to ye neyte shire.
And there was his brother bothe lord and sire.
Gamelyn boldelieche come in to ye moot halle.
And putte adoun his hood amongt ye lordis alle.
God saue yoW lordynges that heere be.
But broken bak shereue euele mote thou the.
Why hast thou doo me that shame and vileinye.
For to leeten endyten me and wolueshees do me crye.
Poo thoughte the false knyght for to been awreke.
And lette Gamelyn most he no thyng speke.
Wyghte there be no grace but Gamelyn at ye laste.
Was cast in prisoun and feteres faste.
Gamelyn hath a brother that hyghte sire Ote.
A goode knyght and heende as myghte goon on foote.

Anoon yede a messanger to that goode knyght
And tooke hym alle to gydere hoos Gamelyn was dyght.
Anoon as sire Ote herde hoo Gamelyn was dyght.
He was ryght soory was he no thynge lyght.
And leet sadlen a steede and pe way he nam.
And to hise tweyne bretheren ryght soone he cam.
Sire seyde sire Ote to pe shereue tho.
Pee been but thre bretheren shule we neuere be moo.
And thou hast prysoned pe beste of vs alle.
Swich another brother eiele mote hym befalle.
Sire Ote seyde pe fals knyght leet be thi cours.
Be god for thi woordis he shalle fare pe werse.
To pe kynges prisoun he is nome.
And there he schalle abyde til pe iustice come.
Pe seyde sire Ote betere it schalle be.
I bidde hym to mainpris pat thou sparest me.
Til pe neyte sittynge of deliueraunce.
And leet thanne Gamelyn stonde to his chaunce.
Brother in swich a forwarde take hym to the.
And be thi faderis soule pat the begatt and me
But he be redy whanne pe iustice sitte
Thou schalt bere pe vngement for alle thi greete witte
I graunte weel seyde sire Ote pat it soo be.
Leet deliueren hym anoon and take hym to me.
Tho was Gamelyn deliuered to sire Ote his brother.
And that myght whelede pe oon with pe other.
On the morewen seyde Gamelyn to sire Ote pe heende.
Brother he seyde I mote forsothe fro you heende.
To looken hoo my yonge men leeden here lyf.
Whether thei liuen in ioye or elles in stryf.
Be god seyde sire Ote that is a cold reed.
Yoos I see that alle pe carle schalt falle on myn heed.
For whanne pe iustice sitte and thou be not founde.
I schalt anoon be take and in thi stede bounde.
Brother seyde Gamelyn dismaye pe nought.
Ffor be seynt Jame in Gales pat many man hath sought.
If that god almyghty holde me my lyf and my wytte
I wile be redy whanne pe iustice sitte.
Jamie seyde sire Ote to Gamelyn god schilde the fro shame.
Come whanne thou seest tyme and brynge vs out of blame.

Lytteth and Lysteneth and holde youre stille
And yee schule heere hoow gamelyn hadde his wille.
Gamelyn bente vndir rode eye.
And fond there pleynge yonge men of prys.
Poo was yonge Gamelyn ryght gladde and blyth.
Whanne he fond hise men vndir rode boghe.
Gamelyn and hise men talkeden in fere.
And thei hadde goode game here maystir to heere.
Hise men tolden hym of auentures pat thei hadde founde.
And gamelyn hem tolde ayeen hoow he was faste bounde.
While Gamelyn was outlawe hadde he no tours.
Pere was noman pat for hym fauhte pe fors.
But Abbotes and prioures monk and chanoun.
On hem lefte he nought whanne he myghte hem nome.
While Gamelyn and hise men made myrthes ryue
Pe fals knyght his brothir eucle mote he preue.
ffor he was faste aboute bothe day and othir.
ffor to hire pe gueste to hangen his brothir.
Gamelyn stood on a day and beseeth.
Pe wodes and the shawes and pe wylde feeth.
He thoughte on his brothir hoow he hym behette.
Hoow he wolde be redy whanne pe iustice sette.
He thoughte weel he wolde withouten delay.
Comen afore pe iustice to keepen his day.
And seyde to his yonge men dyghteth yoow yare.
ffor whanne pe iustice sitte we must be there.
ffor I am vndir bore& til that I come.
And my brothir for me to prisoun schalle be nome.
Be seynt Jame seyde hise yonge men and thou weede therto.
Ordeyne hoow it shalle be and it schalle be doo.
While Gamelyn was comynge there pe iustice sitte.
Pe fals knyght his brothir for pat he not that.
To hire pe men on his queste to hangen his brothir.
Though thei hadde not pe oon pei wolde haue the thothir.
Tho come Gamelyn fro vndir pe rode eye.
And broughte with hym yonge men of prys.
I see weel seyde Gamelyn pe iustice is sette.
Goo afore Adam and looke hoow it spette.
Adam wente in to pe halle and lookede all aboute.
He say there stonde lordis greete and stoute.

Thus sire Ote his brothir fetered fuit faste.
Tho wente Adam out of halle as he weore agaste.
Adam seyde to Gamelyn and to hise felawes alle.
Sire Ote stant fetered in ye moot halle.
If god yeue vs grace weel for to doo.
He schall it abegge pat it brought hire therto.
Panne seyde Adam that loffes hadde hoze.
Cristis curs mote he haue pat hym bond so soze.
And thou wilt Gamelyn doon after myn reed.
Pere is noon in pe halle schall beren awey his heed.
Adam seyde Gamelyn pe while not doo soo.
pe while sle pe zeltyf and leeten othere goo.
While in to pe halle and with pe iustice speke.
On hem that been zeltif while been I wreke.
Leet noon scape at pe dore take yonge men yeme.
ffor while be iustice this day comes to deme
God speede me this day at my nedze werk.
Adam come with me for thou schalt be my clerk.
Thise men answereden hym and bad hym doon his beste.
And if thou to vs haue neede thou schalt fynden vs preste.
pe while stonde with the while pat pe may dure.
And but pe werken manly pay vs noon hure.
yonge men seyde Gamelyn so mote I weel the.
As trusty a mayster yee schull fynde me
Tyght there pe iustice satte in pe halle.
In wente Gamelyn amongtes hem alle.
Gamelyn leet vnfetere his brothir out of bonde.
Panne seyde sire Ote his brothir pat was heende.
Thou hadeest almoost Gamelyn 3welles to longe.
ffor pe queest is out on me pat I schulde honge.
Brothir seyde Gamelyn soo god yeue me goode reste.
pis day thei schuln been hongtes pat been on pe queste.
And pe iustice bothe that is the iuge man.
And pe sheryue bothe thurgh hym it be gan.
Panne seyde Gamelyn to pe iustice.
Tolle is thi power doon thou must needis ryse.
Thou hast youen doomys pat been cuele dyght.
While sitten in thi seete and dressen hem aryght.
pe iustice satte stille and roos not anoon.
And Gamelyn cleuede his cheeke boon.

Cook

Gamelyn took hym in his armes and nomore spak.
But threst hym our pe barre and his arm brak.
Durste no man to Gamelyn seye but good.
ffor feer of pe compaynye that withouten stood.
Gamelyn sette hym doun in pe iustice seete.
And sire Ote his brothir by hym and Adam at his feet.
Thanne Gamelyn was sette in pe iustice seete.
Herkene of a bord that Gamelyn dede.
He leet feteren pe iustice and his fals brothir.
And leet hem come to pe barre pat oon with that othir.
Tho Gamelyn hadde thus don he hadde no reste.
Til he hadde enquered who was on pe queste.
ffor to demen his brothir sire Ote for to hongen.
Er he miste whiche they were hym thoughte full longe.
But assoone as Gamelyn wiste where they were.
He sette hem euerichoon feteren in feere.
And brought hem to pe barre and setten hem in reste.
Be my feyth seyde pe iustice the shereue is a shrewe.
Thanne seyde Gamelyn to pe iustice.
Thou hast youen domes of pe werst assise.
And pe xij iurours pat were on pe queste
Pei shulu been hongred this day soo haue I good reste.
Thanne seyde the shereue to yongte Gamelyn.
Lordis crye the mercy brothir art thou myn.
Therfore seyde Gamelyn haue thou cristis curs.
ffor and thou were mayster yit shuldi haue wors.
ffor to maken short tale and nought to longe.
He ordeyned hym a queste of his men soo strongt.
pe iustice and pe shereue bothe hongede hyghe.
To reyuen with pe roopes and pe wynd drye.
And pe xij iurours sorede haue that reste.
Alle they were hanged faste be pe necke.
Pus ended pe fals knyght with his trecherie.
pat euere hadde lasse his lyf in falsenesse and folie.
He was hongen be the necke and not be the purs.
Pat was pe meede that he hadde for his faderis curs.
Sire Otes was eldest and Gamelyn was yongt.
Went to here frendis and passeden to pe kyngt.
Thei maden pees with pe kyngt of pe best sise.
pe kyngt louede weel sire Ote and made hym iustice.

And after pe kyng made Gamelyn m est and m west-
Cheef iustice of his fre forest.
Alle hise wyghte yonge men pe kyng forzaf here gilte.
And sithen in good office pe kyng hath alle hem pilt
Thus wan Gamelyn his lond and his leede.
And wreke hym on hise enemys and qwatte hem here meede.
And fre Ote his brother made hym his eyr.
And sithen reseede Gamelyn al wyf good and fayr.
Pei lyueden to gidere while that eyst holde.
And sithen was Gamelyn grauen vndir moolde.
And so schulle we alle may there no man fle.
God bryngge vs to pe ioye pat euere schulle be.

Here endeth the cookes tale.

Here begynneth the prologe of pe shipman

Old freendis seyde oure ooste so zeere.
Hoste yeueth yow be fore pe pardoner.
ffor he hath vnbokeled weel pe maale.
He hath vs told ryght a thryfty tale.
As touchyng of mysgouernaunce.
I preye to god yeue hym good chaunce.
As pee haue herd of these riotours three.
Now gentil maryner herteli I prey the
Telle vs a good tale and that ryght anoon.
It schulle be don be god and be seynt Jon.
Seyde this maryner as weel as euere I can.
And ryght anoon his tale he bigan.

Here begynneth the shipmannys tale

A Marchaunt whilom dwelled at seynt Denys.
That riche was for whiche men heelden hym wys.
A wyf he hadde of excellent beautee.
And compaynable and reuerent was shee.
Whiche is a thyng pat causeth more dispense.
Thanne worth is all pe cheer and reuerence.
Pat men hem don at festes and at dances.
Wiche salutacions and contenaunces.
Passeth as doth pe shadwe vpon a wall.
But woo is hym pat payen moste for all
Pe secely huysebonde alwaye he mote pale.
He mote vs clothe and vs arraye.
Al for his owne worschipe rychely.

In Shyche array he dwelled ioly-
And if that he may not preuenture -
Or elles lust noon swich dispense endure -
But thenketh ytt it is lust and lost -
Thanne mote another payen for oure cost -
Or leeue vs ffold and that is pillous -
Vis noble marchant heeld a noble hous -
ffor Shyche he hadde alday gret repayr -
ffor his larsesse and for his fyn Cras fayr -
Ytt Sondir is but herkeneth to my tale -
Amonges alle hise gestus greete and smale -
Here Cas a monk a fayre man and a bold -
I trowe thrytty Syntur he Cas old
Ytt euere in oon Cas inwyngte to ytt place -
Vis yongte monk ytt Cas so fayr of face -
Agheyntis Cus so Cyth ytt good man -
And eek this monk of Shyche I beytan -
Heeren bothe tho born in oo villayte -
Ye monk hym cleymede as for cosynayte -
And he ayeen seythnot ouys nay -
But Cas as glad therof as foul of day -
ffor to his herte it Cas a gret plesaunce -
Vus been thei knytt Cyth eterne alliaunce -
And ecche of hem gan other assure -
Of bretherred Shiles that here lyf may dure -
ffree Cas Dam Johan and namely of dispense -
As in that hous and full of diligence -
To do plesaunce and also gret costayte -
He nought forzat to yeue pe leeste paye -
In alle pat hous but after here degree -
He yaff pe lord and sithenys his meyne -
Thanne that he cam some maneer honest thyng -
ffor Shiche thei Heere as glad of his comyng -
As foul is fayn Shanne pe sonne vp ryseth -
No moze Heere of as nou for this sufficeth
But so befel this marchaunt on a day -
Shoop hym to make redy his array -
Toward pe toun of Brigges for to fare -
To bey en there a porcioun of Ware -
ffor Shiche he hath to pays sent anoon -

The

A Marchaunt and prest hath dwun ton
Pat he shulde come to seynt Denys to pleye
With hym and with his wyf a day or tweye
Or he to bruggis toute him att wyse
His noble mouk of which I yow deuyse
Hath of his abbot as hym list licence
Bicause he was a man of heeyth prudence
And eek an officeer out for to ryde
To seen here graunges and here beernes wyde
Hus vn to seynt Denys he cometh anoon
Who was so welcome as my lord dwun Johan
Our deere cousyn full of curteisye
With hym broughte he a Jubbe of malueisye
And eek another full of fyn vernage
As volatil as ay was his vsage
And thus I leete hem eten and drynken and pleye
His marchaunt and this mouk a day or tweye
The thridde day this marchaunt vp ariseth
And on his neede sadly hym auyseth
And vp him to his countre hous gooth he
To reckene with hym selven as weel may be
Of thilke yeer how that it with hym stood
And how he dispendes hadde his good
And if that he encreses weere or noon
His bookes and his bagges maneye oon
He leyth to fore hym on his countyng boord
Full riche was his tresour and his hoord
For which full faste his countour-doore he shette
And eek he nolde pat no man shulde hym lette
Of his accomptes for pe mene tyme
And thus he sitte til it was passed pryme
Dwun Jon was risen in pe morwe also
And in pe gardyn walked to and fro
And hath his thynges seyd full curteisly
His goost hyr cam walkynge preuely
In to pe gardyn there he walkede softe
And hym salueth as he hath doon ofte
A mayden child cam in hyre compaigne
Whiche as hire list he may gouerne and gye
For yeer was vnder the yerde was he maye

A Shipman

O Deere cosyn myn Daun Jon she sayde.
What eyleth yow soo ruthe for to aryse.
Deere quod he it dughte Inowh suffice.
ffyue houres for to sleepe vpon a nyght.
But it Deere for an olde palles Wyght.
As been these Poddes men that lyn and dare.
As in a foorme sitte a Deery hare.
Deere all for straught with houdis gweete and smale.
But Deere nere why bee yee so pale.
I trowe certis pat oure good man.
Hath yow labowres sithen pe nyght began.
pat yow Deere need to resten hastily.
And with that Woord he low fast merily.
And of his owne thought he Day all reed.
pis fayre Wyf gan to schake hire heed.
And seyde thus yee god Woot all quod she
Nay cosyn myn it stont not soo with me.
ffor be pat god that yaff me soule and lyf.
In all pe reume of fraunce is there no Wyf.
pat lasse lust hath to that foory pley.
ffor I may synyen allas and Weel I drey.
pat I Was born but to no Wyght quod she.
Dar not tellen how it stant with me.
Wherfore I thinke out of this lond to Weende.
Or elles of my selven to maken an ende.
Soo full I am of Dreede and eek of care.
pis monk began vpon this Wyf to stare.
And seyde allas nay nere god forbeede.
pat yee for ony sorwe or ony Dreede.
ffor-Wo youre selven but telleth me youre greef.
Paraventure I may in youre myscheef
Counselle or helpe And therfore telleth it me.
All youre Auys for it schall be seere.
ffor on my portos I make an oath.
pat neuere in my lyf for leef ne loath.
Ne schall I of no counseil yow bewreye.
Pe same Tyeen to yow quod she I seye.
Be god and be this portos I swere.
Thowh men me Wolde all in to peces tere.
Ne schall I neuere for to goo to Helle.

Beleeue a woord of thyng that yee me telle.
Nought for no cosynage ne alliaunce.
But verrayly for loue and affiaunce.
Thus been they sworn and heere vpon kyste.
And eche of hem tolde othir what hem lyste.
Cosyn quod sche if I hadde a spuce.
As I shall noon namely in this place.
Thanne wolde I tellen a legende of my lyf.
What I suffyse shall sithen I was a wyf.
With myn husebonde alle though he be youre cousyn.
Nay quod this monk be god and be seynt martyn.
He ne is nomore cousyn vn to me.
Sauue in this leef that hangeth on pe tree.
I clepe hym so be seynt denys in fraunce.
To haue pe more cause of acqueyntaunce.
Of yow pe whiche I shall loues specially.
Abouen alle wommen sikerly
Pis swere I yow on my professioun.
Telleth youre greef lest he come adoun.
And shapeth yow and dooth youre deyntee anoon.
My deere loue quod sche o daun Jon.
Ffulle leef me deere this counseil to hide.
But out it mote it may nomore abyde.
Myn husebonde is to me pe worste man.
That euere was sithen the world began.
But sithen I am a wyf it sit not to me.
To telle no wight of oure pryuyte
Neythir in bedde ne in noon othir place.
God schilde I shulde tellen it for his grace.
A wyf ne schall not seye of hire husebonde.
But all honour as I can vndirstonde.
Sauue vn to yow thus moche tellen I schall.
As helpe me god he is not worth at all.
In no degre pe value of a flie.
But yit me greueth most his nygardye.
And wel pee woot that wommen naturelly.
Desireth thynges sixe as wel as I.
Thei wolden that here husebonde schulde be.
Hardy and wys ryche and therto free.
And buxum to his wyf and fresshe a bedde.

A Shipman

Be seyde hym thus cosyn it stondeth soo.
Yatt Weel I see to Brugges Wole yee goo.
God and seynt Austyn speede yow and gyde.
I preye yow Cosyn Wysly that yee ryde.
Governeth yow alsoo of youre Dyete
And temperatly and namely in this heete.
Betwixen vs two needeth no straunge faire.
ffare Weel cosyn gods schilde yow fro care.
If ony thyng there be be day or be nyght
If it lygge in my power and my myght.
Yatt yee me Wole commaunde in ony Wyse.
It schall bee doon ryght as yee Wole deuyse.
O thyng er that yee goon if yatt yee may be.
I Wolde preye yow for to leene me.
An Hundred frankes for a Tyme or tweye
ffor certeyn bestis yatt I moste beye.
To store with a place yatt is oures.
Gods helpe me soo I Wolde yatt it Weere youres.
I schall nought fayle surely of my day.
Nought for a thousand frankes a myle Way.
But leet this thyng be seure I yow preye
And god of heuene speede yow in youre Weye
And save wow Weel myn owne cosyn deere.
Graunt mercy of youre coste and of youre cheere.
Yis noble marchaunt gentelly anoon.
Answered and seyde o cosyn Daun Jon.
Now sikerly this is a smale requeste.
Myn gold is youres Whanne yatt yow list.
And nought oonly my gold but my chaffare.
Take Whatt yow liste god schilde yat yee spare.
But oo thyng is yee knowen it Weel I nought.
Of chapmen that here monee is here plenty.
We may creaunce Whyles We haue a name.
But goddes for to be is no game.
Paye it tyeen Whanne it lyth in youre ese.
Asur my myght full fayn Wolde I yow plese.
Yese Hundred frankes he sette forth anoon.
And pryuely he took it to Daun Jon.
No Wyght in all this World Wiste of this loue.
Sauynge this marchaunt and Daun Jon alloone.

Thei drunken and romede and pleye.
Til that daun Jon rydeth to his abbeye.
Pe moneken came and forth this marchaunt rydeth.
To fflaundres hath his prentys Peel hym gydeth.
Til he cam m to brugges merely.
Hath gooth this marchaunt faste and besyly.
Abouten his neede and beyeth and creaunceth.
He neithyr pleyeth at the dys ne daunceth
But as a marchaunt shortly for to telle.
He let his lyf and there I leete hym dwelle.
Pe sonday next pe marchaunt had ygoon.
To seynt Denys I comen is daun Jon
With rowne and berd fressche and newe shaue.
In alle the hous there nas so lital a Knaue.
Ne no dyghte elles that he nas fayn.
ffor that my lord daun Jon was come ayeen.
And shortly to here poynt for to goon.
This fayre dyf accordeth to daun Jon.
And for this hundred frankes he shulde al nyghte.
Haue hym m his armes bolt vpryghte.
And this accord pfourmes hath m deede.
Jn myrthe al nyght a besy lyf thei leede.
Til it was day pat daun Jon thenke his pey.
And radde the meyne fare Peel hyne good day.
ffor noon of hem ne no dyghte m pe toun.
Hadde of daun Jon ryght noon suspecioun.
And forth he rydeth hom to his abbey
Or Pheere hym lust nomore of hym I sey.
Pis marchaunt Phanne that eended hath pe feyre.
To seynt Denys he gan for to repayre.
And with his dyff he maketh feste and cheere.
And telleth hym that chaffare is so deere.
pat needis muste he make a chenesaunce.
ffor he was bounden m a recomsaunce.
To payen twenty thousand scheldis anoon.
ffor Phiche this marchaunt is wont to goon.
To borghen of certeyn freendis that he hadde.
A certeyn frankes and somme with hym he ladde.
And Phanne that he was come m to pe toun.
ffor greet cheere and greet affecioun.

A Shipman

Yn to Saun Jon he fast hym ȝoth to pleye.
Nought for to beseche of hym no monye.
But for to vite and see of his Weelfare.
And for to tellen hym of his thaffare.
As freendis doon Shamme thei been mette in feere.
Saun Jon hym maketh feste and mery cheere.
And he hym tolde ayeen full specially.
How he hadde bought full Weel and graciously.
Thankes he ȝod al hool his marchaundise.
Saue that he muste in alle maneer Wyse.
Waken a cheuesaunce as for his beste.
And thamme he schulde be in ioye and reste.
Saun Jon answerede certis I am fayn.
Pat yee in hele be come hoom ayeen.
And if that I Weere ryche as Saue I blysse.
Of twenty thousand scheeldis schulde I nought hymysse
ffor yee soo kyndely this othir day.
Leute me ȝolde and as I can and may.
I thanke yoW be ȝod and be seynt Jame.
But natheles I took vn to oure Dame.
youre Wyff at hom pe same ȝolde ayeen.
Vpon youre beneche sche Woot it Weel certeyn.
Be certeyn tokenes pat I can hire telle.
I Woll be youre leeue I may no lengere dWelle.
Oure abbot Wile out of this toun anoon.
And in his compaye mote I ȝoon.
Greet Weel oure Dame nyn oune nece sWeete.
And fare Weel deere cosyn til We meete.
This marchaunt hath that Was full Waar and Wys.
Creaunces hath and eek plays in parys.
To certeyn lumbardes redy in here hand
yis summe of ȝolde and yat of hem pe bond.
And hom he ȝoth merY as a popyngay.
ffor Weel he knew he stood in Wiche aray
yat needis muste he Wynne in schiche a vraye.
A thousand frankes aboue alle his costage.
his Wyff full redy mette hym at the ȝate.
As sche Was Wont of olde vsage alwate.
And alle yat nyght in myrthe thei be sette.
ffor he Was riche and cleerly out of dette.

The

Whanne it was day this marchaunt gan embrace
His wyff alle nesshe and kysses hire on hire face
And vp he gooth and maketh it wonder tought
To more quod she be god yee haue nought
And hastily ween with hym she pleyde
Til at the laste thatt this marchaunt seyde
Be god quod he I am a litil wroth
With yow my wyff alle thou it be me looth
And wote yee why be god as that I gesse
ffor yee haue maad a maner straungenesse
Betwyxen me and my cousyn Daun Jon
Ye shulde haue warnes me or I hadde goon
Yatt he hadde yow an hundred frankes payd
Be redy token and he hym heeld cuel a payd
ffor that I to hym spak of chevesaunce
Me seemede soo as be his contenaunce
But natheles be god heuene kyng
I thoughte nought to axen of hym no thyng
I preye the wyff ne do no more soo
Telle me alwey er that I fro the goo
If ony dettour hath in myn absence
Pays the leste thurgh thyn negligence
I myghte hym axen a thyng that he hath payd
This wyff ne was not a ferd ne affrayed
But boldly she seyde and that anoon
Marye I dide yatt fals monk Daun Jon
I keepe nought of his tokenes neuere a deell
He took me certeyn gold this woot I weel
Yatt cuel thetham on his monkes snoute
ffor god it woot I wende wythouten doute
Yat he hadde youen it me be cause of yow
To doo there hath myn honour and my prow
ffor cosynage and eek for beel cheer
Yatt he hath had full often tyme heere
But sithenes I see I stonde in swiche disjoynt
I wile auysere yow shortly to pe poynt
Yee haue moo slatkere dettoures than am I
ffor I wile paye yow weel and redily
ffro day to day and if soo be I fayle
I am youre wyff score it on my tayle

Explicit

And ſchall payen as ſoone as euere I may
ffor be my trouthe I haue on myn array.
And nought on Paſte beſtowes euerydeel.
And for I haue beſtowes it ſoo weel.
To youre honoure for godds ſake I ſeye.
Ze be nought wrooth but leet vs laughen and pleye.
Nee ſchulu my ioly body haue to deede.
Be god I wile not paye wolf but a beede.
ffor yeue it me myn owne ſpouſe deere.
Turne hidirward and maketh bettere cheere.
This marchaunt ſay there was no remedie.
And for to chide it neere but folie
Onthens pat the thyng may nought amended be.
Wolf wyf he ſeyde and I foryeue it the.
But be thyn lyf ne be no more ſoo large.
Keepe bettere my good this yeue I the in charge.
Thus endeth wolf my tale and god be ſeende.
Toglyng ynoghh yn to oure lyues eende.

// Heere beginneth pe Prioreſſe tale..

Sel ſeyd be corpus dus quad oure oost.
Wolf louste mote thou ſeyle be pe ſee oost.
Sire gentil mayſtir gentil marynere.
Gos yeue pe monk a thouſand laſte quade yeere.
A ha felawes beeth ware of ſwiche a iape.
pe monke putte in the manues hood an ape.
And in his wyues eek be ſeyde Auſtyn.
Bringeth no monkes more in to youre in.
But wolf paſſe oure and leet vs seken aboute.
Why ſchulle wolf telle furſt of all this route.
Anothir tale and with that word he ſayde.
As curteyſly as it hadde been a mayde.
My lady prioreſſe be your leue.
Soo that I wiſte I ſchulde wolf nought greue.
I wolde deeme pat pee telle ſchulde
A tale next if ſoo weere pat pee wolde.
Wolf wole pee vouche ſaaf my lady deere.
Gladly quod ſche and seyde in this maneere.

Heere beginneth the tale of Alma redemptoris mat. pe prioreſſe tale.

Domine dus noſter .. Ca^m xxiij^m.

Lord oure lord thyn name holy merueillous.
Is in this large World spreed quos sche.
For nought oonly thyn laude precious
Pfourmes is be men of Iugute.
But be the mouth of children thyn bounte.
Pfourmed is for on oure breest soukynge.
Som tyme scheffen thei thyn herynge.
Wherfore in laude as I can best or may.
Of the .ms of the Whyt lilie flour.
Whiche that the holy .ms is a mayde alkey.
To tellen a storye I wile doon myn labour.
Nought that I may encreece hire honour.
For sche hire seluen is honour and therto roote.
Of bounte next hire sone of soulis boote.
O moodir mayde O mayde moodir free.
O busshe vnbrent brennynge in moyses sight.
Pat nayghbeth down fro pe heytele.
Thursh thyn humblesse the goost pat in pe alyght
Of whos vertu whanne he in thyn herte alyght
Conceyued was the fadris sapience.
Help me to tellen it in thyn reuerence.
Lady thyn bounte and thi magnificence.
Thy vertu and thi greete humilite.
Per may no tunge expresse in nosience.
For som tyme lady er men preye to the.
Thou goost before of thyn benygnite.
And geuest vs to lyght thursh thi preyere.
To gyden vs vn to thi sone so cleere.
Hy tunynge is to herk o blissful queene.
For to declaren thi greet worthinesse.
Pat I ne may pe weyghte not susteyne.
But as a child of yi monthe eelde or lesse.
Pat can vnneethis ony word expresse.
Hyght so fare I and therfore I yow preye.
Gydeth my song that I schall of yow seye.
Here was in Asye in a greet cyte.
Amonges cristene folk and ielwerie
Sustenes be a lord of that cuntre
For foule vsure and lucre of vilenye.
Hatfull to Cryst and to his companye.

The Tale

Thus thurgh the streete men myghte ryde or reende.
ffor it was free and open at euery eende.
A litil stoole of cristene folk there stood
Doun at the ferthere eende in which there were.
Children an heep come of cristis blood
That lerned in that stole yeer be yeer
Swiche manere doctrine as men vsede there.
This is to seye syngen and to reede
As smale children doon in hire childheed.
Among these children was a widues sone
A litil clergeoun vij yeer of aage.
That day be day to scole was his wone.
And eek also where he saugh pe ymage
Of cristis moodir hadde he in vsage.
As him was taught to knelen adoun and seye.
His Aue marie as he gooth be the weye.
Thus hath this widwe hire litil child taught.
Oure blisful lady cristis moodir deere.
To worshipen ay and he forgat it nought.
ffor seely child wole alday soone leere.
But ay whan I remembre me on this mateere.
Seynt Nicolas stant euere in my presence.
ffor he so young to Cryst dide reuerence.
This child his litil book lerninge.
As he sitte in pe scole at his prymere.
He Alma redemptoris herde synge.
As children lerned here antiphoner.
And as he durste he drough him neer and neer.
And herkened ay pe wordis and pe note.
Til he pe firste vers coude al by rote.
Nought wiste he what pe latyn was to say.
ffor he so yong and tendre was of aage.
But on a day his felawe gan he preye.
To expounnen him this song in his langage.
Or telle him why this song was in vsage.
This preyde he him to construe and declare.
ffull often tyme vpon his knees bare.
His felawe which that elder was than he.
Answerede him thus this song I have herd seye.
Was maad of oure blisful lady free.

The prozesse

Hue to salue and eek hue for to preye.
To been oure helpe and socour whanne we deye.
I can nomore expounde in this matere.
I leerne songe I can but smale grammere.
Nus is this songe maad in reuerence.
Of cristis mooder seyde this innocent.
Now certis I wole doon my diligence.
To conne it or cristemasse be went.
Thought that I for my pryncere schall be schent.
Nus schall be beten thryes in an houre.
I wole it conne oure lady for to honoure.
His felawe taughte hym homwards prively
ffro day to day til he coude it be wel
And thanne he sange it wel and boldely.
ffro word to word accordynge to pe note.
Thries on a day it passeth thurgh his throte.
To scolewards and homwards whanne he wente.
On cristis mooder sette alle his entente.
As I haue seyd thurgh out pe citee
pis litil child as he came to and fro.
ffull merily thanne wolde he synge and crye.
O alma redemptoris euermo.
pe swetnesse hath his herte perced so.
Of cristis mooder that to hue to preye.
He can nought stinte of syngynge be the weye.
Oure firste foo pe serpent sathanas.
pat hath in ceres his hoom nest.
Hy walle and seyde O ebrayke peple allas.
I this a thyng to vs that is honest.
pat swiche a boy schall walken as hym leste.
In youre despit and synge of swich sentence.
Swiche is aren youre lawes reuerence.
ffro thens forth pe ceres han conspired.
pis innocent out of this world to chace.
In hoomede therto han thei hyred.
That in an alley hadde a pryue place.
And as the child gan forby for to pace.
This cursed ceres hym hente and heeld faste.
And kitte his throte and in a pitte hym caste.
I say that in a wardrope thei hym threwe.

Tale

Whoere as these ielues purgen entraile.
O curses folk of Herodes al newe
What may youre cuel teut yow auaile.
Mordre Wole out certeyn it Wile nought faile.
Aus namely there honoure of god schulde spreede.
Ye bloos out cryeth on your curses deede.
O martir soules to yow sunte.
Ioy mast thou synge folewenge euere in oon.
Ye Whyt lamb celestialle quod he.
Of Whiche the grete euangelist seynt Jon.
In Pathmos wrot Whiche seyth thei that goon.
Before this lamb and synge a song al newe.
That neuere flesshly Wommen thei knewe.
This poore Wydewe Wayteth al that nyght.
After this litil child but Hoom cam nought.
For Whom as soone as it Was Dayes lyght.
With face pale for dreede and besy thought.
Sche hath at scole and elles Whoere hym sought.
Til finally sche gan so ferre aspie.
That he Was seyn last in pe temple.
With modres pite in hire brest enclosed.
Sche groth as thought sche Woere half out of mynde.
To euery place Whoere sche hath supposed.
Be lyklyhed hire child to fynde.
And euere on cristis moodir meeke and fynde.
Sche cryde and at the laste thus sche Wrought.
Among pe aulde Wydes sche hym sought.
Sche frayneth and sche preyeth pitously.
To euery Wight that Woelde in thilke place.
To tellen hire if hire child Wente hem by.
Yea seyde nay but Wesus of his grace.
Yaff in hire thought in With a litil space.
That in that place after hire soue sche cryde.
Where he Was cast in a pitte bisyde.
O grete god that ffourmede thy laude.
Be mouth of mooderes lo heere thi mygth.
Pis gemme of chastite thus emeraude.
And eek of martirdom the rubye bryght.
Were he With throte ycorven lay vpryght.
He alma redemptoris gan to synge.

Soo longe that aft the place ytan to ryuse.
Pe cristene folk that thurgh pe streete wente.
In cauuyu for to wondryu of this thyng.
Ans hastely thei for pe prouost sente.
He cam anoon withouten ony taryng.
Ans herieth Crist that is of heuene kyng.
Ans eek his moodir honoure of mankynde.
Ans aftur that the ielues let he bynde.
This child with pitous lamentacioun.
Up taken hath this song Alleye.
Ans with honour of greet procession.
Pe camen hym to pe neyte abbey.
His moodir wommynge be the beere lay.
Vnethis myghte pe people that hus there.
pis nelle vachel bryngе from his beere.
With turment and with shrunesull deth eschou.
This prouost doth these ielues for to sterue.
Pat of this mordre wiste and that anoon.
He nolde noon swich cursednesse observe.
Euel schal haue that euel wole deserue.
Therfore with wilde hors he dede hym drawe.
Ans aftur that he hedde hym be the lawe.
Upon this beere ay lith this innocent.
Before the cheef auter while masse last.
Ans aftur that pe abbot with his couent.
Hadde spedde hem for to burye hem faste.
And whanne thei halikatur on hym caste.
Pit spak pe child whan spreynt was pe hooly water
And sang O alma redemptoris mater.
This abbot whiche that was an hooly man.
As monkes be or ellis oughten to be.
This yonge child to conuure he began.
Ans seyde o deere child I halse the
Be vertu of the hooly trynite.
Telle me whi is thi cause for to synge.
Sithens that thi throte is kutte at my seemynge.
My throte is kutte vn to my nekke boon.
Seyde this child and as be weye of kynde.
I schulde haue deyed yee long tyme agoon.
But Jesu Crist as yee in bookes fynde.

Wole that his glorie laste and be in myne
And for ye worshipe of his moodir deere
Yit may I synge O alma loud and cleere
This Welle of mercy cristis moodir sweete
Loues alwey as after my cunnyng
And Whanne that I my lyf shulde leete
To me sche cam and bad me for to synge
This anteme verily in myn myne
As yee haue hers and Whanne pat I hadde songe
Me thoughte sche leyde a greyn vppon my tonge
Wherfore I synge and synge niote certeyn
In honour of the blissful martir fyn
Til of my tunge of taken is ye greyn
And after that leyde sche thus to me
My litil child now Wole I feche the
Whanne that thi greyn is fro thi tunge take
Be not agast I Wole the not forsake
And Wenne the abbot hadde this Wonder seyn
And he yaff vp the goost full softely
This Wooly monk this abbot hym meene I
His tunge out caughte and took awey ye greyn
His salte teeris strykes down as reyn
And struff he fell al plat to ye grounde
And stille he lay as he hadde be bounde
Ye conuent eek lay vpon ye pauyment
Weepynge and herynge cristis moodir deere
And after that they ryse and forth be went
And tooken awey this martir fro his beere
And in a tombe of marbill stones cleere
Enclosen they his litil body sweete
There he is now god leene vs for to meete
O yonge Hugh of lincolne slayn also
With cursed iewes as it is notable
For it ne is but a litil While ago
Preye eek for vs Wee synfull folk vnstable
That of his mercy god so mercable
On vs his grete mercy multeplie
For reuerence of his moodir marye

The prioresse

Whan ended was the tale of melibe.
And of prudence and of hire benygnite.
Oure oost sayde as I am feithful man.
And be pe precious corpus madrysan.
I hadde leuere than a barell ale.
Pat good leef my wyf hadde herd this tale.
For sche ne is no thyng of swich pacience.
As was this wellibeus wyf prudence.
By godis bones whanne I bete my knaues.
Sche bryngeth me pe gretter clubbes staues.
Ans tryeth slee pe doggges eueriechon.
And breke bothe back and boon.
And if that ony neyghebour of myne.
Wile not in thirthe to my wyf enchyne.
Or be so hardy to hire do tresspace.
Whanne sche cometh hoom sche rumpeth in my face.
And cryeth false coward wreke thy wyf.
By corpus bonys I wile haue thy knyf.
Ans thou schalt haue my dyschaff and goo spynne.
Fro day to nyght wyght thus sche wile begynne.
Allas sche weyth pat euere I was schape.
To wedden a meschop or a coward ape
Pat wile be ouerlad with euery wyght.
Thou darst not stonde be thy wyf a wyght.
Pis is my lyf but if that I wolde fyght
And out at the dore anoon I mote me dyght.
Or elles I am lost but if that I.
Be lyk a wilde leoun fool hardy.
I woot weel sche wile do me slee som day.
Some neyghebore and thanne go my way.
For I am pillous with knyf on honde.
Al be it that I dar hire nought withstonde.
For sche is bigge in armes be my feyth.
Pat schal she fynde that hire myswoth or seyth.
But lect we passe awey fro this matere.
My lord sire monk he seyth be mery of cheere.
For ye schule telle a tale trewely.
Loo Rouchestre stont heere faste by.
Ryde forth myn owne lord breke not oure game.
But be my trouthe I knowe not yo^2 name.

The Monkys.

Whethyr I schall calle yow my lord Dan Jon.
Or Dan thomas or Dan Albon.
Or of what hous be yee be yo^r fadir kyn.
I woote to god thou hast a fill fayr skyn.
It is a gentil pasture there thou goost.
Thou art not lyk a penaunt or a gost.
Vpon my feyth thou art som officere
Som worthi seyteyn or some celerere.
ffor be my fadir soule as to my dome
Thou art a maistir Shamme thou art at home.
No poore cloistrer ne no poore nouis.
But gouernour fully and wys.
Ans therwith all of bridles and of bonys.
A Reel farrage pfoue for pe nonys.
I preye to god yeue hym confusioun.
pat first pe broughte in to religioun.
Thou wolde han been a tresfull knyght.
Hadde thou as greet leeue as thou hast myght.
To pfourmen all thi lust in engendrure.
Thou haddest be geten manye a creature.
Allas why weref thou so wyde a cope.
God yeue me sorowe and I weere a pope.
Nought oonly thou but euery myghti man.
Thowgh he weere schoren heeyghe vppon his pan.
Schulde haue a wyf for all this worlds is lorn.
Religioun hath taken vp all pe corn.
Of fresshe and hee boreel men be shrympes.
Of feeble trees pere cometh wrecches ympes.
pis maketh that oure eyres be so sclendre.
Ans feeble that thei may not weel engendre.
pis maketh pat oure kynges vilen assly.
Religious folk for thei may bettere pay.
Of venus payement thanne moste we.
God woot no lussheburnes paye yee
But beeth not wroth my lord thowgh that I pleye
ffull often in game and sooth I saue herd seye
pis worthi monk took all pacience.
Ans seyde I while do al my diligence.
As ferre as sowneth in to honeste.
To telle yow a tale or tuo or three.

¶ Lus yf yow list herkene hyderhard
¶ Whyle yow seyn pe lyf of seynt Edward
Or elles tragedyes first whyle I telle.
Of whiche I have an hundred in my selle.
Tragedye is for to telle a certeyn storie.
As olde bookes maken memorie.
Of hem that stooden in grete prosperite.
And is fallen out of heyegh degree.
And to myserie and endeth wrecchedly.
And they been versefied comounly.
Of syxe foot whiche that men clepe exametron.
In prose eek been endited manye oon.
And eek in metre in manye a soudry wyse.
Lo this oughte yow I nothyng suffice.
¶ Now herkeneth yf yow list for to heere.
But first I yow beseeche in this mateere.
Though I be ordres telle nought these thynges.
Be it of popes emperours or kynges.
And after heere astes as men wryten fynde.
But telle hem somme before somme behynde.
As it cometh now to my remembraunce.
Have me excused of myn ignorance.

Here endyth ye prologe / And here begynneth the monkys tale.

Hole be wayle in maneer of tragedye.
The harm of hem pat stondeth in heyegh degree
And fellen soo pat there nas no remedye.
To brynge hem out of heere adversite.
ffor certeyn whanne that fortune list to fle.
There may no man of hire the cours withholde.
Leet no man trustne on blynd prosperite.
Beeth war by these exemples yonge and olde.

¶ Primo de lucifero.

At lucifer though he an angel heere.
And nought a man at hym I wole begynne.
ffor they fortune may noon angel dere.
ffrom heey degree yt fell he for his synne.
Doun in to helle whereer as he yt is ynne.
O lucifer brynghtest of angelis alle.
¶ Now art thou sathanas that mayst not thynne.

A Tale

Out of myserie m whiche thou art falle.

De adam.

Loo Adam m the feeld of Damacene
With yossis oone fyngir wrought was she
And nat be getyng of mannes sperme vncleene.
And pette aff paradis sauyage oo tree.
Hadde neuere worldly man soo heey degree.
As adam: til she for his gouernaunce.
Was dryuen out of his heey prosperite.
To labour and to helle and to myschaunce.

De sampsone.

Loo sampson whiche was annunciate.
Be the angel longe or his natiuite.
And was to god almyghty consecrate.
And stood m nobles whiles he myghte see
Was neuere swiche another as was he
To speken of strengthe and therto hardynesse.
But to his wyues tolde he his secree.
Thurgh whiche he slow hym selue for wrecchednesse.
Sampson this noble and myghty champioun.
Withouten weepne save his handis theye.
He slow and alle to rente the lyoun.
Toward his weddyng walkynge be the weye.
His false wyf coude hym soo plese and preye.
Til she his counseil knew and she vntreste.
Vn to hise foos his counseil gan be wreye.
And hym forsook and took another neste.
An hundred foxes took Sampson for yre.
And alle here tayles he to gidere bond.
And sette ye foxes tayles al on a fyre.
ffor he m euery tayle hadde putte a brond.
And thei brente alle the cornes m that lond.
And alle here olyues and here vynes eek.
A thousand men eek he slowgh with his hond
And hadde no weepne but an asse cheeke.
Whanne thei were slayn soo thursted hym that he.
Was wol neygh lorn for whiche he gan to preye.
Pat yaf wolde of his peyne haue som pite.
And sende hym drynk or ellis muste he deye.
And of this asse cheeke pat was soo drye.

Out of a wangy tooth sprangy anoon a welle.
Of whiche he dranke inough worthy to seye.
pus halpe hym gos as Judicu can telle.
Be very forte att Gasan on a nyght.
Maugre philistiens of that ate.
The gate of the toun he hath vp plyght.
And on his bakke caries hem hath he
Reeygh on an hille wheere as men myghte see.
O noble al myghti Sampson leef and deere.
Ne hadde thou tolde to Dommen thi feare.
In all this World ne hadde there been thi peere.
pis Sampson neuere eyther dranke ne wyn.
Ne on his heed cam rasour noon ne sheere
Be precepte of the massager deuyn.
ffor all his strengthe was in his heer.
And fully twenty yeer be yeer.
he hadde of Israel pe gouernaunce.
But after soone schalle he weepe manye a teere.
ffor Dommen schulle bryngen hym to mischaunce.
pn to his lemman Dalida he tolde.
That in his heeris all his strengthe lay.
And falsely to his foomen sche hym solde.
And sleepynge vppon hire barme vppon a day.
Sche made to clippe or sheere his heer away.
And made his foomen all his craft aspien.
And whan that thei hym fonde in swiche array.
pei bonde hym faste and putte out his eeyen.
But or his heer was clippes or schaue.
There was no bonde that myghte hym bynde.
But now is he in prisoun putte in a kaue.
wheere as thei made hym at the querne grynde.
O noble Sampson strengtest of mankynde.
O whilom myte in gloire and richesse.
Now mayst thou weepe with thyn eeyen blynde.
Sithens thou art fro hele falle in to wrecchednesse.
The ende of these tirtifes was as I schall seye.
his foomen made a feste vpon a day.
And made hym as here fool beforn hym pley.
And this was a temple of a greet array.
But at the laste he made a foul affray.

Tale

For the two postes schook / And made hem falle.
And down fell temple and all there it lay.
And slow Hym selven and eek his foomen alle.
This is to say the prynces euerichoon.
And eek a thousand bodies were there slayn.
With fallyng of pe greete temple of stoon.
Of Sampson ne Dole I no more seyn.
Beeth war of this ensample oold and pleyn.
That no man telle his counsel til here wyves
Of swiche thyng as they wolde have seere fayn.
If that it touche here lymes or here lyves.

De Ercule.

Of Ercule the souereyn conquerour.
Syngen his werkes lawede and heey renoun.
For in his tyme of strengthe he bar pe flour
He slow and refte pe skyn fro the lyoun.
He of Centaures leyde pe boost adoun.
He Arpyes slow the cruele briddes felle
He goldene apples rafte the Dragoun.
He drow out Cerberus pe hound of helle.
He slow the cruel tirant Busirus.
And made his hors to freten hym flesh and boon
He slow the verrey serpent venymous.
Of Achilles two hornes brak he oon.
And he slow cacus in a caue of stoon
He slow the geaunt Anteus the stronge.
He slow pe grisly boor and that anoon.
And bar the heeu vpon his nekke longe.
Was neuere wyght sithen pe world bigan.
That slow so many monstres as dide he.
Thurgh out this wyde world his name ran.
What for his strengthe and for his bounte.
And euery realme wente he for to see.
He was so strong that no man myghte hym lette.
And bothe the worldes ende seyth trophe.
In stede of bowes he a piler sette.
A lemman hadde this noble Champyoun.
That highte Dyanyre fresshe as may.
And as the clerkes maken mencioun.
She hath hym sent a sherte fresshe and gay.

Alas thys sherte and thes Wey-
Enuenymes was subtelly Writh all
Pat or that he hadde Peres it half a day
It made his bowrs fro his flesh falle
But nattheles som clerk hyre excusen
Be on that hyghte nessus pat it makes.
Be as be may I hile hyre nought amusen
But on his bak the sherte he Wereth al nakes.
Til that his flesh was for pe venym blakes.
And Whanne he sawe noon othir remedie
In hoote coles he hath hym selue rakes.
For Writh no venym dyneste he to dye.
Thus starf this Worthi mysthi Emules.
Loo Who may truste on fortune ony throthe.
For hym that foleWeth al this Worlds ofprees.
Or he be war is ofte leys full lothe.
Full wys is he that hym selue can knothe.
Beeth war for Whanne pat fortune lust to glose.
Panne Wayteth sche hyre man doun to throthe.
Be sWiche a Wey as he Wolde leest suppose.

De Rege Nabugodonosor.

The mythty trone pe preaous tresour
Pe glorious septre and realle majeste
Pat hadde pe kyng Nabugodonosor
Writh tunge vnethe may Discryues be.
He Wyes nam Ierusalem pe Citee
Pe vessell of the temple he Writh hym lasde.
At Babiloyne Was his souereyn see.
In Whiche his glorie and his delit he hadde.
Pe fayreste children of pe bloos royall.
Of Jerusalem he dede do gelde anoon.
And made ethe of hem to been his cherl.
Among alle othire Danyel Was oon.
Pat Was pe Weyseste child of euerichon
For he the dremes of pe kyng expounede
Where as in Caldey clerk Was there noon.
Pat Wiste to What fyn his dremes sowede.
This proude kyng leet make a statue of gold.
Sixti cubites long and seuene in breede.
To Whiche ymage bothe yong and old.

Comaundes he to loute and haue in Dreede.
Or in a fourneys full of flames reede.
He schall be brent pat wolde not obeye.
But neuere wolde assente to thatt reede.
Daniel ne his youngte felawes theye.
Pis kynge of kynges prous and elate.
He heuede gos that sitte in magneste.
Ne myghte hym nought be reue of his estate.
But soseynly he loste his signete.
Ans lyk a beste hym seemede for to be.
Ans eet hey as an oxe and lay thewute.
In reyn with wilde bestis wulkede he.
Til certeyn tyme was comen aboute.
And lyk an egles fetheres was his heeris.
His nayles lyk briddis clawes weere.
Gos releues hym a certeyn yeens.
Ans yaf hym wyt and thanne with manye a teere
He thankes gos and euere his lyf in fere
Was he to doon anuys no more trespas
Ans or that tyme he leys was on his beere
He knew wel pat gos was full of myght and grace.

De Balthasar sicti regis Nabugodonosor filio.

His sone whiche that hyghte Balthasar.
pat heeld the reyne after his fadir day.
He be his fadir coude not be war.
ffor prous he was of herte and of array.
Ans eek an ydolatre was he ay.
his heey estatte assuyres hym in pryde
But fortune caste hym doun and there he lay.
Ans soseynly his reyne gan deuyde.
A feste he made vn to his lordis alle.
Vpon a tyme he made hem blythe be.
Ans thanne his officeris gan he calle.
Gooth bryngeth foorth pe vessseles quod he.
Whiche that my fadir in his prosperite.
Out of the temple of ierusalem he refte.
Ans to oure heeye gosdis thanke we.
Of honour that oure eldres with vs lafte.
His wyf his lordes and his concubines
Ay drunken whiles heere appetit laste

This Book was
Bound by T. Jones
in the year 1740
30th Day of July

Out of this noble vesseles sundry drynes ·
And on a Wal this kyng his eyen caste ~
And saw an hand armles pat wroot full faste ·
Affer feer of which he qwook and sykede sore ·
pis hand that Balthasar made soo sore agaste ·
Wroot mane techel phares and no more ·
In alle that lond magicien pis thernoon ·
pat coude expoune what this lettre mente ·
But Danyel expounes it anoon ·
And seyde kyng god to thi fadir sente ·
Glorie and honour regne tresour and rente ~
And he was proud and no thyng gos nedde ·
And therfore god greet wrathe vpon hym sente ·
And hym be rafte pe reyne that he hadde ·
he was out cast of mannes compayne ·
With asses was his habitacioun ·
And eet hey as a beste in weet and dryx ~
Til that he knew be grace and be resoun ·
pat god of heuene hath dominacioun ·
Ouer euery reyne and euery creature ~
And thanne hadde god of hym compassioun ~
And hym restored his regne and his figure ·
Bek thou that art his sone art proud also ·
And knowest alle these thynges preuyly ·
And art rebell to god and art his foo ·
Thou dronk eek of his vessels boldly ·
pi wyf eek and thi wenches synfully ·
Dronk of the same vesselis sundry wynes ·
And herdest fals goddis aursesly ~
Therfore to the shapen greet peyne is ·
This hand was sent fro god pat on pe wal
wroot mane techel phares truste me
Thy reyne is doon thou weyest not at alle ·
Dowdes is thy reyne and it schalle be ·
To medes and to pses youen quod she ·
And thilke same nyght the kyng was slawe ·
And Darius occupieth his fetre ·
Ther he therto ne hadde right noothir ne lawe ·
Lordyngis heer be ensample may yee take ·
Holy thyt in lordshipe is no sykernesse ·

For whanne fortune wole a man forsake.
He bereth awey his reyne and his richesse.
And eek his freendis bothe more and lesse.
And what man hath freendis thurgh fortune.
Wyssappe wole maken hem enemyes I gesse.
This prouerbe is full sooth and ful comune.

De cenobia.

Cenobia of Palymer the queene.
As fryten pfyens of hire noblesse.
So worthi was in armes and so keene.
That no wyght passede hire in hardynesse.
Ne in lynagte ne in othir gentilnesse.
Of kynges blood of pers is she descended.
I sey that she hadde nought most fayrnesse.
But of hire shape she myghte not been amended.
ffrom childhood I fynde that she flesde.
Office of Wommen and to rede she wente.
And manye a wylde hertis blood she shedde.
With arwes broode that she to hyre sente.
She was so swyft that she anoon hem hente.
And whanne that she was elder she wolde kille.
Leouns libardes and beres al to rente.
And in hire armes welde hem at hire wille.
She durste wilde bestis debate seeke.
And renne in pe mountayne al pe nyght.
And sleepen vndir a busshe she coude eek.
Hrastelen be verray force and myght.
Ther ony young man were she neuere so wyght.
Pere myghte no thyng in hire armes stonde.
She kepte hire maydenhode from euery wyght.
To no man leynes hire to be bonde.
But at the laste hire freendis han hire maried.
To Odnak a prynce of that cite.
Al were it so that she hem longe taried.
And yee shall vndirstonde how that he.
Hath swiche fantasies as hadde she.
But natheles whanne thei were knyt in feere.
Pei liueden in ioye and in fellate.
ffor eche of hem hadde othir leef and deere.
Sauf o thyng pat she nolde neuere assente.

Be no drey pat he ſhulde be hme lye -
But ones for it Was hym pleyne entente -
To haue a chyld, pe Worlde to multeplie -
And alſo ſoone as ſche myghte eſpie -
pat ſche Was nought Wyth chylde Wyth thatt Deede -
Thanne Wole ſche ſuffren hym doon his fantaſie -
Eft ſoone and not but ones out of Dreede -
And if ſche Were Wyth chylde at thilke taſte -
Lomore ſchulde he pleye thilke game -
Til fourti dayes Were paſte -
panne Wolde ſche ones ſuffren hym doo pe ſame -
Alſ Were this Odenak Wilde or tame -
He gatt nomore of hym for thus ſche ſeyde -
pt Was to Wyues lecherye and ſhame -
In othre caas if that men Wyth hem pleyde -
Two ſones he this Odenak hadde ſche -
pe Whiche ſche kepte in vertu and in lettrure -
But nowe vn to oure tale turne We -
Say that Worſſhypfull creature -
And Wys therwith and large Wyth meſure -
Soo penyble in the Werre and curteys eek
No more labour myghte in Werre endure -
pat noon thought alſ this Worlde me ſchulde ſeke -
Hme riche array myght not be told -
As Weel in veſſel as in clothyng -
Sche Was al clad in perre and in gold -
And eek ſche leſte nought for noon huntyng -
To haue of ſundry tunges folk knoWyng -
Shame that ſche leyſer hadde and for to entende -
To leerne bookes Was alſ hire lykyng -
Holp ſche in vertu myghte hire lyf diſpende -
Thus ſhortely of this ſtorie for to entrete
Soo doughty Was hire huſebonde as ſche -
pat thei conquered many regnes grete -
In pe orient Wyth many a fayr ate -
Appendaunt vn to pe mageſte -
Of Rome and Wyth ſtrong hond Weld hem faſte -
Ne neuere myghte here foomen doon hem flee -
dy Whiles pat Odenak dayes laſte -
Here betayles Who ſoo liſt hem for to reede -

tale

Tale

Lteyn ſoper pe kynge and othyre moo.
And how that alle the proceſſes felle in deede -
Why ſche conqueree and what title haade therto.
And after of hire myſchef and of hire woo
How that ſche was beſeegyes and ſ take
Lect hym vn to my mayſtir Petrark goo -
Pat Veryt Inowyſh of this Indentake.
Whanie Ocnak was lees ſche myghtily.
Pe regnes heeld and with hire ppre hond
Aseyn hire foos ſche faught trebely.
Pat there nas kynge ne prynce in alle that lond -
Pat he nas glad if he that grace fond -
Pat ſche ne wolde vpon his lond Verreye.
With hire thei made alliaunce be bond.
To been in pees and leete hire ryde and pleye.
Pe empour of Rome Claudius.
Ne hym beforn pe Romayn ytaliene -
Ne durſte neuere be ſo corageous.
Ne noon Ermyn ne noon Egipciene -
Ne ſurriene ne noon Arabiene.
With Inne pe feld pat durſte with hire fyght -
Left that ſche wolde with hire hondis hym sleen.
Or with hire meyne putten hem to flyghte.
In kynges habite Wente hire Ones two.
As heyres of here regnes alle -
And Hermanno and Tyrualdo.
Here names Weere as ppreus hem calle -
But ay fortune hath ay in hire Vouy yalle.
This myghty qWeene may no while endure -
Fortune out of hire reyne made hire falle -
To Wrecchednesſe and to myſaduenture.
Aurelion Whan that pe gouernaunce.
Of Rome came in to his handis tweye.
He shoop vp on this qWeene to do vengeaunce.
And with his legiouns he took his Weye.
Toward Tenoby and shortly for to seye.
He made hire flee and atte laſte hire hente.
And fetered hire and eek hire children tweye.
And Wan pe lond and hoom to Rome thei Wente.
Amongt theſe othre thyngtes that he Wan.

The monkys

Hue char that wrought with gold was and perre.
Pis greete romayn this Anechan.
Hath with hym las for that men shulde see.
Before his triumphe walketh sche.
With gilt cheynes on hue nekke hangynge.
Corounes sche was as after hue degre.
Ans full of perry charges hue clothynge.
Allas fortune sche that whilom was.
Dreedfull to tyngtes and to Empoune.
Nolk ygaureth al the people on hue allas.
Ans sche that helmes was in stryke stoures
Schalk on hue heed nolk bere a cytrenyte.
Ans sche that baar pe sceptre full of floures
Schalk bere a distaf hue cost for to qwyte.
O noble o worthi petre yglorie of spayne
Whom fortune heeld so hyghe in mageste.
Heel ought men thi pitous deth compleyne.
Thi bastards brothir made the to fle.
Ans after at a seege be subtilite.
Thou weere be trayed and lad to his tente.
Whereas he with his owne hondes slouh the.
Cuedyngte in thi reyne and in thi rente
The feels of snolk with pe egle blak therynne.
Caught with pe lyme rees wolowes as the gleede.
He breche this aursednesse and al the synne
pe wykkede nest was werkere of these needis.
Nought Charles Olyuere pat ay took good heed.
Of trouthe and honour but Armorike.
Geuloun Olyuer corrupt for meede.
Wrought hest this worthi kyng in swich wreke.
Worthi petre kyng of Cipre also.
Pat Alisaundre wan be heey maistre
Full manye an heethene wrought hest thou full woo.
Of whiche thyn owne liegges hadden enuye.
Ans for no thyng but for thi chualrie.
Thei in thi bed han slayn the be pe morewen.
Thus gan fortune gouerne and gye.
Ans out of ioye brynge in to sorwe.
Of cyclane street Barnabo viscounte.
Gos of Melit and scourge of Lumbardie.

Tale

Why shulde not I my fortune Acounte.
Sithen in estate thou climben Heere so hythe
Thy brotheris sone pat Has thy double allie.
ffor he thy neuewe Has and sone in lawe.
Hath ynne his prisoun made the to deye.
But Wh ne Holy Note I pat thou Heere slawe.
Of the eerl Hugelyne of Fyse ye langoure.
There may no tunge telle for pite.
But litil out of pyse stant a tour.
In Whiche tour in prisoun putte Has he.
And With hym been his litel children thre.
Ye eldest skarsly fyue yeer Has of aage.
Allas fortune it Has grete cruelte.
Whiche birdes for to putte in swich a cage.
Dampned he Has to deye in that prisoun.
ffor Foster Whiche that bisshop Has of Fyse.
Hadde on hym maad a fals suggestioun.
Thurgh Whiche ye peeple gan on hym aryse.
And putten hym to prisoun in Wiche a Wyse.
As yee Haue herd and mete and drynk he hadde.
Soo smalk pat vnnethe it may suffise.
And therWith alle it Has full poore and badde.
On a day befel that in that Hour
Whanne that his Has Wont to be Brought.
Ye gayler shette the Doores of ye tour.
He herde it Well but he saugh it nought.
And in his herte anoon there fel a thought
Til thei for hunger Wolde doon hym deyen.
Allas quod he allas that I Was Brought.
Therwith the teeris fel fro his eyen.
His yonge sone thre yeer Has of aage.
Un to hym seyde fadir Why do yee Weepe.
Whanne Wole ye gaylo brynge oure potage.
Is there no morsel breed pat Ye keepe.
I am soo hungry that I may not sleepe.
Wolde god Wolde god that I myghte sleepen euere.
Panne shulde noon hunger in myn Wombe creepe.
There is no thyng sauf breed pat me Heere leeuere.
Thus ay be ay this child gan to crye.
Til in his faderis barm adoun it lay.

And seyde farewell fadir mote dey3e .
And kyssede his fadir and deyde the same day .
And whanne pe Rofull fadir sees hym say .
ffor woo his armes tho he gan to byte .
And seyde allas fortune and Relaspey .
Thyn fals wheel my woo may al qte .
His childre pat it for hunger was .
pat he his armes gnoth and nought for woo .
And seyden fadir doo nought soo allas .
But rathere ete pe flesh vpon vs two .
Oure flesh pe 3aff vs take oure flesshe vs fro .
And ete gnoweh right thus to hym thei seyde .
And after that with yme a day or two .
Thei leyde hem doun in his lappe and deyde .
Hymself dispeyred eek for hungir starf .
Thus ended is pe nyghti eerl of Pise .
ffrom hygh estate fortune fro hym karf .
Of his tragetrye it ought inowh suffise
Who soo wole heeren it in a lengere wyse
Techeth pe greete poete of ytalie .
pat hyghte Stawnte for he can it deuyse
ffro poynt to poynt nought oo word wole he fayle
Al though pat New yeere as vicious .
As ony feend that lyth full colde adoun .
yit he as telleth vs Octheueus .
pis wyde world hadde in subiection .
Bothe est and west and Septemtrioun .
Of rubies 3apfires and of ples white .
Heeire aff his browes vp and doun .
ffor he in grennes greete gan delite .
More delicat more pompous of array .
More proud was neuere Empour thanne he
pat ilke cloth that he hadde wered a day .
After that tyme he nolde it neuere see .
Chettes of gold thynes hadde he greet plente .
To fisshen in Tibre whan hym list to pleye .
His lustes as lawe in his 3eyne .
ffor fortune as his freend wolde hym obeye .
He come brente for his delicate .
pe senatours he slouth vpon a day .

Tale

To heeren holde that men wolde kepe and eke.
And slouthe his brother and by his fadir.
His moodir made he mirthous and ioly.
ffor he hire wombe sitte to beholde.
Wherein he conceyued was so heyliche.
Natt he so litil of his moodir tolde.
No teer out of his eyen for thatt sykhte.
Ne eam but seyde a fayr woman was she.
Greet wonder is that he coude or mythte.
Be womman of hire lord beeste.
Pe kyn to bringe wommanhede he.
He drank anoon noon other woo he made.
Whanne mythte is ioyned vn to crueltee.
Allas to kepe wolde pe venym hatte.
In youthe a mayster hadde this Empour.
To teechen hym lettrure and curteisie.
ffor of moralite he was the flour.
As in his tyme but of bookes lye.
And whiles his maister hadde of hym maistrye.
He made hym soo ammyngte and so souple.
Natt longe tyme it was or tyrannye
Or ony vice in hym durste vncouple.
This seneca of whiche I deuyse.
Because I new hidde of hym which dreede
ffor he for vices wolde hym chastice
Discreetly as be wordes and nought be deede
Our wolde he seyn an Empour mote neede
Be vertuous and hate tirannye.
ffor whiche he hym in hath made to bleede
On bothe his armes til he must deye
This I new hadde eek of a custumaunce.
In youthe ayen his maistir for to rise.
Whiche afterwards hym thoughte a greet grevaunce
Therfore he made hym deye in this wyse.
But nathelees this deuek the wyse.
Chees in a bath to deye in this maneere.
Fatthere thanne han anothir turmentrie.
And thus hath Nero slayn his maistir deere.
Now felt it soo natt fortune list no lengere.
Pe heeryth pryde of Nero to chierce.

The monkys

For though he were strong yit was sche strengere.
Sche thought thus be gon I can to myce.
To sette a man pat is fulfild of vice.
In heeyth degre an Empour hym calle.
Be gon out of his seete I hole hym trice.
Whanne he leest weeneth sonnest shall he falle.
The people roos vpon hym on a nyght
For his defaute and whanne he it aspied.
Out of his dores anoon he hath hym dyght.
Allone and there he weende han been allied.
He knokkede faste and ay pe more he cried
Pe fastere shetten thei pe dores alle.
Tho wiste he weel he hadde hym selue mysgyed.
And wente his wey no lengere durste he calle.
Pe people cryede and romblede vp and doun.
Pat with his cers herde he holy thei seyde
Where is this fals traytour this Neroun.
For feer almost out of his wytte abrayde
And to his goddis pitously he seyde.
For socour but it mysght not be tyde.
For dreede of this hym thoughte that he deyde.
And ran in to a gardyn hym to hide.
And in this gardyn fond he cherles threy.
That seeten be a feer full greet and reed.
And to pe cherlis theye he gan to preye.
To sleen hym and to gerden of his heede
Pat to his body whanne that he weere deed.
Pe weere no despit doon for his diffame.
Hym selue he slouth he coude no bettere reed.
Of whiche fortune lough and made a game.
Was neuere captayn vndir a kyng.
Pat regnes mo putte in subiectioun
Ne strengere was in feeld of alle thyng
As in his tyme ne gretter of renoun.
Ne more pompous in heey presumpcioun.
Name Oliferne whiche fortune ay keste.
Doo liberously and ladde hym vp and doun.
Til that his heed was of or that he wiste.
Nought oonly that this World hadde of hym alle.
For lesyng of richesse and of liberte.

But he made euery man reneye his lawe.
Nabugodnosor was lord seyde he.
Noon othir god schulde honoured be.
Agens his hest no wyght dar trespace.
Sauf in Betulia a strong tite.
Where Eliachim a prest was of that place.
But take kep of the deth of Olyferne.
Whilde his host he drunken lay a nyght
Withy mine his tente large as is a beerne.
Nas yt for alle his pompe and al his mygth.
Judith a Wommau as he lay vpryght.
Oleepynge his heued of smoot and fro his tente
Stille preuely sche stagl from euery wyght.
What needeth it of kyng Antiochus.
To tellen his heey and real maieste.
His heey pride his werke wenemous.
ffor swiche mothir was neuere noon as he.
Redeth whiche pat he was in wyckede.
And redeth pe proude wordis pat he seyde.
And whi he fel from his prosperite.
And in hell how dreedfully he deyde.
ffortune hym hadde enhaunced soo in pryde.
Pat verily he wende he mygthte atteyne.
Vn to pe sterres vppon euery syde.
And in a balaunce to weye pe mounteyne.
And alle pe floodis of pe see restreyne.
And godis people hadde he most in hate.
Hem wolde he sle in torment and peyne.
Weenyng that god ne mygthte his pride abate.
And for that Nichanour and Tymothe.
With relwes weere vengeaunsches mygthtily.
Vn to pe iewes swich an hate hadde he.
Pat he hadde greythed his chaar full hastely.
And swoor and seyde full despitously.
Vn to Jerusalem he wolde efte soone
To wreken his ire on it full cruelly.
But of his purpos he was lette full soone.
Gode of his manace hym soo soore smoot
With mussible wounde ay vncurable.
Pat in his guttes darf soo and boot

That his peynes weren unportable.
And certeynly ye Grecke was resonable.
ffor manye mannes gultes dede he payne.
But fro his purpos curses and dampnable.
ffor all his swert he nolde hym restreyne.
But bad anon appunyten his oost.
And soberyly or he was of it war.
Gos Daunted al his pryde and all his bost.
ffor he soo sore fel out of his chare.
Pat hurte his lymes and his flesh to tare.
Soo thatt he ne myghte goo ne ryde.
But in a chayer men aboute hym bare.
All for bruses bothe bak and syde
Pe Grecke of gode hym smoot so cruelly.
That in his body kyllede wormes crepte.
And therwith all he stank soo horribely.
Pat noon of all his meyne pat hym kepte.
Whether soo thatt he Wook or ellis slepte.
Ne myght nought the stynk of hym endure.
In this meschef he Waylede and eek Wepte.
And kneled god lord of every creature.
To all his oost and to hym selue also.
ffull lothsum was the stynk of his careyne.
No man myghte hym bere to ne fro.
And in his stynke and in his orrible peyne.
he starf full Wrecchedly in a mountеyne.
Thus hath this robbour and homicide.
Pat many a man made to Weepe and pleyne.
Which guerdoun as belongeth vn to pride.
Pe storie of Alisaundre is soo comune.
Pat every wyght that hath discrecioun.
Hath ber-of-somdeal or all of his fortune.
his Wyde Worlds as in conclusioun.
he Wan be strengthe or for his heey renoun.
They Weren glad for pees vn to hym sende.
Pe pride of man and beste he leyde adoun.
Wheere soo he came vn to pe Worldis ende.
Comparisoun myghte neuere be maked.
Betwixen hym and another conquerour.
ffor al this World for dreede of hym hath quaked.

Tale

He was of knyghthood and of fredom flour.
ffortune hym made pe eyr of hye honour.
Saf dyn and honnicu no thyng myghte assaye.
Hys herey entent in armes and labour.
Soo was he full of louynge corage.
What prys were it to hym though I yow tolde.
Of Darius and an hundred thousand moo.
Of kynges princes eerlis bolde.
Whiche he conquered and brought hem in to woo.
I say as fer as man may ride or goo.
pe world was his what schulde I more deuyse.
ffor though I write and tolde yow euere moo.
Of his knyghthood it myghte not suffice.
Twelue yeer he regned as seyth machabe.
Philippes sone of macedone he was.
pat first was kyng of Grece the contree.
O worthi gentil Alisaundre allas.
pat euere schulde falle swiche a cas.
Enpoysoned of thi folk thou were.
Thyn. e. fortune hath turned in to an as.
And yit for the ne weep sche neuere a teere
Who schall yeue teres men to compleyne.
pe deth of gentilnesse and of fraunchise.
That al pe world weeled in his demeyne.
And yit hym thoughte it myghte not suffise.
Soo full was his corage of herey empryse.
Allas who schall me helpe to endite.
ffals fortune and poysoun to despise.
pe whiche two of al this wo I wyte.
Be wysedom manhood and be labour.
ffrom humblesse and fro royal magestee.
Vprose he Julius pe conquerour.
pat alle the orident be lond and see.
Be strengthe of hand or elles be trete.
And vn to Rome made hem tributarie.
And sithens of Rome pe Empour was he
Til that fortune wex his aduersarie.
O myghti Cesar that in tessalie.
Ayens Pompeus fadir thyn in lasse.
That of the orient hadde al pe chyualrie.

As fer as thatt pe day ȝetymeth dalke.
Theigh thurgh thyu ryghthood hast hem take and slake.
Aue selde folk/ patt hath pompeus sleke.
Thurgh whiche thou puttest alt pe orient in adre.
Thanke foztune pat so heel the spedde
But nost a litul while/ hole be hule
pis pompeus this noble gouernour.
Of rome whiche thatt sleyth att this batalle.
I sey son of his men a fals traitour
His hees of smoot to dymmen hym fauo[r].
Of julius and hym pe hees broughte.
Alas pompey of pe orient conqueroure.
Pat foztune vn to swich a finde broughte.
To rome ayeen repeyreth julius.
With his triumphe laureate fulle heeye.
But on a tyme brutus cassius.
Pat euere hadde of his estate enbie.
ffulle priuely hadde maad conspiracie.
Azens this julius in subtil wyse.
And cast the place in whiche he sthulde deye.
With bodekyns as I schall yow deuyse.
pis julius to pe capitole wente.
Upon a day as he was wont to goon.
And in pe capitole anoon hym hente.
pis false brutus and his foule foon.
And stekede hym with bodekyns anoon.
With many a wounde and thus thei leet hym lye.
But neuere grounte he att no strook but oon.
Oz elles att tho but if his storie lye.
So manly was this julius of herte.
And so weel loued estatly honeste
Pat thoughh his dredly woundes soo sore smerte.
His mantel ouer his hepes caste he.
ffor no man sthulde see his pryuitee.
And as he lay on deynge in a traunce.
And wiste verily that deed was he.
Of honeste ynt hadde he remembraunce.
Lucane to this storie I recouende.
And to sweton and to valerius also.
Pat of this storie wryteth word and eende.

The Tale

Loke that these grete conquerours two.
ffortune was first frende and sithen a foo.
No man ne truste vpon his fauour longe.
But have hire in a fast cueremo.
Witnesse on alle these conquerours stronge.

This riche Cresus whilom kyng of lyde.
Of whiche Cresus Cyrus sooze hym dradde
yit was he caught amonges al his pryde
And to be brent men to the feer hym ladde.
But whiche a reyn doun fro the welkene shadde.
yat slouth the feer and made hym to eschape.
But to be waar yit no grace he hadde.
Til fortune on pe galewes made hym gape.

whanne he escapes was he can not stente.
ffor to begynne a newe reyn ayeen.
he wende weel for that fortune hym sente.
Wich happe that he escapes thurgh pe reyne.
yat of his foos he myghte not be slayn.
Wiche a sweuene vpon a nyght he mette.
Of whiche he was soo prous and eek fayne.
yat in vengeaunce he al his herte sette.

Vpon a tree he was as hym thoughte.
Pere Jubiter hym weesh bothe hals and syde.
And phebus eek a fayr towaile hym broughte.
To dryen hym with and therfore wax his pride.
And to his doughtir yat stood hym beside.
Whiche that he knew in heer sentence habounde.
he badde hire tellen hym what it signifiede.
And sche his dremes bigan right thus expounde.

Pe tre quod sche pe galewes is to meene.
And Jubiter betokeneth snow and reyn.
And phebus with his towaile so cleene.
Tho been the sonne stremes for to seyn.
Thou schalt an hanged be fadir certeyn.
Reyn schall the washe and sonne schall pe dreye.
Thus karnes sche hym full plat and full playn.
his doughtir that called was phame.

An honged was Cresus pe proude kyng.
his royal trone myghte hym not availe.
Tregedie is noon other maneer thyng.

Pe Nonne

Ne can in fynyng cre ne be Kule.
But thatt fortune alkey Kole assaule.
Pith vnkaar stroke pe reynes pat be proude
ffor Khanne men trusteth hire thanne Kole sekc kayle.
Ans Keueren hire brygkt face Kith a cloude.

Here endyth the monkys tale// Ans here begynneth the prolog of pe Nonne Preest

Po quod the knyght good sire no more of this.
That yee han seyd is ryght inoksh] wis.
Ans mochel more for litil kesynesse.
Is ryght inok to moche folk at] esse.
Sere for me it is a gret disese.
Khere as men kan been in gret Kelthe ans ese.
To heeren of hem sodeyn fall allas.
Ans pe contrarie is ioye ans gret solas.
As Khanne a man hath been in poore estate.
Ans clymbeth vp ans Keyeth fortunate.
Ans there abideth in prosperite.
Khiche thyng is gladsom as it thenketh me.
Ans though Khiche thyng Keere goodly for to telle.
Pee quod oure hoost be seynt poules belle.
Pee sere rygkt sooth this monk he clappeth loude.
He spak hoo fortune keueredc Kith a cloude.
I nost neuere Khat ans also of a treadie.
Rygkt inok yee heede ans pde no remedie.
It is for to be kaile ne compleyne.
Pat that is doon ans also it is a peyne.
As yee han seyd to heere of heyniesse.
Sire monk no more of this so god yoh blesse.
youre tale annoyeth al this compaigne.
Khiche talkyng is not Korth a buttere flye.
Kherfore sire monk Dam piers be your name.
I preye yoh hertly telle vs somKhat elles.
ffor sykerr neere clynkyng of youre belles.
Pat on youre bridell hangeth on euery kyde.
Be heuene kyng that for vs alle deyde.
I shall for this falle Dum for sleepe.
Alt thoughth the slooke hadde neuere be so deepe.
Panne hadde youre tale be told in vayn.
ffor certeynly as these clerkes seyn.

Whereas a man may haue noon audience
Noughte helpeth to tellen his sentence
And Weel I Woot pe substaunce is in me
If eny thyng shall Weel reported be
Sire sey somwhat of huntyng I yow praye
Nay quod pe monk I haue no lust to playe
Yow leet another telle as I haue tolde
Thanne spak oure oost with rude speeche and bolde
And seyde vn to pe nonnes preest anoon
Come neer sire preest come hidur sire Jon
Telle vs swiche thynges as may our hertis glade
Be merie though thou ride vpon a lade
Pat thi thyn hors be foul or leene
If he Wile fare the reke the not a beene
Looke that thyn herte be merye euermo
yis oost quod he soo mote I ryde or goo
But I be merie I wis I Wile be blamed
And rystht anoon he hath his tale tamed
And thus he seyde to vs euerichon
This sweete preest this goode man sire Jon
Heere begynneth the nonne preestis tale.

Poure wydwe somdeel stoupe in age
Was whilom dwellyng in a narowe cotage
Beside a grove stondyng in a dale
This wydwe of whiche I tolde yow my tale
Sithens thilke day that she was last a wyf
In pacience ladde a ful simple lyf
For litul was hire catell and hire rente
By housebondrie of swich as god hire sente
She fond hire selven and eek hire doughtren two
Three large sowes hadde she and no moo
Three kyen and eek a sheep pat hyghte malle
Ful sooty was hire bowre and eek hire halle
In whiche she eet many a sklendre meel
Of poynant sauce hire needede neuere a deel
No deynte morsel passede hire throte
Hire diete was accordant to hire coote
Repleccio ne made hire neuere seek
Attempre diete was al hire phisik
And exercise and hert sufficeaunce

The Nonne

The gyonge lettes hire no thyng to daunce.
Ne poplexie ne sellent not hire hees.
No thyn drank seke neither whyt ne reed.
Hire boord was serued most with whyt and blak.
Milk and bren bred in whiche selle fond no lakke
Seynd kayoun and som tyme an eye or tweye.
ffor sele was as it weere a maneer of a deye.
A gardeyn selle hadde enclosed al aboute.
With stykkes and a drye dyeche without.
In whiche selle hadde a cokke that hyghte chaunteleer.
In alle the lond of cokkyng was his peere.
His voys was merier than the murie orgon.
On masse dayes that in the churche goon.
Weel sikerere was the cookkyng in his logge.
Than is a clokke or an abbey orlogge.
By nature he knewe ecche astenomie.
Of equinoxial of thilke toun.
ffor whanne degrees ix^e^ weere descended.
Than knewe he that it myght not been amended.
His comb was redder than the fyn coral.
And batelid as it weere a castel wal.
Lyk azure weeren his legges and his toon.
His bille was blak and as the geet it schon.
His nayles whiter than the lilie flour.
And lyk burnyssht gold was his colour.
This gentil cokke hadde in his gouernaunce.
Seuene hennes for to doon his plesaunce.
Whiche weeren his sustres and his paramours.
And wonder lyk to hym as of colours.
Of whiche the fayreste hewed on hir throte.
Was cleped fayre Damyselle pertelote.
Curteys selle was discreet and debonayre.
And compaynable and bar hire selven soo fayre.
Sithens thilke day that selle was seuene nyghtes old.
That trewely selle hath the herte in hold.
Of chauntecleer loken in euery lith.
He loued hire soo pat weel was hym therwith.
But swiche a ioye as it was to heeren hem syngen.
Whanne that the brighte sunne gan to springe.
In sweete accord my leef is faire in lond

ffor thilke tyme.

For thilke tyme as I haue vnderstonde.
Bestes and briddes couden speke and synge.
And so befell pat in the Sawenyng.
As chauntecler amonges hise Wyues alle.
Sit on his pche that was in the halle.
And next hym sat this faire ptelote.
This chauntecleer gan gronen in his throte
As a man that is in his dreem dredfully soore.
And whan that ptelote thus herde hym rore.
Sche was agast and seyde herte deere.
What eyleth yow to groone in this maneere.
Ye been a verray sleepere fy for schame
And he awoke and seyde thus madame.
I preye yow that ye take it nought agrief.
Me mette pat I was in swich meschief.
Pryght now that yit myn herte is soore a fryght.
Now god quod he my sweuene recche aryght.
And keepe my body out of foul prisoun.
Me mette pat I wiste vp and doun.
That in the clooste ther as I saugh a beste.
Was lyk an hound and wolde haue maad a reste.
Vpon my body and wolde haue had me deed.
His colour was betwixen yelow and reed.
And tipped was his tayl and bothe his eres.
With blak vnlyk pe remenaunt of his heres.
His snoute smal with gloweyng eyen tweye.
Yit of his look for feer almost I deye.
This caused me my gronyng doutelees.
And why quod sche fy on yow herteles.
Allas quod sche for by that god above.
Now haue ye lost myn herte and myn loue
I can nought loue a coward by my feyth.
For certes what so any woman seyth.
We alle desiren if it myght be.
To han housbondes hardy wyse and free.
And secre no nygard ne no fool.
Ne him pat is agast of euery tool.
Ne noon auenture be pat god above.
How durst ye seyn for schame vn to youre loue.
Pat any thyng myghte make yow aferd.

The nonne

Haue yee no mannes herte and han a berd.
Allas and canne yee been agast of sweuenes.
No thyng gos hoot but vanyte in sweuene is.
Sweuenes engendren of replexyouns.
And often of fume and of complexyouns.
Whanne humours been to habounddaunt in a wyght.
Certis this dreem whiche yee haue sayd to nyght.
Cometh of the grete superfluite.
Of youre rede colre pat.
Whiche causeth folk to dremen diuerse dremes.
Of arwes and of fyres with rede lemes.
Of rede beestis that wolen hem bite.
Of contek and of whelpis grete and lite.
Wyght as the humour malencolie.
Causeth many a man in sleep for to crie.
For feer of beres and boles blake.
Or elles blake deueles wole hem take.
Of othere humours coude I telle also.
That werken many a man in sleep ful woo.
But I nole passen as lyghtly as I can.
Lo Catoun which that was so wys a man.
Seyde he not thus ne do no force of dremes.
Nowy sire quod he whan we flee fro pe bemes
For goddis loue as taketh some laxatif.
Up pil of myn soule and of myn lyf.
I counseile yow the beste I wile not lye.
pat bothe of colre and malencolie.
yee purge yow and for yee shulln not tarie.
Thogh that myn toun is noon Apotecarie.
I shall my seluen to herbes techen yow.
pat shall be youre hele and youre prow.
And in pe gardyn tho herbes shall I fynde.
pe whiche haue of here propurte be kynde.
To purgen yow benethe and eek aboue.
For-why me thynketh nowght this for goddis oune loue.
yee been ful colryk of complexioun.
Ther-fore ye sunne in his ascencioun.
Ne fynde yow repleet of youre humours hoote.
And if it do I dar wel leye a grote.
That yee shulle haue a fevere tertian.

Or an .vjn that may be youre bane.
A day or tho yee schule haue dyestyues.
Or Domes or yee take youre laxatyues.
Of laureal Centaure and of fumytere.
Or elbe of Elleboze pat groweth there.
Of Catapuce or of gaytes buries.
Of herbe ine growynge in oure yerd pere mete is.
Pelle hem vpryght as tha growe and ete hem in.
Be wery hosebonde for youre faderis kynne.
Dreedeth no dreem I can seye yow no moze.
Madame quad he gromercy of youre loze.
But natheles as touchynge Dann Catoun.
pat hath of wysedom such great renoun.
Be god men may in olde bookes rede.
Oon of the gretteste auctour of dreede.
Of manye a man more of auctorite.
Panne euere Catoun was so mote I the.
That all pe reuerse seyn of this sentence.
Ans han heel founden be experience.
pat dremes be significatiouns.
As heel of ioye as of tribulatiouns.
That folk endure in this lyf present.
There needeth not to make of this noon argument.
pe verray preef sheweth it in deede.
Oon of the gretteste auctour of dreede.
Seyth thus that whilom tho felawes wente.
On pilgrymage in full good entente.
Ans happed so thei comen in to a toun.
Where as there was swiche confluence.
Of people ins ek of stret herbergage.
That thei fond as moche as a cotage.
In whiche thei bothe myghte logges be.
Wherfore thei musten of necessite.
As for that myght asten of compaignye.
Ans eche of hem gooth in to his osteleryne.
Ans took his logging as it wolde falle.
That oon of hem was logged in a stalle.
ffeere in a yerd with oxen of pe plough.
pat other man was logged heel I nough.
As was his auenture or his fortune.

The Nonne

That vs gouerneth al as in comune.
And so befell longe or it were day
This man mette in his bedde there as he lay.
How that his felawe gan on hym calle.
And seyde allas for in an oxe stalle
This nyght shall I be murdres there I lye.
Now helpe me deere brother or I deye.
In alle hast come to me he seyde.
This man out of his sleep for feer abreyde.
But whanne that he was wakened out of his sleep.
He turneth hym and took of this no keep.
Hym thoughte his dreem was nought but a vanyte.
Thus thryes in his sleepyng dremed he.
And at the thirde tyme yet his felawe.
Come as he thoughte) and nowe slawe.
Behold my bloody woundis deepe and wyde.
Arys vp early in the morwe tyde.
And at the Westgate of the town quod he.
A carte full of dunge there shalt thou see.
In whiche his body is hyd full preuely.
Do thilke carte arresten boldely.
my gold causede my moerdre sooth to sayn.
And told hym every point how he was slayn.
With a full pitous face pale of hewe.
And trustne weel his dreem he fond full trewe.
For on ye morwe as soone as it was day
To his felawes in he took ye way.
And whanne he come to this oxe stalle.
After his felawe he began to calle.
The osteler answerede hym anoon.
And seyde sire youre felawe is goon.
As soone as day he wente out of the town.
This man gan falle in grete suspecioun.
Remembrynge on his dremes that he mette.
And forth he goth no lenger wolde he lette.
Vn to ye Westgate of ye town and fond.
A dunge carte as he wente to dunge the lond.
That was arayed in same wyse
As ye han herd the dede man deuyse.
And with an hardy herte he gan to crye.

Vengeaunce and iustice of this felonye.
My felaȝe murdred is this same nyght.
And in this carte he lyth gappynge vpryght.
Ye wrecche man that murdres has al nedde.
O blaffull ȝos pat art soo uist and tredde.
Loo schold that thou be wreyest murdre alkey.
Murdre wole out pat see we day be day.
Murdre is soo loothsum and soo abhominable.
To ȝod that is soo nist and resonable.
Pat he ne wole not suffren it heled be.
Though it abyde a yeer or two or three
Murdre wile out this is my conclusioun.
And ryght anoon myrustres of the toun.
Hath hent pe carlere and soone hym peynes.
And eek the osteler soo feer enstynes.
Pat thei be knowe here wyckednesse anoon.
And dampned hanged be the nekke boon.
Heere may men see that ȝemes bee to dreede.
And certes in the same book I reede.
Ryght in the next chapitre I reede of this
I stabbe not soo haue I ioye or blis.
Two men pat wolden haue passed the see.
For certeyn cause in to a ferre contre.
If that the wynd ne hadde been contrarie.
Pat made hem in a cite for to tarie.
That stood fulle merye vpon an hauene syde.
But on a day ayens the eeuen tyde.
Pe wynd gan chaunge and blew as hym lust.
Lowf and glad thei wenten vn to reste.
And casten hem fulle eerly for to seyle.
But herkene hold oo man felle in greet peyne.
Put on of hem in sleepynȝ as he lay.
Hym mette a wonder dreem ayens pe day.
Hym thoughte a man stood be his beddes syde.
And hym comaunded that he shulde abyde.
And seyde hym thus if thou to morwe wende.
Thou shalt be dreynt my tale is at an ende.
He woke and tolde his felawe what he mette.
And preyde hym his viage for to lette.
As for that day he preyde hym to abyde.

This sclarke yat lay be hys beddis syde.
Gan for to laughe and scorneth fulle faste.
Lo drem quod she may myn herte agraste.
Yat I wole lette for to doo my thynges.
I sette not a strawe be dremynges.
ffor sweuenes bee but vanitees and japes.
Men dremen alwey of oules and of apes.
And of manye a mase therwith alle.
Wen dremen of thyng that neuer was ne schalle.
But sithen I see thou wilt heere abide.
And thus forsclouthen wilfully ye tyde.
Gos woot it reweth me and haue good day.
And thus she took his leeue and wente his way.
And or that he hadde hulf his cours assuled.
Not I not why ne wherfor mescheaunce it wyled.
But casuelly the schippes botme rente.
And schipe and man vndir the water wente.
In sighte of other schippes hym beside.
Yat wyth hym seyled at the same tyde.
And therfore he seyde ptelote doo deere.
Be wriche ensamples mayst thou leere.
That no man schulde be to reccheles.
Of dremes for I sey the souteles.
Yat many a dreem full soore is for to dreede.
Loo in the lyf of Seint Kenelme I reede.
That was kenulphes sone ye noble kyng.
Of Mercenrike how Kenelme mette a thyng.
A litil or he was mordred on a day.
His mordre in his avision he say.
His norice hym expounede euerideel.
His sweuene and badde hym for to keepen hym weel.
ffor treson but he was seuene yeer oold.
And therfore litil tale hath he told.
Of ony dreem so hoolly was his herte.
Be god I hadde leuere than my scherte.
Yat ye hadde herd his legende as have I.
Dame ptelote I sey yow trewely.
Macrobeus yat writ ye avision.
In affrike of the worthi Cipion.
Affermeth dremes and seyth that there been.

Warnyng of thynges that men after seen.
And furtheremore I preye yow looketh weel.
The olde testament of Daniel.
If he helde dremes of ony wight.
Trees eek of Joseph and ye shulle see.
Whether dremes be som tyme I sey not alle.
Warnyng of thynges that shulle after falle.
Loke eek of Egipt pe kyng Daun Pharao.
His bakere and his boteler also.
Where thei ne felte noon effect in dremis.
Who so wole seeche pe acte of sundry remes.
May reden of dremis many a wonder thyng.
Lo Cresus which that was of Lyde kyng.
Mette he nought pat he sat vpon a tree.
Which signifiede he shulde an hanged be.
Loo heere Adromacha Ectorus wyf.
Pat day that Ector shulde leete his lyf.
She dremede on pe same nyght before.
How that the lyf of Ector shulde be lore.
If thilke day he wente in to bataylle.
She warnes hym but it myght not availle.
He wente for to fyghten neuertheles
But he was slayn of Achilles.
But thilke tale is al to longe to telle.
And eek it is neygh day I may not dwelle.
Shortly I seye as for conclusioun
Pat I shall have of this avisioun.
Of adversitees and I sey furthermore.
Pat I ne kile telle of laxatifs no store.
For they bee venymous I woot right weel.
I hem defie I love hem neuere a deel.
Now leete vs speke of myrthe and stynten al this.
Madame pertelote so have I blis.
Of o thyng god hath sent me large grace.
For whanne I see the beautee of youre face.
I see been so scarlet reed aboute youre eyen.
It maketh al my dreed for to deyen.
For also siker as In principio.
Mulier est hominis confusio.
Madame the sentence of this latyn is

Woman is manues ioye and his blis.
ffor whanne I feele on nyghte youre softe syde.
Al be it that I may not on yow ryde.
ffor that oure pche is maad soo nareche allas.
I am soo fulle of ioye and solas.
That I defie bothe swevene and dreme.
And herk that herd I seyth doun fro pe beeme.
ffor it was day and cek his hennes alle.
And with a chukke he gan hem for to calle.
ffor he hadde founden a corn lay in the yerd.
Realle he was nomore aferd.
He fetherede ptelote thrynti tyme.
And bad as often or it was pme.
He looketh as it were a grym leoun.
And on hise toos he romede vp and doun.
Hym daynede not to sette his feet on grounde.
Ay chukkede he whanne he hadde a corn founde.
And to hym thanne ran his wyues alle.
Thus royal as a prynce in his halle.
Leeue I this chauntecler in his pasture.
And after hym I telle of his auenture.
Whanne the monethe in whiche the world began.
Pat hyghte marche whanne god first made man.
Was complect and passed were also
Sithen marche began thrynty dayes and two.
Befel that chauntecler in his pryde.
His seuene wyues walken hym besyde.
Cast vp his eyen to the brighte sonne.
Pat in the signe of Taurus had ronne.
Thrynti degrees and oon and somwhat more.
He knew by kynde and by noon othir lore.
Pat it was prymme he crew with blisful steuene.
The sonne he sayde is clumben vpon heuene.
fourti degrees and oon and more I wis.
Madame ptelote my worldes blis.
Herkene how these blisful briddes synge.
And see the fresshe flouris how they sprynge.
ffulle is myn herte of reuel and solas.
But sodeynly hym fel a sorweful cas.
ffor euere pe lastere ende of ioye is sorwe.

And comonly often tyme it falleth soo.
And if Arthour coude sayne endite.
He in cronicle myghte sauely write.
As for a souereyn notabilite.
Now euery wyseman herkene me.
This storie is as trewe I vndertake.
As is the book of Launcelet de lake.
Pat Pommen held in full gret reuerence.
Now Pole I turne ayeen to my sentence.
A col fox full of sleyghte and malice.
Pat in the grove hadde holed yeeres thre.
Be heeyth ymaginacioun afore cast.
Pe same nyght thurgh out the hegges brast.
In to the yerd there chaunteclere the fayre.
Was wont and eek his wyues to repayre.
And in a bedde of wortes stille he lay.
Til it was passed vndr of the day.
Awaytinge his tyme on chauntecler to falle.
As gladly doon these homicides alle.
Pat in a wayt ligge to murdre men.
O false murdrour roukyng in thi den.
O newe scariot and newe Genilon.
ffalse dissimulo o greke Synon.
That broughte Troye al vtterly to sorwe.
O chauntecler a cursed be that morwe.
That thou in to pe yerd fleyghe fro pe beme.
Thou were full wel warned be thi dremes.
Pat ilke day was pilous to the
But that as gode afore hoot mot needis be.
After pe opinioun of certeyn clerkes.
Witnesse on hym pat any clerk is.
Pat in scole gret altercacioun.
In this matere and gret disputacioun.
And hath been of an hundred thousand men.
But I ne can bulten it to pe bren.
As can the hooly doctour Augustyn.
Or Boece or pe bisshop Bradwardyn.
Whether pat godes wil afore wytynge.
Streyneth me needely for to doo a thynge.
Needely clepe I simple necessite.

Or elles if the fyue dayes be ȝraunted me ·
To doo that ſame thyng or to doo it nought ·
Thought ȝod forſhoot it or it has ȝrought ·
Or of his ȝyftyng ſtreyneth neuere a del ·
But be neceſſite condicouncel ·
I ſhole not haue to doon of ſhich matteere ·
my tale is of a Colke as yee ſhuln heere
Pat took his counſel of his wyf with ſoreſhe ·
To Walken in the yerd vpon the moreſhe ·
Pat he hadde met the dreem that I yolle tolde ·
Wommen counſel be full ofte colde ·
Wommennes counſel brought vs firſt to woo ·
And made Adam fro ȝadis to ȝoo ·
There as he was full merry and wel at eeſe ·
But for I not whom I myght diſpleſe ·
If I counſel of Womnen ſhole blame ·
Paſſe ouer for I ſeyde it in my ȝame ·
ffeed dictours wherere thei treete of ſhiche matteere ·
And what thei ſeyn of Womnen heere ·
Theſe be the colkes woordis and not myne ·
I can noon harm of no Womnen deſyne ·
ffayre in the ſond to bathen hire merily ·
Lyth Ptelote and alle hire ſiſtres by ·
Ayen pe ſunne and chauntecler ſoo free ·
Sang merier than the mermayde in the ſee ·
for phiſalogus ſeyth certerly ·
How that thei ſyngen wel and merily ·
And ſoo befell as he caſte his eeye ·
Amonges the wortis vppon a butterflye ·
Pe was kaut of this fox pat lay full lowe ·
Ne thyng ne luſt hym than for to crowe ·
But cryede anoon cok cok and vp he ſterte ·
As a man that was affrayed in his herte ·
for naturelly a beſte deſireth to fle ·
fro his contrarie if he may it ſee ·
Perqph he neuere hadde ſeyn it erſt with his eeye ·
This chauntecler whanne he hym gan eſpie ·
He wolde a fled but that pe fox anoon ·
Sayde gentil ſire allas what wole yee doon ·
Wee yee affrayed of me that am your freend ·

Certes sire thamme ke yee vnbende -
If I to yoll Wole harm or vilenye -
I am not come youre counseil to aspie -
But trelyely the cause of my comyng -
Was only to herkene holy that yee synge -
ffor trelyely yee han as merye a steuene -
As angel hath that is in heuene -
Therwith yee han in musyk more feelyng -
Thanne hadde Boys or ony that can synge -
Wy lord youre fadir god his soule blesse -
And eek youre moodir of hir gentilnesse -
I han in myn hous been to yolk greet ese -
And certis sire ryght fayn Wolde I yolk plese -
But for men speketh of synging I Wole seye -
So mote I brouke myn eyen tweye -
Sauf yee I ne herde neuere man so synge -
As dede youre fadir in the morewenynge -
Certes it Was of herte al that he sang -
And for to maken his voys the more strong -
He Wolde so peynen hym that With bothe his eyen -
He must Wynken so loude he dede eyen -
And stonden on his tiptos therwith alle -
And streeche forth his nekke long and smale -
And eek he Was of swich discrecioun -
That there nas no man in no regioun -
That hym in song or Wysedom myghte passe -
I haue Wel red Dan Burnell the Ase -
Among his vers there Was a cok -
ffor a prestis sone yaf hym a knok -
Vpon his legge Whiles he Was yong and nyce -
He made hym for to leesen his benefice -
But certeyn there is noon comparisoun -
Bitwixen the Wysedom and discrecioun -
Of youre fadir and of his subtilte -
Now syngeth sire for seynt charite -
Let se can yee youre fadir countrefete -
This chauntecler his armes gan to bete -
As man that Wende nat his tresoun aspie -
So Was he ravysshed With his flaterie -
Allas yee lordes manye a fals flatour -

I n youre court ant mayne a losengeour.
That pleseth youh more be my feyth.
Thanne he that sothfastnesse vn to youh seyth.
Receth Ealeflastre of flatere
Beeth Raur yee lordis of heere treathere.
This chauntecler stood heere vpon his toos.
Streathynge his nekke. ins Heelde his eeyen cloos.
Ans gran to crowe loude for pe nones.
Ans Daun Russell sterte vp. alf at ones.
Ans be the gayneyate sheute chauntecler.
Ans on his bak toward the Rode hym beer.
ffor yit Was there no man hym seyde.
O Reftenye that mayst not been eschewed.
Allas that chauntecler fel fro the bemes.
Allas his Wyf ne roughte not of dremes.
Ans on a friday fel alf this meschaunce.
O venus that art goddesse of plesaunce.
Sithens that thi seruant Was this chauntecler.
Ans in thi seruise dede al his poware.
More for delit than for the Woreld multeplie.
Why Woldest thou suffren on thy Ry to deye.
O gaufride deere maistir souerayne.
yat Whanne thy Worthi kyng Richard Was slayn.
With shot complayneden his deth soo soore.
Why ne hadde I nowh thy sentence ans thy loore.
The firaty for to chide as dede yee.
ffor on a friday shoothy slayn Was he.
Thanne Wolde I shewen how that I coude playne.
ffor chauntecler ans for his payne.
Certis Wiche cry ne lamentacioun.
Was of ladies maad Whanne that yleon.
Was Wonne ans pitous With his streyngthe sherd.
Whanne he heente kynge Pryan be the berd.
Ans slayn hym as seyde Emeidos.
As maden alle the hennes in the clos.
Whanne thei hadde seyn of chauntecler pe sighte.
But souerayn dame pitelote Myrighte
Wel loudere than dede hasenbalkes Wyf.
Whanne that hire hosebonde hadde lost his lyf.
And that pe Romayns hadde brent Cartage.

A prycst

Sche was so full of torment and of rage.
Wel vilfully in to the feer sche sterte.
And brende hire selven with a stedfast herte.
O wofull hennes nyght so criden yee.
As shryme that men brente the tre.
Of Rome criden the senatours wyves.
for that here husebondis shulde leesen here lyves.
Withouten gilt this men hath hem slayn.
[Lo]k vile] turne to my tale ayeen.
This seely widwe and hire doughtres two.
Herden pe hennes crye and maken woo.
And out at the dore sterten they anoon.
And saugh the fox toward pe grove goon.
And bar vp his bak the cok adoun.
And criden out and harwe and welaway.
A ha the fox and after hym they ran.
And eek with staves many another man.
Ran colle our dogge talbot and garlond.
And malkyn with hire distaff in hire hand
Ran cow and calf and eek the verray hogges.
Sore afered for berkyng of dogges.
And shoutyng of men and of wommen eek.
They ran so here herte they thoughte to breek.
They yelden as feendis doon in helle.
The dokes criedden as men wolde hem quelle.
Out of the hyves come the swarme of bees.
The gees for feer flowen over the trees.
Swo hidous was the noyse a benedicite.
Certes he Jakke straw and his meyne.
Ne made nevere shoutes half so shrille.
Whan that they wolde any flemyng fulle.
As that ilke day was maad vpon pe fox.
Of bras they broughte bemes and of box.
Of horn and boon in whiche they pouped
And therwith al they schriched and shouted.
It seemed as that hevene shulde falle.
Now gode I preye yow herkeneth alle.
Lo how fortune turneth sodeynly.
The hope and eek pride of his enmye.
This cok that lay vpon the fox bakke.

Ys m youre court ans mamye a losengeour.
Pat plesen yow more be my feyth.
Thanne he that soothfastnesse vn to yow seyth.
Reedeth Entlesiastre of flatere
Beeth ware yee lordis of here treachere.
This chauntecler stood heere vpon his toos.
Strecchynge his nekke .ans heelde his eeyen cloos.
Ans gan to crowe loude for pe nones.
Ans Dawn Russell sterte vp .alf at ones.
Ans be the gardyne heente chauntecler.
Ans on his bak toward the Wode hym beer.
ffor yit Was there no man hym sekede.
O destenye that mayst not been eschewes.
Allas that chauntecler fel fro the bemes.
Allas his wyf ne roughte not of dremes.
Ans on a fridy fel all this meschaunce.
O venus that art goddesse of plesaunce.
Sithens that thy seruant Was this chauntecler.
Ans in thy seruse dede al his powere.
More for delit than for the Woerdis multeplie.
Thi Woldest thou suffren on thy dy to deye.
O gaufride deere maistre soueraine.
Pat Whanne thy Worthi kyng Richard Was slayn.
With swerd compleynedest his deth soo soore.
Thi ne hadde I nowt thy sentence ans thy loore.
The fridy for to chide .ns dede yee.
ffor on a fridy sloothly slayn Was he.
Thanne Wolde I shewen how that I coude playne.
ffor chauntecler ans for his payne.
Certis Neuer ere ne lamentacioun.
Was of ladies maad Whanne that ylcon.
Was Nonne ans puttes With his stronge wiles.
Whanne he heente kynge Pryan be the berd.
Ans slayn hym as seyde Emeidos.
As maden alle the hennes in the clos.
Whanne thei hadde seyn of chauntecler pe sighte.
But souerayn dame pertelote shrighte
Weel loudere thanne dede hasenbalkes wyf.
Whanne that hire housebonde hadde lost his lyf.
And that pe Romayns hadde brent Cartage.

Preest

Shee was so full of torment and of rage.
Wel wilfully in to the feer she sterte.
And brende hire selven with a stedfast herte.
O woful hennes wyght so criden yee.
As dyde that New brente the cite.
Of Rome criden the senatours wyves.
For that here losebondis shulde leesen here lyves.
Withouten gilt Nero hath hem slayn.
Lo herke while I turne to my tale ayeen.
This seely widwe and hire doughtres two.
Herden the hennes crye and maken woo.
And out at the dore sterten they anoon.
And saugh the fox toward the grove goon.
And bar up his bak the cok away.
And cryden out and harrow and welaway.
A ha the fox and after hym they ranne.
And eek with staves many another man.
Ranne colle oure dogge talbot and garland.
And malkyn with hire distaff in hire hand.
Ranne cow and calf and eek the verray hogges.
So were afers for berkyng of dogges.
And shoutyng of men and of wommen eek.
They ran so here herte they thoughte to breek.
They yelden as feendis doon in helle.
The dokes cryeden as men wolde hem quelle.
Out of the hyves come the swarme of bees.
The trees for feer flowen over the trees.
So hidous was the noyse a benedicite.
Certes he Jakke strawe and his meyne.
Ne made never shoutes half so shrille.
Whanne that they wolde any flemyng fulle.
As that ilke day was maad upon the fox.
Of bras they broughte bemes and of box.
Of horn and boon in whiche they pouped
And therwith alle they skriked and shouted.
It seemed as that hevene shulde falle.
Now goode I preye yow herkeneth alle.
Lo how fortune turneth sodeynly.
The hope and eek pride of his enemy.
This cok that lay upon the fox backe.

In all this neede vn to the fox spak
And seyde sire if I neere as yee
yit schulde I seye as this god helpe me
Turne ayeen yee prowde cherles alle
A verray pestilence vpon yoll falle
Now am I come vn to this goode syte
Maugree youre hees ye ook schalle heere abyde
I wole hym ete in feyth and that anoon
Ye fox answerede in feyth it shall be doon
And he spak that word al sodeynly
This cok brak fro his mouth deliverly
And heeynthe vpon a tree he fleyth anoon
And whanne the fox sawgh that he was goon
Allas quod he o chaunteeler allas
I have quod he don to yoll a trespas
In as moche as I made yoll afers
Whanne I yoll shente and brought out of the yers
But sire I dede it nought in no dyvlles entente
Comeeth doun and I shall telle yoll what I mente
I schall seye sooth so god helpe me so
Ray thanne quod he I schrewe vs bothe two
And first I schrewe my selve bothe blood and bones
If thou begile me oftere than onces
Thou shalt nomore with thi flatterie
Do me synge and wynke with myn eeye
For he that wynketh whan he schulde see
As wysly god leet hym neuere the
Ray quod the fox god yeue hym meschaunce
That is so vnadvised of gouernaunce
That iangleth whanne he shulde holde pees
Loo swich is for to be recheles
And negligent and trustuen on flatere
But yee that holden this folie
As of a fox of a cok and of an hen
Taketh the moralite goode men
For seynt Poul seyth al that writen is
To oure doctrine it is writen I wis
Taketh the fruyt and leet the chaff be stille
Now goode god if it be thi wille
As seyth my lord so make vs alle goode men

Of Lawe.

To pleyen and to iomen to ẽ fle
And in ſiȝ walke thys blynd mẽ they mette.
Cloſed and olde wrecchſ faſte eyen y ſhette.
In the name of ihſu qued thys blynd beſeon.
Dame ſegmengilde ȝeue me eyght a gayn.
Thys lady ſeay a ſtayed of the colbu.
Left that hȝ houſbond echortly forto ſeyn.
Wold hȝ for ihſũ qyſtes lone ſaue clayne.
Tyl cuſtance mad hȝ bold and bad hȝ ſpeche.
The wif of qyſte as doughtey of hȝs chyche
The conſtable ſeay a baſſhed of that eyght
And ſeyde what a monureth al thys faje.
Cuſtance anſwered hit ys qyſtes mayght.
That helpeth folke out of the fendes clauje
And ſo feyforth echo gan onys lay declaje.
That ſho the conſtable of that hit was eno.
Conueyeth and ou qyſte mad hym byleno.
The conſtable was worthyuge lord of thys place.
Of wheych y ſpeke they he cuſtance fonde.
Hit kepte hit ſtrongly many a wynt ſpace.
Vndy alla kynge of al northſtimberlonde.
That was ful wys & worthy of ſys honde.
Ayen the ſcottes as men may wel ſeje.
But tyme y weil a gayn to my matey.
Dathan that euey vs wayteth to by gyle.
Caſteth of cuſtance al thuſ pfeccioũ.
And caſte a non holde he mayght quyte hȝ whyle.
And made a ȝonge kuyght that dweit in yo toun.
Ione hȝ ſo hoot of foule affeccioũ.
That ceyly hym thought he ſcholde ſpylle.
But he of hȝ mayght ones hane hys wylle.
He wolweth hȝ but hit a vayleth nought.
Echo wolde do no eyme by no way.
And for diſpyte he compaſſed in hys thought.
To make hȝ ou ſchame ful deth to dye.
He wayteth when the conſtable was a weye.
And prechly vp on a nyȝt he ſept.
In ſegmẽgildes chaumbey where hyſe echo ſlept
Ceyly for walked in hȝ oriſoñs.
Sleipeth cuſtance and ſegmengild al ſo.

Hey to dehyney ſho ſhew thar ſtſo ſhas ynne
A mancy-karyn corrupte ſhas ſhy pentſe.
Bur algates they by ſhas ocſho vndyſtonde.
Tſe conſtable ſhſan ſhyn luſte no lengey pentſe.
Tſhys ſhoſful ſhõman brought hye to tſe londe
Otſho bueleth donn ā thonketh godes ſonde.
Bur ſhſat ocſho ſhas ocſho ſholde no mā oeye.
ffor foul ne fayre though thar ſtſo ocholde dye
Otſho ſeyde othe ſhas ſo maſed in the oee.
Thar ſtſo for ȝatt hyy inynde be hyy thoughtſho.
Tſe conſtable of hyy hath oo gret prte.
And eke hys ſhyf thar they ſheyen for ponthe.
Otſho ſhas ſo diligent ſhith our dontſe.
To oeyue ā plese cueyyth in thar place.
Thar al hyy louen thar loken ou hyy face.
Tſe conſtable ā dame heymengelde hys ſhyf.
ſheye paynynis and ꝑ courte cueyy ſheye.
Bur heymengild loued hyy ȝyght as hyy lyf.
And aſtaute hath oo longe coioned thēye.
In ornſous ſh manny a byttey teye.
Tſe ihū hath counted thorugh hys grace.
Dame heymengilde conſtableſſe of thilke place.
In al thar loude dyſte no qyſtene ſonte.
Al qyſtene folke ben fledde ſho thar conte.
Thorugh paynynis thar conqueſten hey a bonte.
Tſe plages of the north by land ā oee.
To ſhales fledde the qyſtaunte.
Of olde bretōis dſhellynge in thys yle.
Tſey ſhas hey ſefure for the neue ſhyle.
Bur ȝit nas neuey qyſtene bretōis ſo eyled.
Thar they nas cōme in hey pꝛaunte.
Nouoyed qyſt and hethen men bygyled.
And neygh the caſtelt ouche they dſhelledē thre.
Thar on of hem ſhas blynde and uygſt nought.
Bur tt ſheye ſhꝭ thylke eyen of hys inynde.
Neth ſhhych nūoen after thar they ben blynde.
Bygſte ſhas the ſonne as in thar ſonnes day
ffor ſhhych the conſtable and hys ſhyf alſo.
And aſtaute thar y take the ȝygſte ſhay.
To ſhayd the oee a forlong ſhey or thro.

Of Palle.

To pleyen and to pomen to & fro
And in thy walke thys blynd me they mette.
Cloked and olde with faste eyen y schette.
In the name of qyst qyed thys blynd beron.
Dame sepmongilde zeue me sygist a gayn.
Thys lady say a frayed of the sothu.
Left that thy housbond schortly forto seyn.
Sold hy for thū qystes lone haue slayne.
Tyl custance mad hy bold and bad hy weyche.
The wil of qyste as doughtey of hys chyche
The constable say a basshed of that sygist
And seyde what a mounteth al thys faje.
Custance answeyed hit ys qystes mygist.
That helpeth folke out of the fendes quaje
And so feyforth echo gan onto tay declaje.
That sitho the constable ey that hit was eno.
Towneyeth and ou qyste mad hym byleno.
The constable was nothyuge lord of thys place.
Of which y speke they he custance fonde.
Bitt kepte hit stongly many a wynt espace.
Vndy alla kynge of al northumbrelonde.
That was ful wys & worthy of hys honde.
A zen the scottes as men may wel hope.
Bitt tyme y wil a gayn to my matey.
Dathan that euey vs wayteth to by gyle.
Saleth of custance al hur pfessiōu.
And caste a non holle he mygist quyte hy whyle.
And made a zonge kuygist that weet in po town.
Lone hy so hoot of fonle affectiōn.
That veryly hym thought he colde dyelle.
Bitt he of hy mygist ones hand hys wylle.
He wolweth hy bitt hit a vayleth nought.
Echo wolde do no cyme by no way.
And for dispyte he compassed in hys thought.
To make hy on ofshame ful deth to dye.
He wayteth when the constable was a weye.
And prevely vp on a nyst he sept.
In hepmēgildes chaumbey while echo slept
Wery for walked in hy orisōns.
Sleyeth custance and hepmengild al so.

The man.

Tshys kuysshe thorugh cattaus temptacõus.
as ostely ys to the bedde gon.
And kutte the throte of cynegilde a non.
A leyde the bloody kuyf by dame custaunce.
And wente shys way they god zeue shym meschaunce.
Sone after tourneth thys constable home a gayne.
And ek alla that kynge was of that londe.
And sangh shys kuyf dyspytously yslayn.
ffor wshyth ful ofte he wepte and wronge shys houde.
And at the bedde the blody kuyf he fonde.
By dame custaunce allas what myght eche say.
ffor veryy woo hy wyt was al away.
To kynge alla was tolde al thys meschaunce.
And eke the tyme a whan and in what wyse.
That in a ship was fonnde thys custaunce.
As ye by forn ze han shesd eyr dayse.
The kynges shepe of pyte gan a gryse.
Whan he seyz so benigne a countenaunce.
ffal in disese and in myshaventure.
ffor as a lombe to wayd the deth ys brought.
So stont thys innocent bifor the kynge.
Thys falsse kuyst that hath thys ieson wrought
Seyth hy an hond that eche hath don thys thynge.
Yit natheles they was gret murmynge.
Among the peple and sey they can not gesse.
That eche hadde don so gret a wyckednesse.
ffor they han seyn hy euer so vertous.
And louynge hem̄egylde jvgh as hy hif.
Of thys bay wrtuesse euery ch in prat hons.
Saf he that hem̄egild slough with his kuyf.
Thys gentel kynge hath caught a gret mistyf.
Of thys wrtuesse and thought he wold enquere.
Depper in thys caas a thoughtsche fore dere.
Allas custaunce thow hast no champioun.
Ne fyght canst thou nought so wel la wel.
But he that for ous ledeuyn.
And bond eatthan and lyeth hym they he lay.
So be thy stronge champioun thys day.
ffor but yf cryst my aide vppon the lyche.
Wyth out gylt thow shalt be slayn as swythe.

Thus set sir Dom on knees and thus ortho sayde.
Immortal god that sauedest ousanne.
ffro fals blame and thou meryful mayde.
thy spy3 I mene dougstey to seyne anne.
Byforn Ahsos thilde angels syuge osanne.
Yf y be giltles of thys feloure.
ay y sodeyn be for elles y schal dye.
Haue ze not seyn som tyme a pale face.
Among a prees of sym that sterk be lad.
Tobasd sys derk Ahey as sym get no grace.
And such a colour in sys face starf had.
Ayen myght knowe sys face that Ahas by stad.
Amonges al these faces in that route.
So stant astante & loketh sy a bowte.
O quenes lyuynge in prosperite.
Duchesses and ze ladyes euerychon.
Haue ze som pitie on my aduersite.
An euyl ouys dougste stant allone.
Echo sterk no Ahyght to Ahom to make my mone.
O blod real that stondest in thys drede
ffey ben thy frendes at thy grete nede.
Thys alla lyuge sterk such compassion.
As gentyl herte ys fulfylled of pyte.
That flom sys eyen jan the Ahatey doun.
Nold hastelych do fetche a book qd he.
And yf thys knyght Aol Abeye hold that echo.
Thys Aoman old3 zit Aol Abe vs a vyse.
Ahom that Abe Aold that schal be ouer iustice.
A bytte book Aryten Aith euangelies.
Aas set and on thys book he eller a non.
Echo gritef Aas and in the mene Ahyles.
And stand hym euer vppon the nekke bon.
That doun he fel at ones as a ston.
And both sys eyen byst out of sys face.
In ryght of euery body in that place.
A voys Aas herd in general audience.
And seyde thou hast disclaundred gilteles.
The dougstey of holy chyrche in hygh presence.
Thus hast thold don and zit mot y hold my pees.
Of thys meryde a gast Aas al the prees.

The man.

As wayed folke they woden enquychon.
For dede of wyche cause auisaunce allone
Sith was the dede and eke the circumstaunce.
Of hem that hadden wronge suspecion.
Vppon thys ooly innocent auisaunce.
And for thys myracle in conclusion.
And by auisaunce meditacion.
The kynge and many an other in that place.
Conuerted was thorugh the hooly grace.
Thys fals knyght was slayn for hys vntrouthe.
By suggestion of alla hastely.
And eke auisaunce hath of hys deth yeue sothe.
And after thys ist of hys mercy.
Made alla wedden ful solempnly.
Thys holy maydē that ys so bryght and schene.
And thus hath crist made auisaunce a queene.
But who was wroful yf y schal not lye.
Of thys woddynge but douegilde and no mo.
The kynges mody ful of tyrannye.
Hy thought hy wyssh hem brast a two.
Echo wolde nought hy sone had don so.
Hy thought a dispit that he schulde take
So straunge a creature vnto hys make.
Aye lyst nought of the schame ne of the stryf.
Make so longe a tale as of the corn.
What schold y telle of the feste.
Of mariage or wheych wyse gestis by forne
Who bloweth in trompe or in an horne.
The fruyt of euery tale ys forto seyn.
They ete & drynke & daunce & synge & pleyn.
They gon to bedde as hyt was skyl and ryght.
For thoughs that wyues ben ful holy thynges.
They most take a pacience a nyght.
Suche maner necessaryes as ben plesynges.
To folke that han wedded hem with rynges.
And leye a syde hey holynesse a tyde.
As for the tyme hyt may nō other be tyde.
Anon hy he gat a knaue chylde a non.
And to a bysshop and hys wenstable eke.
He tok hys wyf to kepe whan he ys gon.

Of falbe

Do cowrloud was this fone forto seke.
Nolde faire aistaunce if ys so humble & so meke.
So longe ys gon with childe tyl that she stalle.
Whan shall shy chambir a bydynge at qystes wylle.
Whe tyme ys come a knane childe sho bee
wyllyng at fourston they hym talle.
This constable doth forth wnto a messyng.
And wyot to shys kynge that clepid was allo.
Wolde that this blessful tythynge ys by falle
And other tythynges forto seye.
He taketh the lett & forth he goth shys waye.
This messinger to don shys avantage.
Unto the kynges modir ydeth swythe.
And cauchth hym in shys langage.
Madame qd he ze may be glad & blythe.
And thonketh god an hondrid thousand sythe
Ayr lady quene hath childe wt out dowte.
To ioy & blys of al this regne a boute.
Lo hey the lettres seled of this thynge.
That y nor beye with al the hast y may.
If ze wol aught vnto zoure sone the kynge.
I am zoure seruant bothe nyght and day.
Dongild answerd as nolde at pys tyme nay.
But hey al nyght y wol that nolde take thy iesto
To morow wol y sey what me leste.
This messinge drank oftly ale and wyn.
And stolen weyen hys letteys prevely.
Dirt of hys boy whyle he slept as a swyn.
And wrunteyfeted was ful subtylly.
And other wrought ful cunfully.
Unto the kynge bycause of this mattre.
Who hys constable as ze schul after heye.
The lettey spak the quenes delyuered was
Of so horrible a fendysh creature.
That in the castel non so hardy was.
That eny whyle durst they ynne endure.
The modir was an elf by aventure.
Wroune by charmes or by sorcerye.
And euery wyght hateth hur compayne.
How was this kynge whan he pys letter had seyn.

The man

Hit to no knyght he tolde hys sorwes sore
Hit of hys owne thought he wrot a gayn.
Welcome the sonde of cryste for euer more
To me that am nost lefned in thys lore.
Lord welcome be thy myst & thy plesaunce.
Thy lustes ys pitt al in thy gouernaunce.
Kepeth thys childe al be hit foule or fayre
And eke my wyf yn to myn howe comynge.
Cryst Wham hym liste may sende me an heyre
More agreable pan thys is to my lykynge.
Thys letter he seleth prevyly wepynge
Wyth to the messyng was take sone.
And forth he goth they ys no more to doue.
O messyng fulfild of trouthe.
Stronge ys thy brest thy hymes faithen ay.
And thou by wreyest al cowardyse.
Thy mynde ys torn thou jangleste as a jay.
Thy face ys tuned in a newe aray.
Thy trouthe wayteth in euy sorwe.
Thy ys no counceille hyd wt oute dowte.
O donegild & ne haue non englyssh digne.
Un to thy malice and thy tyrannye.
And therfor to the fende y the jesigne.
Let hym endyte of thy trayterye
Fly mannysshly o nay by god y lye
Fy feudelych spyryt for y day wel telle.
Thou shalt thou heye walke thy spryte ys in helle.
Thys messyng comyth to the kynge a gayn.
And at the kynges modeyes coupe he lyght.
And eche was of thys messyng ful fayn.
And plesed hym in al that euer he myght.
The drauke and wel hys gospel vnderstode.
The sleyeth & he snoreth in hys gyse.
Al nyght tyl the sonne gan aryse.
Efte weye hys lettres stolen euerychon.
And counterfeted lettres in thys wyse.
The kynge commaundeth hys constable anon.
Up peyne of hangynge on an hygh galwes
That he ne scholde suffre in no wyse.
Custance in hys regne forto abyde

And cuppi' obliosa
dat fetor in ore demon
in corpore qui prius
fuisti pdic' comisti an
mēs alienat' fanes tuas
formast' inuitu em̄ sa
tur sacrariū vbi regnat
christus.

of falso

Thre dayes and a nyght of a tyde.
But in the same ship as he hym founde.
Hym and hys yonge sone all hys gere.
He eschalde put a lande fro the lande.
And chalge hym that eschs neuer eft come thes.
O my alstance wel knay thy gostes haue foes.
And slepynge in thy deem ben in penaunce
Al haue donegild tuste al thys ordinaunce.
Thys messynger on morow wyth he woke.
Unto the tastell hath no nexte way.
And to the stable he the lefte took.
And whan that he thys pytous lefte say.
ffull ofte he seyde alas and weylaway.
Lord qyste yf he hath may thys lefte endure.
So ful of synne ys many a creature.
O mygthty god yf that it be thy wylle
Sith thou art ryghtful iuge how may it be.
That thou wolt suffren innocentes to spylle.
And wykked folke regnen in prosperite.
O good alstance alas and wo ys me.
That y not se thy iugement or decre.
Un erthe dethe they ys non other weye.
Kepen both yonge and olde in al that place.
Whan that the kynge thys myssed lefte feere
And alstance with a dedly pale face.
The fyrste day to wayde hys ship eschs weere.
But natheles eschs taketh in good entente.
The wylle of qyste and knelynge in the stronde.
Eschs sayd lord ay welcome be thy sonde.
He that me kepte fro the fals blame.
Wythe I was in the lande a monges yow.
He can me kepe fro shame & eke fro grame.
Yn eaft see al thogh y se not how.
As stronge as euer he was he ys myght now.
Yn hym tryste y and in hys mody deys.
That ys to me my sayle & eke my reys
Hys fyrste childe lay wepynge in hys barme
And knelynge pytously to hym eschs sayde
Deere fyrste sone y wolde the non harme.
Wyth yf thy couerchef of thy hed eschs brayde.

The man.

And ouer hys lyttel eyzen ocho it leyde
And in hys herne ocho stillesh hit fuls faste
And into hene hy eyen vp ocho caste.
Allody qd ocho and mayde bryeste maye.
Sorh ys that thozugh thomanes eggemēt
Hauk vnde was lorn & dampned ay to deye.
ffor whyls thy childe was on a ioys y feute
Thy blyssful eyen calle al hys tuyncut.
Than ys they no wunpassou by thene.
Thy woo and euy woo mā oustepne.
Thou calle thy sone y slayne before thy eyen.
And zit nolle hyueth my lytel childe yfay.
Nolle lady bryght to thesou al woful eyen.
Tholle glone of womanhod tholle fayre mey.
Tholle hauen of jesu yto bryght steppe of day.
Kelle ou my childe that of thy gentylesse.
Kelbest ou euey jelousul in distresse
O lytul childe allas what ys thy gylt.
That uenes wroughteste synne as zit ydo.
Why wol thy hasde fadyr han the cpylt
O mercy deye coustable qd ocho.
As let my lytel childe debelle hey with the.
And yf thou dayst nor saue hym fro blame.
So hysse hym ouys in hys fadyr name.
They with ocho loketh back wayd to the londe.
And seyde faye welk houbond jolyfeles.
And vp ocho ryst and walketh down the stronde.
Tolward the ship hy folbeth al the pres.
And euey ocho prayeth hur child to holde hys pees.
And taketh hy leue with au holy entente.
Ocho blesseth hy and in to the ship ocho went.
Entayled was thys ship hit ys no drede.
Yt abundantly for hy ful longe spared.
And ochey necessayres that ocholde nede.
Yzeo hadde y now hey yed be godes grace.
ffor wynde and wedey aliuy ghty god purchase.
And bryuge hy home y tau no betrey day.
But in the see ocho dyuerth forth hur way.
Alsa the kynge comeths sone after thys.
Into the taste of the shyppes y tolde.

of falſe

And ayeth whan hys wyf and hys chylde ys
The conſtable gan a boſte hys ſeyr wolde
And pleynly al the maner he hym tolde.
As ze han herd y can telle her no bette.
And echelbeth the kynge hys ſeal & hys lette.
And ſeyd lord as ze comaunded me.
Ap reyne of beth so hano y don repeyne.
Thys meſſyng tuyneted was tyl ho.
Whoſt by knowen and tellen plat and playn.
ffrom nyght to nyght in what place he had layn.
And thus by wit and by ſcrypt enqueſtyng.
Imagyned was by whom thys hayne gan ſpryngo.
The houde was knowe that the letter wyot.
And the venym of thys curſed dede.
Wit in what thyſe tetreynly y not.
The effete ys this that alla out of drede.
His modyr ſlough that may me pleynly lede.
ffor that otho traytur was to hys ligeaunce.
Thus endeth olde douegilde wers meſchaunce.
The ſorowe that thys alla made nyght day.
Whaketh for hys wyf and for hys childe alſo.
They ys no tonge that hit telle may.
Wit nowe wholy vn to cuſtaunce go.
That ſtenteth nu the ſore in peyne & woo.
ffyne zeye and more as hyked cupides bonde.
Or that hy ſchip approched vnto londe.
Whyly an eyhen caſtel arte laſte.
Of whyche the name nu my tyxte nowt y fynde.
Cuſtaunce and eke hy childe the ſe vp caſte.
Almyzty god that ſaueth al mankynde.
Haue on cuſtaunce and hy childe ſonn unynde.
That fallen ys in ſeyſen hond eſte ſone
Yn poynt to cpyſſe as y ſhal telle zowe ſone.
Down ſho the caſtel cometh they many a whyght
To garwen on thys ſchip and on cuſtaunce.
Wit ſchortly ſho the caſtel on a nyght.
The lordes ſtrewayd god zeue hym meſchaunce.
A theef that hadde ſeruyed olwyc qeaunce.
Come in to ſchip allone & ſtyde he ſcholde.
Hy leman be whey ſo ſcho wolde or nolde.

The man

Alwo was this wretched womman tho hy gan
Hy chylde qwde and qwd pytously.
Yit bleffid mayd haste hy ygsto anon
ffor with hey ogoghyngs evel and ungstysly
The theef fel ouey bord al sodenly.
And in the see he Jeyut for vengaunce.
And thus hath qyste vnkendned kept vstaunce.
O fowl lust of luxurye lo thyn ende.
Nat ouly that thoss fayrest maunes mynde.
But vetterly thoss wost hys body schende.
The ende of thy weyke of thy lustes blynde.
Is cop layngynge hoss many on may me fynde.
That nowt for weyke com tyme but for the entente.
To don thys synne ben eyther slayen or schente.
Hoss may this shrayke whoma haue thys oyongeth.
Hy to defende a gayn thys venegat.
O golyas vnmesurable of lengeth
Hoss unygst daund make the ov maat.
So zonge & of aymys dedstate.
Hoss dyste se loke vpon thy diedful face.
Wyth may me ben hit was but godes grace.
Who zaf judith wrage or hardynesse.
To sleen hym olefernus in hys tente.
And to delyuren out of wrecchednesse.
The peple of god y dep for thys entente.
That ygst as god spyryt and vigor sent.
To hem and saued hem out of meschaunce.
So sent he mygst & vigor to vstaunce.
ffourth garth hy schyp thorugh on the narolle mouth
Of Jubaltay and depas dry nynge ay.
Som tyme west & som tyme north & south.
And som tyme este ful many a wevy day.
Tyl qystes modyr blessyd be echo ay.
Hath schapē thorugh hy endeles goodnesse.
To make an ende of al hy heynesse.
Hoss latte vs synne of vstaūce but a thwarte
And speke we of the jomayn empoy.
That out of ouyye hath by lettres knowe
The slaughtey of qystene folke & dishonoy.
Dou to hys dougtey by a false traytoy.

D eyrena libedie
tuyptudo quo nō p
tu uicē effuat pd
cā tozpus exequat
sēp dequm dolor et p
mtenaa p

Of false

Jnene the cursed wycked sothdonasse.
That att the fest ser Oden borde more and lesse.
Affor whych thys empoure hath sent a non.
hys senatour with ryal ordinaunce.
And other lordes god shot many on.
Jn cussyns to taken hye venjaunce.
They bremen eten and dyngen he to mesth anne.
ffull many a day this ys the ende.
Tomskayd to yonge they ostayen he to dwende.
Thys senatour jepayseth werth victorye.
So yomelskayd seylynge ful jeyally.
And met the other dyynynge as seyth the storye.
Jn whych custaunce ert fulfetously.
Se no thynge knesh he whatt osho was ne whyl.
Osho was in such ayay ne osho nel seye.
Of hy estaat thoght osho oshold deye.
Ne sryngeth hy to yonge and to hys wyf.
he zaf hy and hy zonge sone asyd.
And werth the senatour osho ledde hy hyf.
Thys kan ouje lady bryngo out of shame.
Woful custaunce and many an other mon.
And longe tyme dwelled osho in that place.
Jn holy wykes euel as was hy grace.
The senatours wyf hy anne was.
Jnt for al that osho knesh hy neuel the more.
I wyl no lengel tayen in thys cas.
Jnt to kynge alla whych y spake of zore.
That for hys wyf wepeth and syketh sore.
I wol setonne ⁊ lete y wol custaunce.
Vndy the senatoures gouernaunce.
Kynge alla whych that had hys mody slayn.
Vpon a day fyl in suche jeperdaunce.
That yf oshortly telle oshal and playn.
To yome he comeeth to jestreyne hys penaunce.
And put hym the popes ordinaunce.
Jn hyr ⁊ losse and whn qysto he wonglst.
ffor zeue hys wycked wykes that he wronglst.
The fame a non thoroghs yome tolden ys born.
How alla kynge oshal come in pylgrimage
By hesbegions that wente hym by forn.

For whych the ocupacyon as was vsage.
Hood hym a zeu and many of hys lynage.
As well to ocheffe hys hyz magnificence.
As to don eny kynge a reuerence.
Ffor they doth thys noble ocupacyon.
To kynge alla and he to hym also.
Euerych of hem doth othey gret honour.
And so byfil that in a May ortho.
Thys ocupacyon ys to kynge alla go.
To feste and sthortly yf y ocha not lye.
Custaunce sone in hys compaye.
Hym mē hold seyn artte requeste of custaunce
Thys ocupacyon hath lad thys thylde to feste.
I may not tellen euery circumstaunce.
Be as be may they was he artte feste.
But soth is this that at hys moderes heste.
By fore alla kynge the mete spred.
The childe stod to kynge in the kynges sted.
Thys alla kynge hath of thys child gret wonder.
And to the ocupacyon he he seyde a non.
Whos ys that fayre childe that stondeth yondyr.
I not qd he by god and by seynt iohñ.
A modyr he hath but fadyr hath he noñ.
That y of wot and othorwhy in a stounde.
He to alla hath thys childe was sownde.
But god thenk qd thys ocupacyon also.
So vertuous a kynges in my hyf
Se sall y ueuer as ocho ne heyd of mo.
Of wordly wymmē mayde he wyf
I dar well sayn ocho had leuer a knyf.
Thorough out hys hestes pan den a womanā wyldes.
They ys no man cowde bryngs hym to that pryde.
Holl was thys childe as hyde vnto custaunce
As possible as ys a creature to be
Thys alla hath the fader in yemēbraunce
Of dame custaunce & they on vnsēde he
If that the childes modyr were angry ocho
That ys hys wyf and prench hym to
And spedde hym fro the table that he myght
To assay he thought the stomme ys yn myn hed

Of Alba

I oftegist Denen of ekyltful uggemēt.
That in the east dee my wyf ys ded.
And after-ward he mad hys aggumēt.
What wer y yf that gyft hadi hedy sent.
My wyf by dee as wek as he hy sent.
To my comys fro thennes that eho was went.
And after noon hom ys the senatour.
Forth alla forto sen thys wondy chauncs.
Thys senatour dorth alla gret honour.
And hastyfly he sent after aistrancs.
But gysterdi wel hy hystes nought to dauncs.
Whan that eho wyste wherefor was that sondo.
Unnethe upon hy fot eho myght stondo.
Whan alla cam hys wyf fayre he hy gretto.
And wepte that hit was jentil forto se.
For at the fyste lokd he on hy herto.
He knew wel verily that hit was eho.
And for sorow as doumbe stant as a tre
So was hy hert echet in hy distresse.
Whan eho jenebled hys unkyndenesse.
Thys eho awoffnedi in hys owne sygte.
He wep and syhni eyaiserdi pytously.
Now god qd he and hys halwes bysyte.
So wysly am my soule as shame me sey.
That of youre shame as gultles am Ic
As ys mayden my sone so sykt youre face.
Elles the feude me fersche out of thys place.
Youre was the sobbyng and the sory peyne.
Or that hy wofull herte mysstrouse.
Hit was the pyte forto hey hem pleyne.
Thorugh wyfly pleyntes gan hy wo enpese.
I pray you alle my labony to lesse.
I may not telle hey wo virtyl to morowe
Cam so wey forto sprde of hey sorowe.
Bit fynally whan that the sorth ys wyste.
That alla gyltles was of hey wo.
I nowe am Cynics ben they hystes.
And such a blysse ys they byfallen hem tho.
That same the ioye that lasteth euey mo.
They ys non lyke that eny gesyno.

The man.

Harlotryn or ochal thyse the world may duse
The preyde the thy housbonde meekely.
Ju pety of thy louge pytous preyno.
That the wolde pray thy fady stedfastly.
That of thys maieste the wolde eucheno.
ffouche saf oon day with thym to dyno
Otho prayd thym eke the ochold by no waye.
Unto thy fady no word of thy saye.
Oon me wolde sey how that the childe maryed.
Doth thys message vnto thys empour.
But as y gesse alla was nought of myce.
To thym that was of so souereyn honour
As he that ys of cristene folke the flowre
Seuit eny childe but hit ys bet to deme.
He went thym self t so hit may well seme
Thys empour hath granted gentilly.
To come to dyne as he thym by ought.
And wel ysede q he loked by fyll.
Upon thys thy lde and on hys dought thought.
Alla garth to hys in and as thym ought.
Apayed for thys festes in euery wyse.
As forth as hys lynage may suffice.
The morow come and alla gan thym dresse
And eke hys wyf thys empour forto mete.
And forth they ryde in ioye t in gladnesse
And whan ocho say hy fady in the strete.
Ocho lyght down and fallet hym to fete.
ffady q ocho youre youngo chylde auistaunce.
Is nowt fulfelle out of youre yeuenhyaūce.
I am youre doughte auistaunce q ocho.
That wolde youre sorowe sore suffyse.
Yt am y fady that in the salt see.
Was put allone t dampned forto dye.
Nowt good fady merey I nowt q.
Lende me no more yntu herkenesse.
But thonke my lord heye of hys kyndenesse.
Who can the pytous ioye tellen al.
By twyxte them thus syn they ben thus y mette.
But of my tale make an ende y schal.
The day gothe faste y wol no lengo lette.

Of saffo

Thys glad folke to dyney they hem sette
At ioye & blysse at mete y lete yt be
A thousand folde wel more than y can telle
Thys thilde maurice was cyrthen empour
Clad by the pope & hymed cystonly.
To cystes chirche she dud gret honour.
But I let al thys story passen by.
Of custance ys my tale especially.
In olde iournayu gestys may mo fynde.
auentures hyf y beye hit nought in mynde.
Thys kynge alla wyth custance he thys tyme lay
With thys custance hys holy wyf so sheene
To engelonde be they come they yzt way.
Where as they lyne in ioye & in quyete.
But hytel while hit laste yzolde hete.
Joy of thys worlde for tyme wyl nought a bide.
Ffro day to nyght hit chaungeth as the tyde.
Who lyued euer in ought delyt a day.
That ne medled eyther care or affray
Or ire or talent of some kyn affray
Envye or pryde of passion or offense.
I ne say but for thys ende thys sentence.
That hytel while in ioye or in plesance.
Lasteth the blysse of alla we custance.
For Deth that taketh of hyz & lowe hys tribut.
Wyth out respyte as wel the yonge as the olde.
Out of thys worlde thys kynge alla is went.
For whom custance hath ful gret hevynesse
Now lat vs prayen god hys soule blesse
And dame custance hyualle to kepe.
To wreke the trouthe of jesus herde hit wel
To jesus ys come thys holy creature.
And hyndreth hy fiendes hore & sounde.
Now ys she ofte scaped al hyz aventure.
And whan she ofte hyz fadyr syeth fownde.
Down on knees falleth she to grounde
With eppyngo for tendrenesse in hert blythe.
She heyeth god an c thousand eythe
In ceyen and in holy a buoke dede.
They hyndē alle & non a wordy spede

A manus usq; ad vespā
mutabat tempꝰ teucrit
tympanū & gaudent
ad sonū organi.

Quis vnquā vnicā die tot
Duxit in sua dilectiones tot
dā quē in aliq̄ pastu dei je
ōstacias vt mipor ho vt n
cupistio nde nō nybau
q̄ē suor mundo vt nydo
nec vt tumor superbie nō
nocet q̄ aliq̄ iactura vt offe
vt passio nō cōmouet

The

Thus seith Repaire hem this lyf they lede.
And fareth nowt wel my tale ys atwo an ende.
Now ihū qwsto that of hys myght may sende.
Joy after hem gouerne vs in hys grace.
And kepe vs alle that ben in this place.

Here endeth the tale of the man of lawe

Here bygynneth the prologe of the squyres tale

Une oste upon hys stiropes stod a non.
And seyde gode men herkeneth alle in chon.
This was a thrifty tale for the nones.
Sir parysshe prest quod he for godes bones.
Telle vs a tale as thow thy forwarde yore.
Thow wel that ze lequed mē in lore.
Can mykel good by godes dignite.
The pson him answered bidiate.
What clerkis the man so gnstfully to wryte.
Oure oste answered a fanfyn be ze there.
I counselle a lewed man to the thynde quod he.
Now good mē by your trouthe herkeneth me
A bydeth for godes digne passion.
For we schal han a predicatiō.
This lewed hero wol preche vs somwhat.
Nay by my fadyr soule that schal he nat.
Seyde the squyer herr schal he not preche.
He schal no gospel glosen here ne teche.
He leneth al in the gret god he.
He wolde sowen some difficulte.
Or sprynge wordes in oure eldene tonne.
And thei for hooly wayne the byfonne.
Ay wel my body schal a tale telle.
And y schal thynken zowe so mery a belle.
That y schal waken al this oūpaignye.
But nyght schal not ben of philosophye.
Ne phisyas ne termes queynt of lawe.
Ther ys but litil latyn in my mawe.

Here endeth the prologe
Here bygynneth the tale of squyer

Therfore in the lande of tartarye
There dwelte a kynge that werryed russye
Thurgh which there dyed many a doughty mā

Squyer

Thys noble kyng was clepyd Kambuskan.
Whych in hys tyme was of so grete renon.
That there nas noon hym in no regyon.
So excellent a lorde in alle thynge.
Hym lacked nought that longed to a kynge.
As of the secte of whych that he was born.
He kepte hys lay to whych that he was sworn.
And there to he was hardy wys and wyche.
And pitous and mylde as ony ywche.
Bothe of hys word bownyng and honorable.
Of hys corage as ony centre stable.
Yonge fresshe and strong in armes desirous.
As ony bachelor of al hys hous.
A fayre persone he was and fortunat.
And kepte alwey so wel royal estat.
That there nas noon swych as he in memorie.
This noble kyng this tartre Kambuskan.
Hadde two sones on Elpheta his wyf.
Of whych the eldest hyghte Algarsyf.
That other was clepyd Camballo.
A doughter had this worthy kyng also.
That yongest was Canace.
Ful fayre to fynde ben hir beautes.
Hyt lyth not in my tonge ne in my konnynge.
I dar not undirtake so hyghe a thynge.
Myn engly[illegible] eke ys insufficient.
Hyt must ben a rethor excellent.
That knowe hys colours longynge for ye art.
If he sholde hir desclyne ony part.
I am non suche y wot wel as I can.
And so by fel that as thys Kambuskan.
Hath tweenty wynter bore hys Diademe.
As he was wont from yer to yer by demo.
He let the feste of hys natyuite.
Don crye thrughout sarray hys ryete.
The laste Idus of marche after the yeer
Phebus the sonne ful lowly was and cleer.
For he was nyh hys exaltacion.
In martes face and hys mansion.
In aryes the colerik the hote signe.

ffull lusty was the body and benygne.
ffor which the fowles azeyn the comyng erthe.
What for the ceson and the zonge grene.
ffol londe conge hey affections.
Hem semed han geten hem ptecions.
Azeyn the sprede of myrey lene and wilde.
Thys kambyuskan of which ye han wolde
In seal vestiment sit vp on hys deys
With diademe full heyghe in hys paleys.
And hadde hys feste solempne & so ryche.
That in thys worlde ne was they non lyk lyche.
Of which yf ye wol haf tolle al the aray.
Than wolde hit occupye a longe somers day.
And eke hit needeth not to deuyse.
At euery course the ordre of hey seruyse.
I wol not telle of hey straunge sewes.
Ne of hey sawces ne of here subtelles.
Ek in what londe as tellen knyghtes olde.
They ys wont mete that ys ful deynte holde.
That in thys lande me ne thinke but smal.
They ys no man that may reporte al.
I wol not tarryen zoure for hit ys prime.
And for hit ys no game bit losse of time.
But to my firste purpos I wol haste my sawes.
And so by fil that after the thridde cours.
While that thys kynge sit thus in hys nobleye.
Herkenynge hys menestralles hey thynges pleye.
Bifore hym at the bord deliciously.
In atte halle dore al sodeynly.
They come a knyght vpon a stede of bras.
And in hys hond a brod mirrour of glas.
Vpon hys thombe he had of gold a ryng.
And by hys syde a naked swerde hangynge.
And vp he ryt to the highe borde.
In al the halle ne was they spoke a worde.
For merueyle of thys knyght hym to beholde.
Ful besyly they waiten zonge and olde.
The straunge knyght that thus entreth sodenly.
Al armed save hys hed ful ryche.
Salued the kynge & his queene & lordes alle.

By ordre

The men

That loued hy̆ owne brother ſynfully.
Of ſuch cuſſed ſtoryes y ſey ſy.
Or elles of tyro apolonens.
Holde the cuſſed kynge antyochus.
Hys doughter of hy̆ mayden hed.
That ys ſo horyble a tale for to ſedo.
Whan he hy̆ theffe thorugh the pauement.
And therfor he of ful auyſement
Holde neuer non delyte of hys ſermons.
Of ſuch cokynge abhominacions.
Se ȳ ne ſeid non leſſe ȳf that y may.
But of my tale holde forth al y do this day.
Aye there ſeye loth be lykened douteles.
To muſes that men clepe poetes.
Ayethamorphoſeos that what y mene
But natheles y ne force nought a bene.
Thoſe y come after hym retrahe ſhalle.
I ſpeke in proſe and let hym ȳmes make.
And ouer that thorde he ſeith a ſobre there.
Hy̆ gan hys tale as ye herde after here.

Here endyth the prologe // And begynneth ȳ tale of ȳ mā of lawe

[illegible] hatful hayne cōdicion of pouert.
[illegible] with thyne olde with houſe ſo cōfounded
To aſken helpe the oſhameth in thyn herte.
[illegible] thou nolt aye with nede art thou ſo bounded
That verily nede vnhappeth alwy̆ bounde hyde
[illegible] hed tholt moſt for indigente.
Or ſtele or begge or borowe hy̆ diſtence.
Thou blameſt cryſtes ā ſeyſt hyttyly.
He myſdepartith hy̆ chis temporal.
Hy̆ neyghbor thou wyteſt ſynfully.
And eyſt thou haſte to hyde and he ſtandith al.
Wo after eyſt thou ſom tyme ſeknes the aſkath.
Whan that hys tayl ofhal brenne in the glede.
For he nought helpith nedful in hy̆ nede.
Herkene what ys the menynge of the wyſe.
Bet ys to dyen that haue indigence.
Thy ſelf neyghbor wele the diſpred.
If thou be wyſe fare wel thy reuerence.
Ner of the wyſeman take thys ſentence.

Prologe

Al the dayes of poure men ben wrycke
Be way they for or thowh come in that pryke
If thowh be poure thy brodsey hateth the.
And all thy frendes fleen fro the alias
O lythe marchaunte ful of wrecche bo ze
O noble prudent folke as in thys caas.
Youre bagges be nought fulled with ambes aas.
But with ys ynk that yeuneth for youre chaunce.
At qistes masse myry may ze daunce.
Ze ocken loude & synge for youre wynnynges.
As wys folke that knowe al the staat.
Of yegues ze ben fady of tythynges.
And tales bothe of pees and debat.
I wene nyght nowh of tales desolat.
Sene that a marchaunt gou ys many a zeer.
Ane taught a tale which as ze ochul here.
In swyre wherlom dwelled a compaigne.
Of chapmen ryche and thrifty and bolde.
That wyde where outen hey sprynge.
Clothes of golde and satyn ryche of hewe.
Hey chaffare was so thryfty and so newe.
That euery wyght hath deynte to chaffare.
With hem and ek to sellen hem hey way.
Now fyl hit that the maystres of that sorte.
Han shapen hem to ryde forto wende.
Were hit for chapmanhod or for disport.
Nou ofter message wolde they thedyr sende.
But tome hem best to ryde thus ys the ende.
And in such place as thought hem auantage.
For hey entente they take hey herbergage.
Dwelled han these marchaunte in that town.
A tweyne tyme as fil to hey plesaunce.
But so by fylle that the excellent renoun.
Of the empoure Doughtey dame custaunce
Reported was & euery acquaintance.
In to these cuppen marchaunte in such wyse.
That day to day as yerkat yolde deuyse.
To wys was the comyn voys of euery man.
Oure empour of rome god hym se.
A Doughtey he hath pt eyn the world by gan.

To seken as wel hir goodnesse as beautee.
Nas neuer such an other as ys echo.
I pray to god in honour hir susteene.
And wolde othe were of alle enuye the queene.
In hir ys hyr beautee wt out pryde.
Youthe with outen grenehod or folye.
To alle hir werkes verrey ys hir gyde.
Humblesse hath hir rayn in hir al tyrannye.
Sith ys a myrrour of al curtesey.
Hir hert ys verry chaunbr of holynesse.
Hir hand ministrey of fredam for almesse.
And al thys wys was forth as god ys beste.
But now to purpos lat vs turne a gayne.
Thys marchaunt3 han dou3 straught hey3 thynges nexte.
And whan they haue thys blyssful mayde sayn.
Home to ouyr ben they went a gayn.
And dou hey nedes as they han dou3 ore
And shuen in whele I can sey no more.
Now fil hit that these marchaunt3 stode in grace.
Of hym that was the soudan off surrye.
For whan that they came in eny straunge place.
He wolde of the beuyuge aske hye.
Make hem good chere and bysily aspye.
Tythynges of oudyr londes for to leere.
Thse wordes hi they myht se or here.
Amouges othey thynges specially.
These marchaunt3 han hym told of dame custaunce.
So grete noblesse and eyuesse reporttly.
That this soudan hath raught so grete plesaunce.
To han hir figure in hys remembraunce.
And al hys luste al hys besy aye.
Was forto loue hir wostyle hys lif may dure.
Pauentuse in thys thynke large stoke.
Wyth that depeynt the heuenely wyndow was
With steynes whan that he hys burthe took.
That he for loue ochulde han hys deth alias.
For in the steynes depeynt than ys skas.
Is wryten god schort whyle so coude hit rede.
The deth of euery man with outen drede.

In eyghes many a myrry they by fonne.
As wryten the dethe of eton achilles.
Of pompe julius on they wepe bonne.
The myrf of thebes & of eyales.
Of samps on tymnus and of ovates.
The dethe bitt mēnes wrytes binch so dulle.
That no wyzt can jede hit at the fulle
Thys coudau for thys prevey counsel oeitt.
And ochortly of thys matey forto pase.
He hath to hem declared thys entente.
And eyde hem repayne but yf he myght haue grace.
To haue distance strok yme a lytel space.
He was but ded and chaiged hem in thyght.
To ochapen for thys hyf ovn jenedye.
Duise mē dneyse thynges fyde.
The argumētes casten eyre & doun.
Many a coryk jesou forth they leyden.
Of hey stryken of magyk and abusiou.
But fynally as in conclusiōn.
They can not seen in that noon avauntage.
Ne in non of hey weye out of manage.
Than ought they thee in ouch difficulte.
By way of jesou forto speke al playn.
By cause that they was ouch dneysse.
By reweue hy bothe salues as they seyn.
They nolde that no cryston prince wolde fayn.
Wedden hys childe vndy oure lawe so openly.
That vs was taught by ayasiou oure prophete.
And he answeyed yarhey than y lese.
Custance y wil be crystened fourtes.
I not ben hys y may non other chese.
Y pray zow holdeth zoure argumētes in pes.
Or auēth my hyf and be nought yethele.
To geten hye that hath my hyf in tuyo.
ffor in thys woo y may not longe endure.
What nedeth gretter dilatacion.
I sey by tretys and by embassadrye.
And by the popes mediacōn.
And al the chirche and al the chinalrye.
That in disputacion of mariage.

And m euqes of qystene lasse deye,
They ben a tolde so as ze shal heye,
Hoss that the soudan and shys bayonage.
And alle shys liges schold qystene be.
And she schal shane custance m mariage.
And certeyne golde y not hestt quantite,
And hey to founde suffisaunt cuppe,
Thys same a tolde heas offeryn m cytthey hyde,
Hoss fayne custance almyghty god the hyde.
Hoss sholde com men hayten as y gesse.
That y schold telle al the pumpaunce,
That the empoup of shys noblesse.
Hath ordsayen for shys doughtey dame custance,
Hed may me knoche that so greet ordmaunce,
May no man tellen m a shytelt clause.
As heas a jayes for so hyze a cause.
Bysshopes ben ordsayen hetth hup forto deude
Lordes ladyes knyghtes of renoun.
And other folke y noth thys ys the ende.
And notified ys thorugh out the toun.
That euepy hyght hetth great deuocion
Schold pray qyste that he thys mariage
Resteyne m grce and spede thys viage
The day ys come of hup departyng.
I sey the dowful day fatal ys come.
That they may be no lengey tarpyng
But forth straxt they hem dresse al and com.
Custance that hetth sorugh ys al oueptoune
Hath pale a yste and dresseth hy to hende.
For hel ordo certh they ys non other ende.
Allas that hondy is hit thoth scho kepte.
That schal be sent to straunge nacoun.
Tho fiendes that so tendyly hy kepte
And to be bounden vndy subiection.
Of on scho knoweth nought hys condicoun.
Housbondes ben alle good and shan ben sore.
That knowen thystes y day ey zoth no more.
Ffasty scho seyde thy hetthed childe custance.
Thy zonge doughtey fosthed up so soste.
And ze my mody my soueregn plesaunce.

Dney al thynge out taken qyste on loste.
Instaunt youre childe ꝯmaundeth ofte.
Vnto youre grace for y ocsal to ouyye.
Ne ocsal y neuey ocen yolde more with eye.
Alas vnto the baybaryc nacon.
I moste a nou octh sit ys youre cbylde.
Yet qyste that otayf for ouye ꝺedempcon.
Do zeue me grace hys sheftoo to fulfille.
I cbeatbe cbman no forz though y stylle.
Cbymme ayn born to thsaldan and tenaunce.
And to ben vndy maumet gostlaunce.
I nolde at noye cbhan puyns brak the chalke.
Or yslou that blonde thebes yn eyte.
Not youe for the haxnes thorugh hanybal.
That romayns hath venquyssd tymes tre.
Has sheds euch tendy cbepynge for pite.
And in the thambly for hy paynge.
But fuyth sthe moor cbsey oo ache cboye or eynge.
O feyste moenynge quek fymanet.
With thy dynynal offeigh that glotteest ay.
And hy left alsso the este to ondeent.
That naturelly cbold holde a nortsey cbay.
Thy gossdynge oett ye sheuen in ouch ayyay.
Atte bygynnynge of this sieys viage.
That quek mays hath slayn thys mayage.
Infortunatt astendent tortuous.
Of cbsyth the lord ys sechpeles falle allas.
Out of thys angle in to the deykestbous.
O mays o atrazy as in thys caas.
O febyle moue vnhappi ben thy paas.
Thou knettest the they thou nayt nought yseyner.
They thoth they cbecke sho thennes nough apt thoth cbeyne.
Inpzndet empony of yone allas.
Cbas they no phisophey in ak thy tonne.
Ys no tynne bet than othey in such a cas.
Of vilage ys naun elemon.
Sauely to folke of thyze condicon.
Wat cbhan a yate ys of abuyse y knowe.
Allas ze ben kebde orto slowe.
To orthy ys bzought thys cbostful fayre mayde

Jude thsolomed ſ
ꝯ ꝑm̃ mou celi duo ſu
cun̄t q̄ mouet totū ſ
ount̄ t ordinet cuncta m
orbes a ꝯ ꝑ ab ꝯ mou
mouet orbē ſtellar ap
cōm̄ motū ꝑm̄ ꝺelia
ꝺet motū ſuū ab
polos a ꝯnis cēt
ſunt q̄ elemēta ſunt debiles
i Jnuitalk. hēnt ēi iſti ſi
debilitent ꝯ elemēta ſa
ēt naturaliter ꝯ que
formet omne ꝑlanetā ꝺebi
in tuncto. ſ ꝑlus.

Tusyas

of falfe.

Ecompuely ferth euery a/cãftaunce.
ffolk thñ qyfte be with zoffe alle fho oeyde
They nys no more but faye wel fayre cuftaunce
Scho pernueth hy to make good countnaunce
And forth y lete hy paille in thys maney
And tryne y wille a gayne to my matey.
The moby of the coftdau wel of vices.
Espyed hath hy cones playn entent.
Wolle he wol lete hys olde craftyfices.
And pyght a non echo for hy cõuel ferte
And they ben towen to knowe what ofhe mente.
And whan aſſembled was thys folke in fere.
Scho gette hy doun and oeyde as ze othul here.
Lordynges qd echo ze knowen enerychon.
How that my cone ys in poynt for to lete.
The holy lawes of ouys affayon.
zeuen by godys meſſangyr makometo.
Bitt on a voll to greet god y heete.
The lyf ofhal hath q out of my body gafte.
Or makometes lawe out of myn hert.
What ofholde vs tyden of thys ueil lawe.
Bitt thraldom to oure bodyes and penaunce.
And afterward in hell to ben dawe.
ffor we jeueyed ayaihõ ouys qeaunce.
Bitt lordes wol ze make a gaynaunce.
As y ofhal my aſſentynge to my lore.
And y ofhal make vs ryuf for euer more.
They aboxen and aſſenten euery man.
To fyne with hy ⁊ dyne. and by hy ende.
And euerych in the beſte wyſe he can.
To ftrengthen hy ofhal al hys frendes fonde.
And echo hath pys empſe take on honde.
Wherof ze othul here that y ofhal deuyſe.
And to hem alle ſtho ſpak in thys wyſe.
We othul fyft feyne vs chriſtendom to take.
Colde watey ofhal not greue vs bitt a lyte.
And y ofhal ouch a reuel ⁊ feſte make.
That as y tolde y ofhal the coftdam quyte.
ffor though hys wyf be chriſtened neuer oo whyte.
Echo ofhal haue nede to waſhe a wey the fode.

The man.

Thoste; sthe a foint fik of watiny wthy lede.
O sosbdanasse yore of iniquite.
Dyago thou cempyain the seamde.
D sepyeut vnd femeninete.
Hyk to the sepyeut keep in helle y bounde.
D feynes thoman al that may confunde.
Ueytu and innocence thourgh thy malice.
Es bles in the as neste of eugy vice.
O ettihan enuyous eyn thilke day.
That thoth theye thased from ony heritage
Wel knetbest thou to thymme the olde thay.
Thoth madest eue to bringe in sepuage.
Thou thilt fordon cyften maryage.
Thyn instrument so theylasbey the thylo.
thakest thou of thymme thien thou thilt thy gylo.
This sosbdauasse thom y thus blame a thappe.
Iet preuest hey counsille goon hey thay.
That schulde y in thys tale lenger tarye.
Thc wydetl to the sosbdan on a day.
And seyde thym that erso thoke seruye hy lay.
And cyftendom of prestes houdes fonge.
Repentynge erso hethene thas so longe.
Bysekynge thym to don thy that honour.
That erse most han pe cyftene folke to feste.
And kechynge thouketh hy of that sequeste.
So glad he was he myste that to seye
Dche kuste hy one and thome ecto go
Ayned ben these cyften folke to londe
In cuttye with a greet solempne sowde.
And hastelych thys sosbdan sent thys sonde
ffyst to hys mody and al the segne a bonde
And seyde hys wyf was come ome of
I prayde hy to ryde a geyn the quene
The honour of hys segne to sustene.
Ict was the prees and ryche was the
Of suttyens and pounaynes met y fere.
The mody of the sosbdan ryche and gay.
Thestreyneth hy with als glad a cheere.
As any mody myght thuy dongstrey daye.
And to the neyre cetey they by syde.

Of Salbe

A coste paas oſcemplſy they ryde.
Stongſt tholde y thſe tymmpho of inſius
Of Rhyodſ thatt ſitcau makeſh ouch a boſte
Was nalley and more cuyons.
Than Was thſe aſſemple of thys blyſſful oſte.
But thys ſtorpioun thys Wycked goſte.
Thſe ſoldan aſſe for al thy flatteryngo.
Caſte ondy pys ful mortally to ſtynge.
Thſe ſoldan cometh thym ſilf ſone after pys.
So pyally thatt Wendy ys to telle.
He Reſtometh thy With al his ioye & blyſſe.
And thus in mypthe & ioye y lete them Dwelle.
Thſe fruyt of thys mary thatt y telle.
Whan tyme come men thought hit for the beſte.
That ſeuel ſtynt & men gon to thy feſte.
The tyme come thys olde ſoldenaſſe.
Ordeyned hath thys feſte of Whych y tolde
And to the feſte qyſtenſo folke them Dreſſe.
In geneal both zonge & olde.
Thyc may men feſte and pyalte beholde.
And Deyntees mo than y can deuyſe.
But al to Dyc they bought hit al they pyſe.
The ſoldan Was that euel aſſ ouerſſoy.
To Wordely blyſſe ſpreynd ys ek byttyneſſe
The ende of the ioy of oure Wordly labour.
Wo ſtrepneth pe fyn of oure gladneſſe.
Thatſ thys Reaſon for thy ſykeneſſe.
Upon thy glede day haue in thy mynde.
Thſe ſondayg Reed or thayne that cometh be hynde.
For erthely forſ fallen at a Worde.
The ſoldan anſwarde qyſtenſo euel ychone.
Ben al to Dere and ſpyced at borde.
But the Dyc only Dame auſtaunce allone.
Thys olde ſoldenaſſe auyſed gone.
Wyth Wyſe Wordes don thys myſſed dede.
For euyl thy ſelf Wolde al thſe wrongſede.
Whe they nas counſeyll non that Was wroght.
That of the conſeylle of the ſoldan Wart.
That he nas al to Welle or he aſtraid.
And auſtaunce haue they take a non fort hoot.

Hemp mūdano lenas q
ſepe ſtrua ſuccedet. ad
ego ſcio eas mu to a
tudinis ē eſt ſeſſa ſyr
gaudy hui⁹ ornat. Du
ſa lubrice conſiliū m de
ne īmemor ſis malor.

The man.

And in a ship al steyles god smot.
They han hir sette and bydden hem seyle.
Out of oure a grayuns ayd to yeue.
I certeyn tydyng that echo tydeth sadde.
And soth to seyn victaille gret plente.
They shaue hir zeuen and clothes eke eche hadde.
And forth echo sayleth in the salt see.
O my astate ful of bemygnte.
O empoure zonge doughtre deye.
Ne that ys lorde of fortune by thy steye.
Oche blesseth and seith ful pytous voys.
Hu to the goye of qyst thus seyde echo.
O kepe o wyssful auter hoso goys.
Heed of the lambes blod ful of pyte.
That wyssh the worlde fro the olde iniquite.
Ane fro the feude and fro hys clawes kene.
That day that y ershal drenchen in the deepe.
Victorious thee protection of helle.
That only worthy wepe forto beye.
The kynge of heuene with his wondes nelle
The wyghst lambe that hyne was ey a eye.
Flemed of feudes out of hym y hy.
Du wherch they hynes feythfully extenden.
Ne kepe and zeue me myzt my lyf to amende.
Eyes and dayes fleete pys qoutuye.
Thorugh out the ere of glorie vnto the eyayte.
Of maydok as hit was hye aventuye.
O many a sory meel nolle may the bayte.
Aft hy deeth ful ofte may echo wayte.
Or the wylde wawes wol hy dyne.
Vnto the plate they orthe orthalk alyne.
Ayen myght ayen wehy echo was not slayn.
Eke atte feste wesso myght hy body saue.
I answere to that demaunde a gayn
Also saued Danyel in the horrible caue
Ther ely wyght came he mayde or knaue
Was werch the leon fiers or a fiere
So wyght hit god that he bay in hys here.
God liste to eche helle hys wondyful myracle.

Of Saybe

Jn thy for ertse echolde ben thys mysthy tbeskes.
Cryst tbytch that ys to euy thayn tynde.
Dy repreyne wenes ofte as knowen dreskes.
Toth thynge for repreyne ende that fulde sko ys.
To maynes bert that for ouyo ignorannce.
Se konne not knowe thit prudent purpayance.
Nowe ertb sho was not at fest y ostalbe.
Tbso kept thy sho the Heuches in the see.
Tbso kepte ionas in the fysthes malbe.
Tyl she was stouted vp at minne.
Well may men knowe thit was no cbrysth bitt sho.
That kepte pepul ebrayk flom hey drenchynge.
Tbith dryze feet thoughe out po see passynge.
Also bad the fouyo spyrte of tempeste.
That pouthey thau both to annoyen lond and see.
Both north ā south ā also best and este.
Jl noyeth neythey see ne londe ne tree.
Sothly the cōmaundey of that was sho.
That sho the tempest ay thys tbōman kepte.
As well tbthau orthe tbook as tbthau sthe slepte
Tbhey myght pys tbōman mete ā dryuke thano.
Thre zeey and more hoth lasteth thy vitayle.
Tbho fedde the egiptian mayde in the rano.
Ou in desert nought bitt qyst ouz faille.
6. thousand folk hit was as greet meruaylle.
Tbith loues fyue and fysthes two to feede.
God sent hys foysou at thy greet nede.
Echo Jynueth forth in to ouyo ostau.
Thert ert one tbyld see tyl at laste.
Y that uenupē y ne tau.
the mun bylaud the tbalbe thy taste.
Ar hy schip stykked so fast.
Tbat it was tbold hit nought of al a tyde.
The tyme of qyst was that sho schold a slyde.
The constable of thys castel dom ys fays.
To seen thys tbyake and al ys schyp he sought
And fonde thys tbeyy tbomma ful of trays.
Ne fonde al the tesou that echo thought.
Jn thy lāngage meley echo by sought.
The hyf out of hy body forto tbbynne.

The man.

Hey to dehyney fho who that ffho was ynne
A manay latyn corrupte was hyy speche.
But algates they by was ocho vndyfonde.
The constable whan hym luste no lengay yche.
Thys woful woman brought he to the londe
Ocho bueleth Dom & thonketh godes sonde.
But what ocho was ocho wolde no mā seye.
ffor foul ne fayre though that ffho ocholde dye
Ocho seyde ochc was so mased in thesec.
That ffho for zat hyy mynde be hyy thoughtho.
The constable of hyy hath so gyot pitte.
And eke hys wyf that they weren for jonthe.
Ocho was so diligent with our clonthe.
To seque & plese eucryth in that place.
That al hyy louen that loken ou hyy face.
The constable & Dame heymengelde hys wyf.
Were payrynus and ỹ comyn eucry where.
But heymengild loued hyy lyght as hyy lyf.
And aistaunce hath so longe sojourned there.
Jn orysons wt many a bytter teye.
Til ihū hath counted thorugh hys grace.
Dame heymengilde constables of thilke place.
Jn al that londe dyde no qystens ioure.
Al qysteue folke ben fledde fho that coude.
Thorugh payrynus that conqueroden hey a boute.
The plages of the north by kaud & see.
To wales fledde the qystiauns.
Of olde bretoūs dwellynge in thys yle.
They was hey yefore for the ueue whyle.
But zit nas neuey qysteue bretoūs so eyled.
That they nas cōme in hey prouue.
Nouoyed qyst and hethen men bygyled.
And neygh the taftelt ouche they dwelledē thys.
That on of hem was blynde and myght nought se.
But it was wt thylke eyen of hys mynde.
Ych whyth mē sen after that they ben blynde.
Thyght was the sonne as in that comes day
ffor whyth the constable and hys wyf alfo.
And aistaūce hadde y take the ryght way.
To ward the see a forlong wey or two.

Equyce

By ordre as they seten in the halle.
With so hygh reuerence and obeisaunces.
As wel in speche as in countenaunces
Thought gawayn with olde curteysye.
Come a gayn oute of the fayrye
He wolde hym naught amende with word
And after this byfore the hygh lord.
He seyth a mauly voys and his message.
After the forme vsed in hys langage.
With out vice of silliable or of letter.
And for hys tale schulde seme the better.
Accordaunt to hys wordes was hys cheere.
As techeth art of speche hem that hym leere
Al be hit that y can not soune hys stile.
Ne can not clymben ouer so hygh a style.
Yet seye I thus that as to cōmune entente.
Thus muche amounteth al that euer he mente.
If hit so be that y have hit in my mynde.
He seyde the kyng of ascabye and of yinde.
Thy liege lord on this solempne day.
Salueth the as he beste can & may.
And sendeth the in honour of youre feste.
By me that am redy at youre heste.
Thys stede of bras that eche is whyt.
Can in the space of a day natuyrel.
This ys to sey in yynn houres.
Whych ye so ye liste in thought or in chambres.
Bere youre body in to euery place.
To whych youre hert wyl trete to pace.
With out wem of yow thorugh foule or fayre.
Or yf ye lyste to fle as hygh in the ayre.
As doth an egle whan hym lyste to sore.
This same stede shal bere you euery more.
With out harme tyl ye be they ye leste.
Whan that ye sleepen on hys backe and reste.
And tayne a zeu with thyng of a pyn.
He that hit wrought couthe ful many a gyn.
He wayted many a constellacion.
Or he had don this operacion.
And knewh ful many a nede and many a bende.

Thys myȝȝo cke that y haue in myn houde :
Harth ſeche a myght that mē may in hit oc.
Thys ucle lowe & althys owbalito.
So openly that ther ſhal no thynge hyde.
Aſſey for a grayn thys luſty bowey tyde .
Thys myȝȝo and thys ȝynge that ȝe may oc
Che hath ſent to my lady Cauacce
ȝoure excellent dought ȝat ys hege
The veru of thys ȝynge yf ȝe wol hege
Is thus that yf thy hyſte het forto weye .
Vppon hin thombe or in thy purſe hit beye.
They ys no foule that flygh vndy the henene.
That he ne ſhal vndyſtond hys menene
And knowh hys menȝge openly & playn.
And anſwere hym in hys language a gayn.
And euery gras that groweth vppon ſoile.
Ecko ſchal wel knowe & whom hit wol do boote.
All be hys woundes neuer ſo depe and wyde.
Thys naked wreche that hongeth by my ſyde.
Such verm hath that what man ſo ze emyte
Thorugh out hys aynmy hit wol keue and byte
Weye hit as thyrfe as ys a brannched ok.
And what man that ys wounded w the ſtok.
Schal neuer be hol tyl that ze hiſte of grace.
To ſtyke hym with the ſtut in thilke place.
They he ys hunt thys ys nuche to ſayne.
ze mot with the ſtut wreke a gayne.
Stoke hym in the wounde and hit wol cloſe.
Thys ys a veſȝy ſoth with owt glofe.
Hit fayleth whyles hit ys in ȝoure holde.
And whanne thys knyȝt hath thus hys tale y tolde.
He ſydeth out of the halle and doun he lyght.
His ſtede whych that ſtood as ſtoune bright
Stant in the court ſtylle as eny ſton.
Thys knyght to hys chaumbre yslad a non.
And ys vnarmed and to the mete y ſet.
The ſtemes ben ful ryche y fet.
Thys ys to ſeyn the ſweyde and the myrre.
And borne a non vn to the hygh toure .
With reueyne offices y ordeyned thei fore.

And comyn thys synge vs bore
Solempnely they echo oyt atte table
Hit stykly with out eny fable.
The hors of bras that may not be remoued.
Hit stant as fat there to the grounde y gleued.
They may no man out of the place fat dryue
For non engyne of reynudas or poldyno.
And cause why for they han not the caste.
And therfor in the place they shan fit faste.
Tyl that the knyght hath taught hem the maneye.
To voyden hym as ze ordinel they after heye.
Ther was the prees that ther amued to and fro.
To galopen on thys hors that stondeth so
For fit so hygh was and so brod and longe.
So wel proporcioned forto be stronge.
Ryzt as fit there a stede of kynbaudye.
They wern so horsly and so quyk of eye.
As fit a gentil poyleys conyssy there
For testes flo thys tayle vnto hys eye.
Nature ne art ne coude hym nought amende.
In no degre as al the peple wende.
But euer more hem most wondry was
Holw that fit coude goo and was of bras.
Hit was of fayrye as the peple demed.
Vnethe folke dyuersly han demed.
As many hedes as many skyttes they ben.
They murmured as don a swarme of ben.
And made skyles after hey fantasyes.
Redey fynge of the olde poetryes.
And seyden fit was lyk the pegase.
The hors that hadde wynges forto fle.
Or elles it was the grekes hors synon.
That brought troye to destruccion.
As men in these olde gestes rede.
Ayen hem qd oon ys ouer more in drede.
I holde oon me of armes ben they pme.
That ordeyned hem thys tyte forto ryme.
Hit ther ryght good that al ouer thynge there knowe.
An other yolned to hys felawe lowe.
And seyde he dyerth for fit ys partyes dyuers.

A.1. equus pedasus

Whe
An apparente ymaad by sour magyk.
Ne iogelours pleyen at these festes gret.
Of sondry thoughtes thus they iangle & plete.
As lewde pple demeth comunely.
Of thynges that ben maad more subtilly.
Than they can in hege lewdnesse coprehende
They demē gladly to the baddest ende.
And som of hem shoudē vppon the mysse.
That bon was vp vn to the mayster tour.
Wolde mē myght in swich thynges see.
An other answeyed and seyde swt myght wel be
Naturelly by cōpositious.
Of angels and of shyn reflectious.
And seyde that in zoure bok was such on.
They speke of alocen and vitulon.
And of ayristote that wryte in here lynes.
Of queynt myrrours and of ypocrines.
As knowen they that han her bokes herde.
And other folke han shouded on the scherde.
That wol pce thorugh euery thynge.
And fil in speche of the clopshus the lynge.
And of achilles for hys queynte speye.
ffor he couthe wt swt both shele and deye.
Myght in suche wyse as mē may wt the swerde
Of whych zyght now ze haue zoure sekne herde
They speken of sondry harlynge of metall
And speke of medianes they with all.
And how a than swt schulde handled be.
Whych ys vnknowe algate vnto me.
Tho spek they of cauaces lynge.
And expden al that such a dond thynge.
Of haste of zynges herde yey neuer non.
Saue that the moyses and kyng salomon.
Hadde a name of bounyge in such art.
Thus seyn the pple & drawen hē apart.
Swt natheles som seyde that swt was.
Wondir to make of feyn asshen glas
And zit ys glas not lyk asshen of feyn
Wit for they han knowen swt so feyn
They for ceseth hey iangelynge & hey shoudh

Squyer

As ore wondren gon on cause of thoudy
Ou ebbe and a flood ou gossouey au ou nyst
And al thynge tyl the cause ys wyst.
Thus iangelyn they ā deuē ā deuyse.
Tyl that the kynge gan fro hys bord aryse
Phebus hath laft the angle meridional.
And zit astondynge was the best pal.
The gentel leon with hys aldrian.
Of wham that thys tayte kynge kambyuskan.
Roos from hys bord they as he oght ful hyze.
Ay forn hym gooth the lowde menstralcye.
Tyl he come to hys chambey of payamentes.
Ther they as they wolden duelle in stymuētes.
That ys lyk au heuen forto heye.
Wolde Dannē lusty yeu[n] childē deye.
ffor in the fysch hy lady sat ful hyghe.
And loketh ou hem wt a frendely eye.
Thys noble kynge ys set vppon his thone.
Thys straunge knyght ys set to hym ful sone.
And on the Dannce he gooth with cuuate.
Heye ys the jenel and the iolite.
That ys not able a dulle man to deuyse
He moste han knowe lone ā hys seruyse.
And ben a festelych man as flesch as may.
That sholde zon deuyse such assay.
Who so wolde telle zow the fonne of Dannces.
So vncouthe and so flessch countinaunces.
Such subtyle lokynges and dissimulacynges.
ffor drede of ialousye mennes a waymentynges.
No man but launcelot ā he ys ded.
They for y passe ouer of al thys lusty hed.
I sey no more but nu thys iolynesse.
I lete ht tyl nuē to sopey hem dresse.
The stiward bet spyces forto hye.
And eke the wyn in al thyn nuckedye.
The cosshes and the squyers ben a gon.
The spyces and the wyn ys come a non.
They ete and drynke and whā yys had an ende.
Vnto the temple as resoun was they wende.
The seruyse don they sonyen al by day.

The

What nedeth 30w ferthere sheceasyay.
Erle mā shot the best that at a kynges feste.
Hath pleyne to the meste ā to the leste.
And seyntes mo than be in my bedsyngs
And after copey goeth thys noble kynge.
To seen thys hors of bras that al a pouce.
Of lordes and of ladyes hym abouce.
Such wondrynge was they on thys hors of bras.
That nerhen the gyete sege of troye was.
They as men wondred on an horse alsd.
Ne was there such a wondrynge as was tho.
But fynally the kynge asketh the knyght.
The vertue of thys wunder and the mygth
And preyd hym to telle hys goeynnes.
The horse anon gan forto tyrye ā daunce.
Whan that thys knyght layde honde vpon hys reyne.
And seyd ey ther ys no more to seyne.
But whan ze liste to ryden eny where.
ze mot tylle a pyn steant stant in hys ere.
Whych y schal telle 30w by mene vs thre.
ze mot nempne hym to what place alsd.
Or to what coupe that ze hyst to ryde.
And whan ze come they as ze hyste to a hyde.
Byd hym descende ā tyllo an other pyn.
ffor they yn lyth the effectes of al that gyn.
And wol doun distende and doun zonys whille.
And in that place he wol a byde stylle.
They al the worlde had the worthayy where.
he schal not thennes be thrown no y bere.
Or yf thow hyste byd hym thennes gon.
Tylle thys pyn and he wol vanysch a non.
Owt of the sygth of euery manes wygte.
And come a zeyn be hit day or nygte.
Whan that ze hyste to depen hym a gayn.
Yn whych a gyse as y schal to 30w sayn.
By twyxen 30w and me ā that fil sone.
Ryde whan ze liste they ys no more to done.
Enformed whan the kynge was of the knyght.
And hath cōtynued in hys wit a tyght.
The maner and the forme of al thys thynge.

Ful glad and blythe the noble Dorety syngē
Repeyrynge to hys ieuel as by fore.
The bryde ys in to the way bore.
And kepte amonge hys ieselles kef and dey.
The hors vanyssched y not in what maney.
Ofte of hey oyste ze get no more of me.
Bit thus y lete in liste and iolyte
Thys kanbynskau hys lordes festynge.
Tyl wel nygh the day gan opynge.

Explicit prima pars.

The song of an hepe.

The norice of digestiō ys sleep.
Fan ou hem wynke ā bad hem take kep.
That northe nedes ā labour wol haue iesse.
And with a gaspynge mouth he alle he lesse.
And seyd that hit was tyme to lye adou.
ffor blod was in hys dūacōn.
Cherysshyng blod natural fiende go he.
They thouken hym gaspynge by the by the.
And euery wyght gan draweu hym to hys iesse
As sleep hem bad they toke hit forthe beste.
Hey dremes schul not moste be tolde for me.
fful wele hey hedes of fumosite.
That rauserth drem of wyche they ys no thinge.
They slepen tyl hit was prymo hinge.
The moste pare bitt hit wepe tanates.
Scho was ful mesyable as eyuenē be.
ffor of hy fadir had scho take hy leue.
To goo to reste sone after hyt was eue.
Hy kyst not auailled forto be.
ffor ou the morow vnfestlych forto se.
And slept hy fyrst slep and a wook.
ffor such a ioye scho in hy hepe took.
Forth of hy quoynt ynge and of hy mynne.
That the euery tyme scho dsaungod hy coldny.
And in hy slep ygsit for mypressiou.
Of hy myrthe scho had a vision.
Wher for ay that the sonne up gan glyde.
Scho steped up on hy mayster as hy by syde.
And seyde that hy kyste forto a ysse.

Thise olde thymen that ben gladly wyse.
As ys hey mayster answeyd hy a non.
And seyde madame wheder wolde ze goon.
Thys ylke for folke ben al in peste.
I wol gon ho a pyse for me leste.
To lenger slepe but walken a bonte.
Hey mayster as depeth rhymnē a gret ponte.
And vp they pysen wel ten or twelue.
Vp pyseth fleseh tenate hy selue.
As jody and bryght as they the zonge sonne.
That yn the lam ys .x. degrees vp ronne.
Non hyghey was he wis an sho jody was.
And forth ocho walketh esely a pas.
Ayayed after the lusty ocsou sote.
Iyghtly forto pley and walke on sote.
Sat bint .v. or .vj. of hey meyne.
And in a tleuche fey in the payk goth sho.
The vapour wlych that flo the erthe glood.
Ajaketh the sonne to sene jody and brood.
But natheles hit was so fayre a syght.
That hit made al hey hertes forto lyghte.
What for the ocsdim & the morwenynge.
And for the foules that sho hedde herde.
For pyght a non ocho wyste what sho mēte.
Kyght by hey songe and knewe al hey entente.
The knotte why that ony tale ys tolde.
If hit be tayyed tyl hit be tolde.
Of hem that han hit heykened after zore.
The sauom passeth euey the lengey the more.
For fulsomnesse of prolixyte.
And by this same jesou thenketh me.
I shulde to the knotte tostende.
And maken of hey walkynge sone an hende.
A mydde a tle for dyne as whyte as chalke
As fauace was pleynge in hy walke.
They sat a faukon oney hy hed ful hygh.
That with a pitous voys so gan to cry.
That al the wode resde of hey cry.
And beten had hy self so pitously.
With both hey wynges tyl the reed blod.

Squyer

A man endclouge the the they as stho stod.
And euery on ono qude al they and ochyyghte.
And wrth thy bek thy eclneu so othe pyghte.
That they ne was tygre ne quek best.
That dwelleth eythey m wode or m forest.
That nolde han wepte yf that wepe he routhe.
ffor sorugh yf that wepe he routhe.
ffor they was neuey yt man on lyue.
Yf that y routhe a falwou wel dishyus.
That heyde of such an othey of fayenesse.
As wel of plumage as of gentilnesse.
Of ohap of al that myght rekened be.
A falwou pegryn than semed stho
Of hende londe and euey more as otho stode.
Otho owowned nolde ē nolde for lak of blod.
Tyl wel myght ys otho fallen fro the tye.
Thys fayre fynges dowtey thys kanaco.
That ou thy fynges bay the queynt pynge.
Thorugh welych otho vndyrstod wel euery thyngo.
That any fowel may m hys ledeno sayn
And routhe anoweye hym m hys ledene a grayn
Hath vndyrstonde that thys falwou seyde.
And wel nygh for routhe almost ode deyde.
And to the tye othe goth ful hastely.
And on thys falwou loketh ful pytously.
And helde hy laye a bros for wel stho wyste
The falwou most fastē fro the tho wyste.
Wstan that hyr owowned ne yre for lak of blod.
A longe welwyle to wayte hy otho otod.
Tyl atte laste stho spak m thys maneye.
Unto the hauke as ze othul atey heye.
What ys the cause yf hyr be forto telle
That ze ben m thys fuyral pyne of helle.
Od kanaco vnto thys hawē a bouo.
Ys thys for sorowe of deth or los of lone.
ffor as y trowe these birth causes two.
That causen moste a gentil hert woo.
Of othey hayne hyr nedeth not to reko.
ffor thy sonys self wyon sonys self sowē wreko.
Welwych that prouetth wel that eythey yle or dede.

Ajoft ben cuchesdu of zouje quel dede.
Cyu thjat y se nou othiq wysshe zoll ajase.
ffor loue of god doth zouje selfe com grace.
Or what may be zouje helth for west or est.
Se ou wh y neuq eq nolh bryd ne beste.
That fesd with hym self so pyrously.
ze sle me with zouje sorwe vengely.
I haue of zoll so grey compassion.
ffor godes loue come sto the ye a doun.
And as y ham a kynges doughter telle.
If that y vengely the causes kuelle.
Of zouje disese yf hit lay in my myght.
I wol amende it or that hit weje myght.
As wysly helpe me gret god of hynde.
And heldes schal y myght y wolh synde.
To hele with zouje heres hastely.
Tho ordinyght thys falkon zet more pyrously.
Than euq ordo dide and fil to grounde a nou.
And lyth ou owolwne ded as ys a stou.
Tyl kanace hath huy in hy lappe y take.
Ju to that tyme ordo gan of owolwne a wake.
And aftq that ordo of owolwne gan a heyde.
Knyght in hy halkes fedene thus ordo seyde.
That pyte jemmeth sone in gentil hert.
ffeliyngé hys cumlitude in peynes smert.
Is pued al day as men may se.
As wel by weyke as hy aunsetre.
ffor gentil hert kepeth gentylnesse.
I se wel that ze han of my distresse.
Compassion my faiye maiade.
Of veyy womanly beaunte.
That nature in zouje pryncples hath set
But for non hope forto faje the bet.
But forto obeye ou to zouje hert fle.
And forto make ordq be wal by me.
As by the wyelp chastyded ys the lyon.
Knyght for that cause and for that occasion.
Schryfe that y haue a leyser and space.
dyyn shame y wol cofession q y pas.
And euq wyyle that ou hyt corelh wolde.

Squyer

That other serue as other to their wille.
Tyl that the falkon bad hym be stylle.
And with a syk thus other sayde hym tylle.
They y was bred all as that ylke day.
And fostred in a joch of marbil gray.
So tendrely that no thynge eyled me.
Ine wyste nought what was aduersite.
Tyl y comthe fle ful hygh vnder the sky
Tho dwelled a tercelet me fastby.
That semed welle of alle gentrisse.
Al were he ful of treson and falsenesse.
Hit ys wrapped vndyr humble chere.
And vndyr shelle of trouthe and in suche manere.
Vndyr pleasaunce and vndyr besy peyne.
That no wyght couthe han wende he couthe feyne.
So deep in grem he dyed hys colours
Wyght as a serpent hidde hym vndyr flowres
Tyl he may se hys tyme forto byte.
Wyght so thus god of loues yporyte.
Doth so hys ceremonyes and hys obeysaunces.
And berith in semblaunt al hys obseruaunces.
That sothnesse is to gentrisse of blode.
As in a tombe ys al the fayre a bone.
And vndyr ys the werk suche as ze wot
Suche was thys ypocryte bothe olde & yong
And in this wyse he serued hys entente.
That sone the feude non wyst what he mente
Tyl he so longe had woned and compleyned.
And many a sey hys seruise to me feyned.
Tyl that myn herte to pyte was and to myne.
Al vnwetyng of hys longed malice.
For feyth of hys herte as thought me.
Upon hys othes and hys sucrte
Graunted hym love vp on thys condicion.
That euer vnto myn honour & renoun.
Wyse saued bothe preuy & apert.
This ys to seyn that after hys desert.
I sef hym al myn herte and my thought.
God wot and he that other wyse nought.
And we hys herte in chaunge of myn for ay.

But sothly ys seyde goo sythen many a day.
A ryght wyght and a theef thenketh nought on.
And whan she stalle the thynge so feyre a goon.
Wyll y graunted hym fully my loue.
In such a gyse as y haue seyde a boue.
And zeuen hym my ryght hert as ffo.
As she offore she zaf hys hert to me.
Anon thys tygle ful of doubleneesse.
ffyl on hys knees with so deuoute humblesse
With hygh reuerence and as by hys cheere
So lyke a gentil louer of manere
So ramyssshed as hit ocupied for the ioye
That neuer reason ne papyth of noyse
Jason ne non other man.
Ou lameth who was that adurst by ga.
To louen who as whyte folk by fore
Ne neuer syth the fyrste ma was bore.
Ne knowth man by twenty thousand part.
Counterfet the sophymes of hys art.
Ne whych worthy to vnbokly hys galoche.
Whey do wbelneesse or feynynge schold approche.
Ne so knowth thouke a wyght as he did me.
Nys maner was an heuen for to see.
Tyl eny woma whych neuer so whys.
So ryuted he ā kembeth at point deuys.
As wel hys wordes as hys countenaunce.
And yet loued hym for hys obeysaunce.
And for the gouth y demed in hys hert.
That yf so whych that eny thynge hym sayd.
Al whych hat neuer so lyte and y hit wyste.
Ne thought y fele deth at myn hert whyste.
And esshortly so forth thys thynge whent.
That my whyl hath hys whylles vnchumer.
Thys ys to seyn my whyl obeyed hys whyl.
Jn al thynge as fer as reson fel.
Kepynge the bounder of my whyfthip euer.
Ne neuer had y thynge so leef no leuer.
As hym god whor ne neuer schal no mo
Thys laste lenger than a zer or two
That y supposed of hym no thynge but gode.

Cuyq

Jut fynally thus at last she stood.
That fortune wolde that she most abyme.
Out of that place abyde that y was ynne.
Whyche me was wo for to no question.
I kan not make of her description.
ffor o thynge day y telle boldely.
I knowe what ys the peyne of deth they by.
Such hayne y felt for he no myght be leue.
So on a day of me she took hys leue.
So sorwfully ek that y wende wepeyly.
That she hadde feled as muche hayne as I.
Whan that y herd hym speke a salw hys herte.
But natheles y thought she was so wo.
And ek that he sholde jeparye a gayn.
With yn a litel whyle sorh to gayn.
And jeson wolde eke that she most go.
ffor hys honome as ofte hayneth so
That y made vertu of necessite.
And took hit wel eyn that it most be.
As y best myght y hyd fro hym my sorwe
And took hym by the hond seynt ursin to worshe
And seyde thys to y am yonges al
Seth such as y shall be to sorwe & smal.
What he answeyed hit nedeth not reherse.
Who kan sey bet than he who kan do werse.
Whan he hath al wel sayde pan hath he don.
They for by honeth hym a ful longe stron
That ofte sithe eten we a stude pys heyd y seye.
So at the laste he mot forth hys weye
And forth he fleeth ryl he come they hym leste
Whan hit come hym to purpos forto reste.
I gesse he had thyselfe tyme in mynde.
That al thynge jepaynynge to hys hynde
Studeth hym self thys seyn me as y gesse.
ayen loue of propre kynde nelle fangelesse.
As briddes don that men in cages fede.
ffor they thowe nyght & day take of hem hede.
And shalle he hy thinge playne & softe as silke.
And zeue hym mete hony bred & mylke.
zet lyte a non as that his bore ys oute.

Redditus suo
fugla gaudet

Ihe wrath hys feet thof sheyne doun the alle.
And to the wode he thof and thornes ete
So nesh fangil ben they of hey nete.
And lonen nonesleyes of propre kynde
No gentelnesse of blod may he vnde.
So feyd thys teycelet asias the day
Thorh; he thegh gentel born sleyth & gay
And godly forto seen and stunde & fre.
He cuth vpon a tyme a kyte fle.
And sodenly he lowed thys kyte so
That al hys lowe ys cleue fro me goo.
And hath hys trouth falsed in thys wyse.
Thys sharth the kyte my lone in hy eyne.
And y am lorn wt oute ieuedye.
And wrth that word hys fadres kan to eye
And wowned este in tanacres hayne.
Ieet was the sorke for that hawkes hayne
That tanacre and also hy twynne made.
They myste holde they myght the fadres gledde.
Dat tanacre thom bejeth hy in hy lappe.
And softely in plaftres gan hy wrappe.
They as ecko wrth hy beek hadde hut hy eelne.
Holde kan nat tanacre but herbes delne.
Out of the grounde and make nelbe.
Of herbes precious and fyn of helbe.
To helen wrth the halwe fro day to nyght.
Echo doth hy besynesse and al hey myght.
And by hey bedde heed echo made a mulbe.
And koneyed hit wrth fellwettes blebe.
In eigne of trouthe that in wōuan ys eene.
And al wrth onte the mulbe ys peynted greene.
In wlyche were peynted al these falso folkes.
As ben these tydifs tecchetres and olkes.
Hyrt for the spyte they peynted hem by syde.
Wyes on hem forto eye and chyde.
Thus sete y tanacre hy shanke keyynge.
I wol na more as nolde sprke of hy tynge.
Tyl hit tome eftes to purpos forto ceyn.
Holde that thys fadres gat hy lone a gayn
Repentaunce as the story telleth vs.

Cætera desunt

Thysen ys a wyf the fluyt of hys tresore.
Then ocholde he take a zouge wyf and a feyre
Du whyche he nygste engendre hym an heyre.
And lede hys hyf in ioy and in ioolas.
Whege as these bachelers synge alias.
Whan they fynde emy aduersite.
Ju loue whyche that ys but chyldes vanite.
And tyelthy it ott wel to be so.
That bachelers han ofte peyne & wo.
Du bytel grounde they belde bytelnesse.
They fynde whan they weue sykenesse.
They hyue but as a bryd or a beste.
Ju hyberne and vndry wyde a reste
They ys a wedded man in hys astate,
hymelf hys hyf blyssful and ordinate.
Vndy the zoke of mariage y bounde.
Wel may hys hert in ioy & blysse be bounde.
ffor whoo kan be so ioyous as a wyf.
Whoo ys so trewe and eke so tentyf.
To kepe hym syker and hole as is hys make.
ffor wel he woo whoo myl nought hym forsake.
Whoo ys not besy hym to loue & serue.
Whough that she hye bedred tyl she sterue.
And zit som clerkes seyn that it ys nouht so
Of whyche the cofiaste ys on of tho.
What fors though the cofiaste hufbonde hye.
He take no wyf qdr he for housbondrye.
As forto spare in housholde thyn diseuse.
A trewe seruaunt doth more diligence.
Thy good to kepe than thyn owne wyf.
ffor whoo wol clayme half part al thy lyf.
And yf that thou be seke so god me saue.
Thy verry frendes or a tryed knaue.
Wol kepe the better than whoo that wayteth ay.
After thy good and hath don many a day
And yf thou wolde take a wyf that to the ys vntrewe.
fful ofte tymes hit schal the rewe.
This curseit and an hondred cursis wors.
Ys yeueth thys man they god ys houses auysse.
Eue take no keye of al suche vanite.

N

The
Oeffye thcostast and heykenedh me.
A wyf ys godes zyfte veyrly.
Al orthey mauey zyftes hasdeth.
As houdes ieirres pastuyo or tōmmo.
Or mebles al be zyftes of fortuno.
That passeth as a schadowe on a wal.
Zut bede hit nought pleynly qwho y ochal.
A wyf wol laste and ni thyu hous' eudyo.
Whych thamo ze histe pacientlyo.
A jaye ys a ful gret ornament.
The wlytche hath no wyf y telle thym ochcat.
Ye shuedh helpeles and ys al desolat.
I qwho of folke ni dearly chaste.
And herkene wlyy y dey not thys for nought.
The woman ys for mannes helpe y wrought.
The hygh god wheu he had adam maked.
And eulle thym allone bely naked.
God of hys gret goodnesse seyde thamo.
Let vs make an helpe to thys man.
Lyke to thym self and thou he made me.
Here by may ze se a here may ze prene.
That wyf ys mannes comfort.
Hys paradys replesh and hys disporte.
So boyous and so veyrous as eche.
They moste nedes hyue ni vnite.
I affeyssth they ben an hole soules as y gesse.
Hath birth on hert ni hele and ni distresse.
A wyf a seynt unapy budiato.
Who wyght a man hano eny adisse.
That hath a wyf veyres y dau nought seye.
The blysse that ys by tholyte hem tweye.
They may no tunge telle no hert thenke.
If eche be pore eche helpeth hym to opkynke.
Eche kepeth hys gods and wastyth neuer a dele
Al that hy thousande lustes hy lyketh wel
Eche seyth not ones nay whan eche seyth ze
Wo thus seyth he al lefly hy seyth eche
O blyssful ordy of wedlok preasus.
Thow art so mery and eke so veyrous
And so comended and approued eke.

That euery man that hath hym wonne a leef
Upon hys bare knees angst al hys lyf.
Thonken hys god that hym hath sent a wyf
Wthey pray to god hym forto sende,
A wyf to hate vnto hys lyues ende.
For theme hys lyf ys set in eykernesse.
Ye may not be disteyned as y gesse.
So that he wonche after hys wyues leed.
Then may he boldely bere vp hys heed.
The be co telle and also wyse.
For wheych yf thou wilt wynchen as the wys.
Wo al wey so as wymmē wol the leede.
To hold that iacob as these clerkes rede.
By good conseylle of hys moder rebekke
Bonde the kydes skyn a bout hys nekke.
For wheych hys fadres benison he wan.
To iudith as the story telle kan.
By wyse counseyll echo godes people kepte.
And alnigh hym olofernes wyfte he slepte.
To abygail by wyseylle holp seche.
Saued hy housbonde nabal wham that he
Schulde haue be slayn and loke after also.
By good counceil delyuered out of wo.
The people of god and made hym mayche
Of assuze enhaunced forto be.
Wey nys no thynge in gret surquidrie.
As seyth seneck a bone an humble wyf.
Suffre thy wyues tunge as catou bit.
Sche schal commande & thou schalt suffre it
And zit schal thou obeye of auncyse.
A wyf ys kepere of thyn housbondrye.
Wek may the eche mā be wayle and wete.
Wey as wey nys no wyf the hous to kepe.
I warne the yf wyssly thou wilte wyue.
Loue wel thy wyf as cryste loueth hys chirche.
If thou louest thy self wel thou loue thy wyf.
No man hatithe hys fleyssh but in hys lyf.
He fostreth hit and wey for hyd y wis.
Cherysh thy wyf or thou schalt neuer ioye the.
Housbond & wyf what so mē lape or pleye.

The.

Of worldly folke holden the cyte they
They bicth co kuyt they may non hajmo betyde,
And namly vppon the wyues syde.
ffor wherych thys Jannajo of wherych y tolde,
Considered hath in with hys dayes olde.
The lusty lyf the vertuous quyete.
That ys in maryage hony swete,
And for hys fiendes on a day he sent.
To tellen hem the effecte of hys entente.
With face and thys tale he hath hem told.
ffiendes he seyde y am shore a sholde.
And al moste god wot on my pittes brynke,
Vp on my soule som what moste y thynke
I haue my body foly ly dispended.
Blessed be god that hit ochal be amended.
ffor y wol be certeyne a wedded ma.
And that a noon in al the haste that y can.
Vnto som mayde fayre & tendy of age.
I pray zoffe ordjayned for my maryage.
Al sodeinly for y wol not a byde.
And y wole founde to aspye in my syde.
To whom y may be wedded hastely.
But for as muche as ze ben more than I
Ze ochulle jatisfy such a thynge aspyen.
Then I and they me liste best to a lyen
But to thynge wayn y zoffe my fiendes dyde.
I wol non olde wyf han in no mancre.
Ich so ochal not passen ydy zeye tweynte.
Olde fysshe and zonge flesshe that wolde y han to deynte.
Bet ys qd he a pyke than a pykeyolf.
And bet than olde beef ys the tendy veel.
I wol no wōman of thyrty wynter ago.
But nys but ben sqalish and gret forage.
And ek thes olde wyfes god hit wot.
They bonnē so muche gaste on wades boot.
So muchel brokhanne wher that hem leste.
That wetch hem ochold y neuer lyuen in reste.
ffor sondry scoles makers subtyl clerkes.
Wōman of many skoles half a clerke ys.
But certeynly a zonge thynge may men gye.

Maychaunde.

Lyght as nē may ꝓaymo ꝓcy ꝑ haudes plye.
Ꝓscy for y cey zoll pleynly ma clauso.
I nek non olde abyf haue lyght for thys cauſe.
tfor yf so ꝓcye y had com meſhaunce.
That ni hy no courtſe haue no pleſaunce.
Thew ſcholde y lede my lyf in auentuyo.
And so eyen to the deuel cuyo.
Se thildhen ſcholde y non ſuppon hy geten.
That had me leuer that houndes had me eten.
Thew that myn herttage ſcholde falle.
Ju ſqaunge honde ē thus y telle zoll alle.
I dote noght I ꝓot noght the cauſe ꝓhy.
aſen ſcholde abyde ē furthermore ꝓot I.
They ſpeketh many a man of maryage.
That ꝓot no more of hit than do my page.
tfor ꝓhych cauſes men ſchold take a abyf.
If he may not chaſte ben hys lyf.
Take hym a abyf with gret renoun.
By cauſe of lecful procreacion.
Of childzen to the honour of god abouo.
And nought only for paſſaunce ne for loue
And for they ſcholde kepen eſchewe.
And zelde hey dettes ꝓhyle that ys newe.
Or for that eche man ſtholde helpe other.
Ju myſtef as a ſuſtey ortal to the brother
And hyue in chaſtne ful honestly.
Bitt eyres by zoure leue that am not I.
tfor god by thouk to y day make a vaunt.
I fele my hynes ſtayke and ſuffiſaunt.
To don al that a man by longeth to.
I ꝓot my wyf beſt ꝓhat y may do.
Though y be hore y fare as doth a tre.
That bloſmeth ey that fruyte y may be
That bloſmed tre ys worthey dyne ne ded
I fele no ꝓhey hoar bitt on myn hed
Myn herte and my hynes ben as grene
As laurer ys thorugh the zer for to sene
And eyther yus that ze han herd al myn entente
I pray zoll to my ꝓyf ze aſſente.
Whereſo men dyuerſely hym telle

The

Of mayage many ensamples olde.
Som blameth ytt som preyseth ytt certeyns
But at the last ordeynly for to sayn.
As alday falleth afferacion.
By tweyn ytt endes in disputacion.
They fyl a stryf by tweyne this brethren two.
Of whyche that on was clepid placebo.
Justinus worthy called was that other.
Placebo seyde o yow am I gone brother.
ffull litel nede han ye my lord so deye.
Counceil to aske of eny that ys heye.
But that ye ben so ful of sapience
That yow ne lyketh for your prudence.
To weyne ffor the word of salomon.
This word seyth he ech to vs eueryone.
Werke al thinge by counceille thus seyde he.
And thenn shalt thou not repente the.
But theygh that salomon spake such a worde.
ayen owre deye brother and my lorde.
So wysly god bringe my soule at ese and reste
I holde youre owne counseil ys the beste.
ffor brother myn take of me this motyf.
I shame ben wroth a wrapt man al my lyf.
And god wot though I vnworthy be.
I shame stonden in ful greet degre.
Aboven lordes in ful greet estaat.
Yit had I neuer wroth non of hem debaat
I neuer hem wrathed trewely.
I wot wel that my lord can more than I.
That he seyth I holde hit feyne and stable.
I sey the same or elles thinge semblable.
A ful greet fool ys eny counceillour.
That semeth eny lord of hye honour.
That dar presume or ones thenke hit.
That hys counceil sholde passe hys lordes wyt.
Nay lordes ben no foles by my fay.
Ye han youre self spoken heye to day.
So hye sentence so holy and so wel.
That I consente and confirme euerydel
youre wordes al and youre opynyoun.

Marchaunde

By god they ys no man in al thys towne.
Ne in yrlande coude bet haue ceyd
Cryst holdeth of thys hym ful wel a payde.
And therby hit ys an hygh wisdo.
Of euy man that cowpen in age.
To take a zonge wyf by my fadyr hym.
Zonge hert haugeth vppon a resh pyn.
Dorh nowe in thys matere jyght as ze lest.
ffor fynally y holde hit for the best
Justinus that ay stylle sat and hejde.
Kyght in thys wyse he to plawsio answeyed.
Nowe brodyr myn be patyent y pray.
Syrthyns that ze han seyd hejkene what y say.
Senek a monges othyr wordes wyse.
Seyth that a man aught hym wel avise.
To whom he zeueth hys lande or hys catel.
And syrthyns y aught a wyse mo jyght wel.
To whom y zeue my body for al wey.
I wayne zow wel hit ys no dhyldes pley.
To taken a wyf with outen a gyftmunt.
Hem most enquere thus ys myn assent.
Whether they be wys godys ordeynt ther we.
Other proude other wyse a rych elde.
A chyldesh other a wast of thy good.
Other jyche other pore or elles a man ys wood.
Al be hit so that no man fynden schal.
Non in thys world that yoreth hold in al.
Ne man ne best such as men can deuyse.
But natheles hit aught y nowe suffice
With euy wyf yf so wel that ther hadde.
Moo good thewes then hym vices badde.
And al thys aseeth keyser to enquere.
ffor god wot y haue wepte many a tere.
fful prewely sethyns y had a wyf.
Preyse who so wol a wedded mannes lyf.
Certeyn y fynde in hit but wo and stryf
And obsequames of alle blysses bayn.
And zit god thanke y my neyghbors a boute
And namely of wymmen a gret route.
Seyn that y haue the most stedfast wyf.

And eke the meekest on that beareth hyf.
But y shot best whereof wyrth my office.
ze mayy for me wyssh as ze hist do.
Auysrth zoss ze ben a mam of age.
Hoss that ze entren in to mariage.
A mannys wrth a zongo and a freyso.
By hym that made erthe wrtj and eyso
The zongest man thas ys in al thys poinre
Is besy y noss to bringē hir a boinre
To hane hys wyf allone thystrth mo.
ze schul not plesen hy zelos thso.
Thus ys to sayn to don hy plesaunce.
A wyf asketh ful mocke obseruaunce.
And pray zoss that ze no be euck a payde.
Weel qd thys iamayd that hastow al qd seyde
Qua wsh for thy meek ē for thy pacyence.
And counte not a panyer ful of herbes.
Of sotle tymes wysey men than thoss.
As thoss hast hejd assenreth hir wyssh noss.
To my purpos placebo what sey ze.
And sey it ys a nyssd man qd he.
That letteth mariynonye sykerly.
And wrth that word they zysen sodenly.
And ben assumed fully that he schold.
Be wedded wsh an hym hirs ē wsh he sholde
Thyn fantasye and thyne ayyensuesse.
ffro day to day gan in thy soule impresse.
Of iamayd a bout hys mayyage.
Many fayys schap ē many fayre visage.
They passeth hys hert nyght by nyght.
As wsh os toke a myrr polysthed bryght.
And set hir in a comun market place.
Then schold he se many a fygure pace.
By hys nyssou and in the same wyse.
Can iamayd in wt hys thought devyse.
Of maydenes wssych that wellerh be eyde.
He wyste not wsich that he myght a bydo
ffor thoss; that on hane bettre in hy face.
A nothey craue so in the peples grace.
ffor hey sadnesse and hey benygnite.

That of the peple grettest voys had erho.
And comunchepe pythe and hadden bad name.
But natheles by thyrto eyneft and game.
He at laste empoynted hym in on.
And lete al othey from hys herte gon.
And these hy of hys owne auctorite.
ffor loue ys blynde al day and may not se.
And whan that he was in hys bedde y bronght
He portreyed in hys hert and in hys thought
Hy fleshly bewte and hy age tendy.
Hy myddel owal hey armes longe and fletendye
Hy wyfe gouernaunce and hy gentilneffe.
Hy wōman bepynge and hy gentil gadneffe
And whan that he fyo hy was wydeftended.
Hym thought hys choys mygft not ben amended.
ffor whan that he hym self touchided hadde.
Hym thought ilke other maunes wyt so badde.
That unpoffible it whas to pephye.
Azenft hys choys thys was hys fantafye
His frendes fent he to at hys inftaunce.
And preyetf hym to don hym that pleſaunce.
That haftely they wolde to hym tome.
He wolde abregge hey labour al and some.
Hit nedetf no more hem to gon or ryde
He was apoynted they he wolde abyde.
Placebo cam and eke hys frendes some.
And atthey fyrft he bade hem al a bowe.
That non of hem nam ayguinentes make
Azenft hys purpos whyche whyche that he hath y take
Whych purpos was plefynge to god as wayde he
And wyfe wordes of hys profpre.
He seyde they was a mayde in the towne.
Whych that of bewte hath gret renowne.
Al whyle it so ech whas hys plefaunce.
Suffiseth hym hy zouthe and hy bewte.
Whych mayde he seyde he wolde hy hans to wyf.
To leden in ese and in holynefſe hys lyf.
And thonketh god that he nygft han hey al.
That no wyght hys blyffe parte echal.
And preyeth hym to labour in thys nede.

And chapeth that he sayleth not to stode.
ffor then he seyde hys stynte was at ese.
Then ys qd he no thynge that may me displese.
Saf o thynge pryketh in my cõsience.
The welsyche y spok ychese in zouth presence
I shame qd he seyde fulzeore a goo.
They may no man shan pfit blysses tho.
Thys ys to sey in erthe and eke in heuens.
ffor they he kepte hym fro the synnes seuens
And eke for euery vranuche of thilke to.
Itt ys they so pfite pstyte.
And so gret ese and lustes in maryage,
That euery y am a gast nowh in myn age
That y nil al lede nowh so mery a lyf here.
ffor oftsyns that veryy heuens ys bought so dere.
With tribulacoũ and gret penaunce.
Who wolde holde y hym in ouche plesaunce.
As al wedded men doth whyle they lyue
Come to the blysse they pyste ereme on hyne ys
Thys ys my dede and ze my bretheren they
Asoyleth me thys questyon y zowh preye
Justrums with that hated hys folye.
Answeryge a non pyght in hys maryye
And for he wolde hys louge tale abregge
he wolde non answere leggo.
And seyde sey so they ben non obstacle.
Ortsey then thys god of hygh vnyacle.
As of hys mercy may go for zowh seche.
That eyze han zouth zyftes of holy thyche.
ze may repente of wedded maunes lyf.
Ou whyle ze mayn they nys neyther leo no wyf.
And elles god for bede but yf he wente.
A wedded man grace hym to repente.
Wel often yerse then a sengil man.
And therfor ryne the best rede that y can.
Dystreyneth zowh nought shameth in memorye.
Panitre echo may be zouth purgatorye.
Echo may be godes mene & godes whyte.
Than shal zouth sonle in to heuens flyte
Whyster than doth an alowh out of a bowe.

Thyaschanudo

I hope to god sheye after/ward schalt thow knowe.
That they nys non so greet feliaw.
On uiapiago ne neuey more schal be
That ze schal lakke of zonge cubiaaon.
So as ze vse as skyle ys and jesdon.
The lustes of zonge chil attempaly.
And that ze plese hym nought to auicyously.
And that ze kepe zou eks fro ostey cymo.
Ayy talo ys don for nay whyte ys thyno.
Beth nought a gast shey of my brothey.
But lete vs wake ho thys matey to an othey.
The wyf of bathe yf ze wol' vndystondo.
Of maryago whych ze haue on honde.
Declaren can ful wel' in shrewe space.
Ffayth nowe wel god haue zowe in hys grace.
And with thys word thys Justino and hys brothey.
Han take heyo leno ā ilke of hem of othey.
ffor whan they owe hir most nedes be.
They wiaughten so by wys ā slygh tyew.
That eche thys mayde whych that mayns hyght.
As hastely as euey that echo myght.
Schal wedded be vnto iamiaye.
I nowe hir weye to longe zowe to tayye.
If y zowe wolde of euey eyyto or baude
By whych that echo was steffed in hys haude.
Othey forto heyken of hey yyche aiay.
But fynally y tonyn ys thys day.
That to the thyche both birth they weme.
ffortu festeyne the holy sacrement.
ffortli towetli the pste w^r stole a bouto hys nekke.
And bad hym be y lyke saya and debelle.
Ju wyssom and tonche of maryago.
And seyde hys orisons as ys hys vsago.
And touched hem and bad god schulde hem blesse.
And mad al eyke y nowe with holynesse.
Thus ben they wedded with solempnite.
And at the feste sitteth he and echo.
With othey worthy folke vpon the deys.
Al ful of ioy and blysse ys the palys.
And ful of instrumentes and vyttayle.

The.

The moſt deyteuous in al ytalo.
Zy forn ſhem of ſſhyche Juſtynnotes coun.
That orpheus ne of phebes aunſhem
Ne maden neu ouche a melody.
And at euery coups tam louds nunſtyaſſy.
That neuey Joab rumped forts hey.
Hetſey theodouas zet ſhaff oo tkey.
And thebes ſſhen the and ſſas in dourt.
Bathus the ſſyu hem ſhſcukerth al a bount.
And venus kaſſgheth on euery ſſyghe.
ffor iannaye ſſas by come hey knyghe.
And ſſolde borſe aſſayn ſhys corage.
Chu libeyo and ek in mayiage.
And ſſhyrth thy fuyſſe brondo ſſ hond a bount
Vannſerth by forn the bryde al a bount
And deuly y day ſſclouyn jygſſe thus.
Cunyneus that god of ſſeddyngo ys.
Saſſ neuy in thys thyf oo ueyy a ſſedded mā.
Halde thoſſ thy pres thoſſ poeto mayden.
That ſſyteſt vs that thilke ſſeddyngo ueyy.
Of hy phyſologyo and of neyanyo.
And of the oungeo that the muſſe ouge.
So ouale as eke thy penne ā thy tonge.
ffor to diſhynen of thyo mayiago
ſſhan teudy zoſſthe hath ſſedded ctonyyngo ago.
They ys ouch unyſſe that hit may not bo ſſyyte.
Aſſayeth hit zoſſ then ze may ſſyte.
Cff that y laſſe or ucon in thys matey.
nayns that ott ſſeth oo benigno a they
Hey to by ſholde hit oemed fayzyo.
Quyeno eftey loked neuey ſſeth ouche an eye.
Du aſſluey oo meko a loſſ hath otho.
I may zoſſ not deuyſſ al hy belſſeo.
Bitt thys muche of hy belſſeo telle y may.
That otho ſſas hyſſ the bryghe moroſſ of may.
ffulfilled of belſſeo and of pleſſauneo.
Thys Jaunay is ſſauſſched in a ſſaunes.
And at euery tyme he loked on hy faces.
Bitt in hys hey he gan hy to manaco.
That he that nyghe in armes ſſolde hy otreyne.

Thaydchaunde.

Haydey thau cucy paryssh dud eleno
But uatheles yt had he gret pito
That thilke uyght offenden hey most ho.
And thought allas o tendy creatuso
Holde wolde god ze uyght wel eudyso.
Almyn torago hit vs so shapo and feno.
Cam a gasto ze echul hit nought ouscuo.
But god fo: bedo that y dud al my uyght
Holde wolde god that hit weps weyen uyght
And that the uyght wolde lasten cucy mo.
Of wolde that al thys peplo weps a gw
And fynally he dotl al thys labory.
As he best uyght sauyngo thys honoujo.
To hasto hem flo the mete in subtyle shysso
The tymo cam that jeson was to ysso.
And after that men daunco adyuke fasto.
And spyces al a bouto the hous they tasto.
And fulle of ioye and blysse ys euery mā.
Al but a squyey that hyght Daunau.
Wolde he kayf by fore the knyght many a day.
He was so jamysshed on thys lady may.
That for the veyry pyne he was uygh wood.
Almost he ebrek and ebounced they he stod.
As that echo bay Daunshyngo in hy hando.
So fiesshe echo was and they to ey hy kando
And to hys bed he went hym hastely.
No more at this tymo spekeo q.
But they q lete hym wepe y uoth and pleyno.
Tyl ffiesth may wol yelde on his peyno
O pdous fuyle that in the bedstrawh bydeth
O famuley fro that hys eyniso bedeth.
O eyuamur thantony falso holy helpo.
Hyke to the maddey eley: ā in bosom entroko.
God child os asse fro zoure unquytanco.
O ianuays bouken in plesanco.
O uiages eschoth thyn Daunyau.
Thyn oswno eyuey ā thy boun mā.
Entendeth to don the wyleuys.
God graunt the thyn hayno forto assys.
ffor in thys worldo nys worso pestilenco.

Tlhen shomly seo al day in thyn pseuce.
Pforwhy sarth thys deuyne day hys ask dwyne.
So lengor may the body of hym sorgne.
The ozysolbed as in thsat darkende.
Kyght wrth hys mantel that ys deyke and pide.
Can forto oprede the myspays a bolbed.
ffor whyche ys departed the lusty rolbed.
ffor Januay wrth thombe on eueyy syde.
Hom to hey houses liftely they zyde.
They as they don heye thyngos as hem lufte.
And they calb heye tyme go to pefte.
Sone after that thys haftyf Januay
Wol go to bedde he wol no lengey tayy.
He dyuketh aproas clayy and vemage.
Of spyces hart to cuqosen hys drage.
And many a letuayy had he ful fyne.
Suche as the aysed monke dam wstantyn.
Hath wryte in hys boke of coytu.
To eten hem alle nas no thyng eshelde.
And thus to hys preue frendes sayde he.
ffor godes lone as sone as hit may be
Let voyde al thys hous in alpoys wyse sone.
Hen dyuke and the tranes dekke anone.
The bryde was brokt to bedde as stylle as ston.
So hasted Januay hit moste be don.
And whan the bed was wrth the prest y blessed.
Out of the chambey hath euery wyght hym dessed.
And Januay hath fast in armes y take.
Hys hesshe may hys paradys hys make.
He lulleth hym he kyssth hym ful ofte.
Wrth thikke bristles of hys berd on softe.
Hys lyke to the skyn of hounde fyshe orh ayre as bryge.
ffor he was orhand al nelke in hys mawey.
He jubbeth hym vppon hys tendy face.
And seyde thus allas y mot the fpace
To zolde my spouse and zolde gyerly offende.
Or tyme come y wol don hit dystende.
But natheles consideyeth thus qd he.
They nys no wyf bo man wsat so euey he be.
That may both wyssche wel and hastely.

Thaichaundes

This shol be don at leysy ffith.
Hit ys no fors hoss longe that sho pleys.
Thoss m wedlok coupled be sho abeys.
And y blessed be the zok that we ben ynne.
ffor m onze actes we moss do no synne.
A mā may do no synne ss hys wyf
he shete hym oth wrth hys knyf.
Moss we shall leue to pleye vs by the halfe
Thus laboyeth he tyl the day gan dalfe
And then he taketh a sop m fyn clarre.
and vpp yght m hys bedde then syngeth he.
And after that he orange foul soude a dele
And kyssed hys wyf and made wantō chere.
He was al coltysh and ful of jageyye.
And ful of gygsom as ys a flekked pye.
The slak skyn a bonte hys necke shakede.
Whyle that he songe so shamyeth she and blaketh.
Dur god wot what may thought m hy here.
When orso hym calle vp erlynge m hys ordure.
Jn hys nyght cape and about hys necke kene.
Orso prey seth nout hys plesynge worth a bene.
Then seyde he thus my jestynge shol y take.
Moss day ys come y may no lenger wake.
And dom he leyde hys hed and slep tyl prymus.
And after Wayd When that he calle hys tymus.
Vp yrssey Jannay but fleshly may.
Holde hy chamby vnto the fyrst day.
As vsage ys of wynes for the beste.
ffor euery labory com tyme mot have reste.
Orthey elles louge may he nought endure.
Thys ys to say no lyues creature.
Be hit of fysth or bryd or beste or man.
Moss wol y speke of wofful Damyan.
That langoyeth for love as ze erchulle heye
They for y speke to hym on thys maneye
Jnay o ech Damyan alias.
And Weye to thys penaunce as i thys tas.
Hoss shake sh to thy lady fleshly may.
Telle thy wo wol al wey ech nay.
Bt yf echo speke echo wol thy wo be wys.

God be thy help y can no better seye
Thys seke Damyan ni wenis fnyse.
So bycometh that he deyeth for desyre.
ffor Wyche he pitt hys lyf in aduentnre.
No lenger nygth he ni thys Weyse endure.
Bitt pitely a prenes gan he boroWe.
And in a letter Wyot he al hys sorowe.
Ju maner of a complayn other a lay.
Unto thys fayre and fressh lady may.
And in a purse of sylke hengo on hys sherte.
He hath it put and leyde it at hys herte.
The mone that at non stode at ilke daye.
That ianuary hath Wedded that freysshe may.
In Wo of tayne Was in the range glyden.
So lo longe hath othe in hir chambir byden.
As custom ys vnto thys noblee alle.
A bryde ought al not eten in the halle.
Tyl dayes fowre other thre dayes atte leste.
I passed ben thenne lete hir go to feste
The fourthe day complet fro noon to noon.
Whan that the hyze masse Was y don
In halle of thys ianuary and may.
As freshe as ys the brygth comeys day
And so by fel hoW that thys good man
Remembryth hym upon thys Damyan.
And seyde seynt mary hoW may this be.
That Damyan entendes not to me.
Is he ay syke or hoW may thys be tyde.
Thys squyeys that stoden hym be syde.
Eyaisynge hym by cause of hys syknesse.
Which that letted hym to do hys besynesse
Non other cause nigth make hym taye.
That me forthynketh sith this ianuaye.
He ys a gentil squyer by my trouthe.
If that he deyde sitt Weye shame and routhe.
He is as Wys discrete and secre.
As eny man y Wot of hys degre.
And they to manly and eke semyable.
And ferre ben a thryfty man pyghte able.
But after mete as sone as eny y may.

Marchaunde

I wol my self visite hym and eke may.
To don hym al the comfort that y can.
And for that wordes hym blessed eneyy mā.
That of hys bounte & of hys gentilnesse.
He wolde so comforten hym in hys sykenesse.
Hys squyey for litt was a gentil dedo.
Dame quod he thys damaje tak good hede.
That astey mete ze wt̄ zoure cosynnē also.
Whan ze han ben in chamb̄y out of thys halle.
That alle ze gon to se thys Damyan.
Doth hym disport he ys a gentyl man.
And telleth hym y wol hym comforto.
Hane y no thynge but jested me alltnyght.
Wolde with that wordo he gan to hym calle.
A squyey that was maychal of hys halle.
And tolde hym ceteyne thynges what he wolde.
Thys fleshli may hath eyen to hym bey holde
With alle hym cosynen vnto thys Damyan
Dunn by hys beddes syde sitt echo man,
Cōfortynge hym as goodly as echo may.
Thys Damyan whan that he hym tyme say.
Ju ecstasie wyde hys puyse & eke hys bylle
In whyche that he wryten had hys wylle.
Hath put vnto hym honde with outto more,
Sane that he oysed wondy sore,
And softely to hym jygst thus seyd he.
Ajeyy and that ze distoney nought me.
For Jam ded yf that thys thynge be kid
Thys puyse shall echo in hym bosom hyd,
And wett hym wey ze get no more of me.
But vnto damaje y wolen ys echo.
And on hys beddes syde sit ful softo.
He taketh hym and kyssith hym ful ofte.
And leyde hym down to sleepe and that a non.
Echo feyned hym as that echo moste gon.
They as ze wot that eueyy wyght mot nede.
And whan echo of thys bulle hath take hede.
Echo lett fit al to doinnes atte laste.
And in the meney softely echo hit taste.
Whoo studyeth nowt but fayre flesshli may

The

And a Doctour þat ran nappy ofte lay.
That ofte keep tyl the wolfe hath hym a Waked.
And non he prayde hure to ofte hyre ak naked.
He wolde of hire he oft hane com plesaunce.
He oft hire clothes ded hym encombraunce.
And ofte obeyeth be he leef or lothe.
But lest that þaous folke be with me wrothe.
How that he abought I day not to zolk telle
Or elles hire he thought on pardys ofte on helle.
But ý let hem abouthe on hey wyse
Tyl euesonge ynge that þey moste a ryse
Here hit by destenye or by aventure.
Or here her by influence or by nature.
Ofte in constellacõn that in ourche estart.
The hevene stood that tyme fortunat.
Was forto putte a bille of venus werkes.
For al thynge hath tyme as seyth these clerkes.
To ony woman forto gete hym love.
I can not say but the grete god a bove.
That knoweth that non atte ys rauseles.
He demeth of alle for ý wol holde my pees.
But ofte ys thys how that thys fresshe may
Hath take impression that day
Of pere on thys syke daunyan.
That syn hire hert hert ocho dyne ne can
The remembraunce forto don hym ese.
Certeyn thonght ocho whom that thys thynge displese
I recke not for hym I hym assure
To love hym beste of ony creature
Though he nomore hadde than hys eschete
To pere semeth soone in gentyl herte.
Here may ye se how excellent fraunchyse
In wõmen ys where they hem wayll avise
Som tyraunte where ys as they ben many on.
That hath an herte as harde as any stoon.
Whyche wolde hane let hym ordyne in the place.
Ded rather than han graunted hym that grace.
And hem jeloused in that queek pryvyte.
And reached not to ben an horn fyde.

The marchaunde

This gentyll mayd fulfylled of alle pete.
Kyght ov of hede honde a lettey made she
In wyche she grauntedh hym of her owyn fre
Thei lackedh not only but day and spas.
Where that she myght to his lists suffise
For hit shal be right as he wold deuyse
And when she calle hey tyme upon a day.
To wysite this damyan goth this faire may
And goteth doun this lettey she threste.
Sudy his resolve redy yf hym leste
She taketh hym by the honde and hasde hym thyder to
So secretly that no wyght hit wyste.
And bad hym been al howl and forth she went.
To ramnaye whan that he for hede sente.
Up ryseth damyan the nexte morowe
Al passed was his sybnesse and his sorowe.
He kembeth hym and proyneth hym and pyketh.
He doth al that his lady liste and lyketh.
And eke to ramnaye he goth as lowe.
As euer dede a dogge for the bowe.
He ys so plesaunt to euery man.
For gaste ys al who so that hym can.
That euery wyght ys fayn to teche hym good.
And fully in his lady grace he stood.
This lete ydamyan a boute his nede.
And wyl take y wol forth procede.
Dom cleyer holden that felawe.
Stant in beclyte and therefore hee.
This noble ramnaye with alle his myght.
In honeste wyse as longeth to a knyght.
Schoop hym to leue ful desyasusly.
His howsynge his array al honestly.
To his dege was maad as a kynges.
Amonge other of his honest thynges.
He hadde a gaydeyne walled al with ston.
So fayre a gardyn was ther neuer non.
For out of doute y verayly suppose.
That he that wrought ye temenaunte of the rose.
Ye tornde of hit ye herbere wel deuyse.
Ne pryamus ne myght not suffice.

Alphe

Thouh he be god god of gaydeyns forto telle
The beute of the gaydyn and of the welle.
That stant vndyr a laurel alwey grone.
ffulofte tyme kynge plito and hys quene.
Proserpina and alle here feyrye.
Disporte hem and maken melodye.
Abouthe that welle and daunce as me tolde.
Thys noble kynght thys iamaye the olde.
Suche deynte hath yt hit to walken and to pleye.
That he wol suffre no wyght to deye the leye.
Saue he hym self for of the smale vyser.
He bar a flour of delicy a fleyser.
Wyth ye wlyche wlem pt hym luste vnethe.
And whom that wolde vaye hys wyf hit dethe.
In counter reson thedy wolde he goo.
And may hys wyf and not but they two
And thynges wlyche that weye not dou a bedde.
Sheye in the gaydyn pformed hit and spedde.
And in this wyse many a mery daye.
Lyuede this iamaye and this fleysh may.
But wordly ioye may not alwey endure.
To iamaye ne to no wordly creature.
Godeyn happe o thou fortune vnstable.
Lyke the to a scorpion variable.
That flatereste wyth thyne hed whan thou wolt stynge
Thy tayle ys derk thorugh thyne enuenemynge.
O brotelle ioy o swete poysdñ queynte.
O mynstre that sothly raust peynte.
Thyne ȝyftes vndyr the fedde of stedfastnes.
That thou disceyuedest bothe more and lesse.
Why hast thou iamaye thus disceyued.
And hadde yt hym for thy fulle frende ycesteyned
And nowe thowe haste by rafte hym bothe hys eyzen
ffor sothe of whyche desseyte he to deyzen.
Alas thys noble iamaye that ys so fle.
Amyd hys luste & hys prosperite
Is wroken wrende and alle wordly.
Hys deth therfore desyreth he ertely.
And ther wrouht al the fuyre of hys reflusye.
Leste that hys wyf wolde falle in sum folye

Marchaunde

So wrent hys hext that he wolde fayne.
That som mā wolde hym ā here had slayne.
ffor neuer after hys deth in hys lyf
Ne wolde ocke yat shold wyf lone ne yyf
But euer kyue a wydowe in clothes blake
Sold as the turtull doth that hath loste here make.
But at ye laste after a monthe or tweye
Sorowe gan to swage orth to feye
ffor whan he wyste hit myght non other be.
he paciently toke hys aduersite
Saue out of doute may he not forgon
That he was ielous euery more in con
wyche ielusye hit was so outragous
That neyther in halle ne in non other hous
He nolde suffre nother yede ne go
ne in non other place where the mo
But yf that he had houde on here alwey
ffor wyche fulofte wepeth ye fresshe may
That wedded Damyan so beynigly.
That orpho moste deye ondeyne
Or elles orpho moot haue hym at her wyste
orpho abayth whan hert orholde breste
Vpon that other syde Damyan.
By rowe ys the sorufullest man.
That euer was for nethes nyght ne day.
ne myght he speke a word to the fresh may.
As to hys purpos of no suche matere.
But yf that ianuarye myght hit here.
That had an honde vpon here euer mow.
But natheles by wrytynge to and fro.
And preue sygnes dyde he that orho mente.
And orho bysette alle the sygnes of hys entente.
O ianuarye what nyght ye a vayle.
Thogh thou myghtest se a fetre a thynges mayle.
ffor as good ys a blynde man discryued bee.
As to ben discryued whan that a man may se.
No argus wyche that had an hondred eyen.
ffor al that euer he coude poure or pryen.
yet was he blent and god so ben mow.
That wenen wysly that hyt ys not so.

Tyle

Passe ouer vs all ese and eey no more
This fyestle may of whyche y spak of zore
In wayne they hath preuted thys wlecket
That Iannarye bay of that omale whyket
By whyche vnto hys gardyn ofte he went
And Damyan that knetth here entente
The klyket counterfeted prencly.
Ther nys nomore to seye but hastely
Hom wondy by hys klyket oshold be tyde
Whyche ze oshul heren yf ze wol a byde
O noble ounde oerth cayst thou god woot
What oleyghte is hit thoth hit be longe and hoot
That he nek fynde hit oute in oom maniere
Yf pamus & by Thebes may me leye
Though they were kepte ful longe oeyete overall
They beth a corded rothe nynge thorugh a wall
Ther nys no wyght conde have founde out such a sleyghe
But noth to purpos er than dayes eyghte.
Were passed er the monthe of Iule be fel.
That Iannayye hath caught so gret a wyll
Thorugh eggynge of hys wyf hym forto playe.
In hys gaspyn and not but they wbeye.
That ni a morothes vnto hys may oeyde hee.
Ryse vp my wyf my lone my lady fre.
Thys turtelt voys ys herde my dowve where.
The wynter ys gon wyth al hys reynes were.
Com forth noth with thyne eyzen columbyne.
Hooth fayre birth thy brestes than ys wyne.
The gardyn ys enclosed al a boute.
Come forth my whyte spouse out of boure.
Thoth haste me wounded in myn hert o wyf.
No spot in the nas ni al thy lyffe.
Come forth and letto vs taken oure disportes.
I chese the for my wyf and my comfortes.
Such olde lewde wordes vsed noe.
Du Damyan a syngut made of hoe.
That he oshold gro by forowe wrth hys klyket.
Thys Damyan hath opened thys wyket.
And in he stertle and that ni suche maniere.
That no wyght myght er ne here

Marchandy

And stylle he ort vnd̃ a bushe a non
Thys tamaxye as blynde as ys a ston
Wrth mayous m hys honde and no syght nor
Ju to hys hesshe gastyn ys he goo.
And thayre to the abyket godenly
Swete Wyf qd̃ he hete vys bur thow and I.
Tlsat art ye geatnye that I best lowe
ffor by that lorde that oytteth vs alle a bowe.
I had leuer Deyen on a knyf.
Than the offende dere tre Wo Wyf.
ffor godes sake thenke thow y the thees.
Not for no couetyse dourtles.
But ouely for the lowe that y hadde to the.
And though that I be olde and may not see.
Be to me trewe and y shal trewe zow Wyly.
Certes thre thynges orthulle ze Wymmo they by.
ffirst lowe of cryste and to zouze selfe honourze
And alwyn hesytage towne a toure.
Zeue hit zow make zow charteres as ze lefte.
Thys orhalle be don er the sonnes yefte.
So Wysly god my soule bryngo in blysse.
And prey zow on couenaunte yf me kysse.
And though that y be jolous Wyte me not.
ze be so dere enprended in my thought.
That Whanne that y consydey zouze beWte.
And there Wrth al the vnkyndly elde of me.
I may not trewes polleth y orsolde deye.
ffor beze forto ben oute of zouze compayny.
ffor Wyly lowe thys ys Wrthouten dourte.
Swete kysse me Wyf and let vs towne a bourte.
Thys flesshe may Whan orho thys Wordes herde
Benyngly to ianuary answered.
But fyrste and forWarde orho by gan to Weps
I Wane qd̃ orho a shrewe forto kepe.
As Wel as ze and also myn honourze.
And also of my Wyfhode thyrke tendey flowe.
Wlyche that y haue ensured m zouze honde.
And that the preste to zow my body bonde.
Where fore y Wol answere m thyr manere

Alle

Wyth the leue of yolk my lord so deyo
I pray god that nelbey dasso ye day.
That ye ne sterne as soule as ꝺõman may
yf euey ye do vnto my eyn that shame.
Otherwelles ye enpeyre so my name,
That y be fasse and yf y do that lacke
To stryke me and put me in a sacke.
And in the negte pyuer do me drenche
I am a geneck ꝺõman & no abenche
Wesy speke ze thus but mẽ ben euer vntrelbo.
And abymmẽ han lepreef of yolk ay nelbo.
ze can non otherwise countymaunde y leue.
But speke to vs as vntyste and in yepnd.
And abyth ye word otho calle thecie damyan.
Sat in the bussche and kneke he by gan
And abith shye fyngres eyghes maad shoe.
That damyan otholde thymbe vppon a tyee.
That chaysed abas abith stuyzte and vp he abente,
ffor verrely he kneabe al shy entente
And euery ongue that otho courthe make,
abel bet than ianuayye shize olde make.
ffor in a lettey othe had tolde shym al.
of thyo matey holde he abysshen othal.
And thyo y lette shym sitte in the pyzy
And ianuayye and mayus yolempnyngé ful merry.
Bryght abas the day and blelbó the firmament.
Phebus of golde doun hath hys eyomes sent
To gladen euy flouyo abith hys abaymenesse
Ne abas that tyme in gemmys as I gesse
But hytel sho hys detsmanoñ.
Of cancer Jouis exaltacõn
And so by sek in a bryght morosbtyde
That in the gardyn on that fyrtheyde
Pluto that ys the kyngo of fayryo.
And many a lady in hys compayne
ffolabyngo hys abyf the queue pserpyna.
Abhyles that he rauysshed out of pserpyna.
Wesyles that otho gadeyed flouyes in a mede
In claudyan ze may the storyes sede
Holde in hys gresly carte he hey fetto.

Tayarchand

The kynge of fayrye doun hym sente.
Vppon a benche of torues fleissh and grene.
And ryght a nō seyde thus to hym quene.
ayr abyf qth he that may no thyrst eny wey
The cyprens prouetth hit euery day
The tresom & hyche that abōuen doth to man
Ten hondred thowsand telle y tau.
Notable of youre virtuelith and bretholhesse.
O salomon rychest of alle rychesse.
fulfylled of alle sapience and of worldly glorye.
ful worthy ben thy wordes to memorye.
To euery wyght that wyt and wysdom tau.
Thus preyseth ho zit the bounte of man.
Amongo a thousand nē zit founde y ou
But of alle wōmen founde ho neuer non
Thus sayth thys kynge ȳ knoweth youre wyrkednesse
And isse filius cyrak ne y gesse
Ne streketh of zoffe but selden zeuesse
A wylde fuyre a corrupte pestelence.
So falle vppon youre bodyes zit to nyght.
He ze nought thys honourable knyzt.
By tause alas that he ys blynde and olde.
His owene man schal make hym bobbold.
To wisse he ort the lessons in the tre.
Holde wel y graunte of myn maieste.
Yu to thys olde blynde worthy kuyght.
That he schal hans a zen hys eyzen syght.
Whan that hys wyf wolde don hym vylenye.
Then schalt he knowe al her harlotrye.
Bothe in repreef of hire and other mo.
ze schal wysseyyn and wolze so.
Holde by my modres syres soule y swere.
That y schalt zeuen hire suffisaunte answere.
And alle dymmē after for zoure sake.
That thogh they ben in eny gylte y take.
With face bolde they schullē hē out cryse.
And bete hem doun that wolde hem amise.
For lak of answere non of hem schullē seyen.
And had euery a thynge with bokes zonge eyen.
zit schul ode or sage ert hadde he.

Tho

And there and there and there and there ryght.
That ye shulle ben as stille as here gees.
What reketh me of youre auctorites.
I wot wel why ye lete this salomon
Stand of us wommen fole alway on.
But though that he ne conde no good wommā.
Ther hath y founde many an other man.
Wommē ful trewe ful good ful vertuous.
Witnesse on hem that dwellen in cristes hous.
With martyrdom they proved here constance.
The romayne gestes maken remembrance.
Of many a wyf wel hast thyf also.
But syr ne be not wroth as be fit so.
Thoughe that he sayde he fonde no good wommā.
I pray you take the sentence of the man.
He mente thus that in soverayne bounte.
Is non but god but neyther he ne thee.
Eye for verrey god that nys but oon.
What make ye so muche of salomon.
What though he made a temple godes hous.
What though he were ryche and glorious.
So made he a temple of false godes.
Who mygh̄t do a thynge that more forbode ys.
Parde as fayre as he hys name magnifie.
He was a leccheour and an ydolastre.
And in hys elde he verrey god forsook.
And yf that god had as eyth thee took.
I prayed him for hys fadres sake he withholde.
Haue lefte hys regne rather than he sholde.
I set nought of alle thy envenye.
That ye of wymmē write a bokkes.
I am a wommā nedes moste y speke.
Other elles swelle myn herte breke.
For sethus orpe sayde that we ben jangleres.
As euer mote y brouke bothe my tresses.
I shalle not spare for no maner ye.
To speke hem shame that wolde vs envenye.
Wamme qd thys pluto be no lenger wroth
I zeue hit vp but sethens y wolde myn oth

That y wolde graunt hym hys oyght azeyno .
Ayy lorde orhalstando that desyre y the terteyne .
I am a kyngo hit ott me nought to lye .
And I qd orho a quene of fayrye .
Her answere orho orhalt haue y vndrtake .
Let vs nomore lordes make .
For soth y wolde no lenger soth courtayye .
Nolh let vs turne azen to iamayye .
That in thys gardyn abeth thys fayre may .
Syngeth full meryer than the popyniay .
Soth lone y beste and orhalt an other non .
So longe a borne the aleys ys he goon .
Tyl he was come a grayns thilke pyryo .
Where as thys Damyan guttoth full meryo .
On hyr amonge the flesthe lenes glono .
Thys fresseth may that ys so orhene .
Can forto syke and seyde allas my syde .
Nolh syre qd orhe for ourto that may be tyde .
I muste hane of the feres that y se .
Or y mot dye so sore longeth me .
To eten of the smale freres gloue .
Helpe for hyr lone that ys of heuene quene .
I telle soth abek a thōmā in my plyght .
Ayay hane to hym hyght so gret an appetyde .
That orho may deyen but orhe hyt hano .
Allas qd he that y nadde here a knano .
That courtise chymbe allas allas qd he .
For y am blynde ze sir no fors qd orhe .
But woldo ze forthe fare for gades sake .
The pury in with zoure armes forto take .
For wel y wot that ze my styfte me
Then seholde y chymbe wel y nolh gy orhe .
So y my foot myght set vpon soth bare .
For soth seyde he in me orhalt be no lake .
Ayyght y soth hetho with myn hert blood .
He stroketh doun and on hys bare orhis stood .
And caught her by a thystro ā vp ocho goth .
Ladyes I pray soth that ze be not wroth .
I can not glose y am a lewde man .
And ordeuly a non thys Damyan .

Gan pulleu vp hey smocke ā in he thyngo.
And whan that pluto sawh that geet whonge.
To ianuays he zaf hys eyght a gayen.
Se was there neuer man of eyzht so fayn.
But on hys wyf hys thought was euer nwo.
Wyw thereto he casto hys eyghen two.
And seygh that damyan hys wyf had dressd.
In whyche maner hit may not be expressd.
But y wolde herko vncauteyssly.
And vp he zaf a rorynge and a cry.
As doth the mody whan the chylde schall dye.
Out helpe alias harowh he gan to cye.
O stronge lady stowbre whatt dost yowh.
And scho answeyed eyze whatt eyleth zowh.
Haue pagyento and repoun in zouyo inyndo.
I shall zowh shosten on bothe zouse eyen twyndo.
wp pelt of my soule y schal not flyen.
As me was taught to helo wh zouyo eyen.
Alas no thyngo bet forto make zowh woe.
Than seyogld with a man vpon a tye.
God wot y did hit in full good entente.
Seyogle qd he ze algat in hit whent.
God zyf zowh bothe on schames deth to dyen.
He whynes the y calle hit with myn eyen.
And elles be y hanged by the halo.
Than ys qd scho the medicine falo.
for certeynely yf that ze myghten see.
Ze wolde not say the wordes by me.
Ze haue sow glymsynge and no pfit oyght.
Loe qd he as derk as euer y myght.
Thonged be god with bothe myn eyen twhe.
And by my trouthe me thought he bed pe ow.
Ze mase mase good syre qd scho.
Thys thanko haue I for y haue mad zowh so.
Alas qd scho that euer y was so kyndo.
Ze Dame qd he let alpasso outo of myndo.
Come down my leef and yf y haue myssayde.
God wyte me so as y am euer payde
But by my fadyr soulo y wende haue dyed
Howh that thys damyan hadde by the layed

Marchaunde

And ꝑ thy mouth shal layn vppon thy breste.
Ye sly ꝓdestio ye may wbene a zoll leste.
But oꝝ a man that awaketh out of hys slep.
He may not sodenly wel take kep.
Vppon a thynge ne seen ryst ꝑfitly.
Tyl that he be awaked wetyly.
Ryght so a mā that hath thynde longe y be.
He may not sodenly so wel y se.
ffyrst whan the syght ys nelwe comē a gayne
Als he that hath a day or two y sayne.
Tyl that youre syght y stabled be a whyle
They may fynde many a syzte zoll begyle.
Be way y pray zoll for thy heuene kynge.
ffynde many man wenyth forto se a thynge
And hit ys all an other pan hit semyth.
He that nys conceyuyth nys demyth.
And weth that wolde other slep down flo the ye.
Thys iammaxye who ys glad but he.
He klyppeth hur and kyssith hym fulofte.
And on her wombe he stroketh her fulsofte.
And to hys paleys hom he hath hym lad.
Now good men y pray zoll to be glad.
Thus endeth here my tale of iammaxye.
God blesse vs and hys modir seynt mayye. Amen
Here begynneth ye ꝓloge of the Wyff of Bathe

Experiens thogh non auctoritee.
Were in thys worlde nyght y nolde for me.
To speke of we that ꝑtayneth to mariage.
ffor lordynges ey y telle ꝑfey was of age.
Thonked be god that eterne ys on lyue.
Housbondes at the chirche dore haue y had fyue.
zyf y so ofte myght haue wedded be.
But alle were worthy men in here degre.
But me was tolde certeyne not longe a gon ys.
That sethen cryst was neuer but ones.
To wedden in the cane of galilee.
That by thylke ensaumple taught he me.
That y ne sholde wedded be but ones.
Herke eke lo which a sharpe word for the nones

Be syde a welle ihū god and man.
cyrke m̄ repref of the oman ayrtan.
Thow shalt nat have fyf housbondes as ye.
and that ilke man that now hath the.
Is not thyne housbonde thus sayde he certeynne.
What he ment therby y can not sayne.
Wel but that y aske why that ferste man.
Was non housbonde to the omanayrtan.
Holde mony nyght or thre have m̄ mayyage.
Yt herde y neuer telle m̄ myn age.
Vppon thys nombre diffenicion.
ayen may devyse and glosen up and down.
But wel y wot expresse wtout lye.
God bad vs wexe and multiplye.
That gentil text can y wel vndstonde.
Eke wel y wot he sayde myn housbonde.
Shulde lete fader and moder and take to me.
But of non nombre mencion made he.
Of bygamye or of octogamye.
Why shuld men tho of hit han envye.
Lok here the wyse kyng dyuyse solomon.
Thad he had wyues mo than on.
Holy holde god hit dere wel I wote to me.
To be refreshed hath so ofte as he.
Of hyche ayfte of god had he for all hys wyues.
No man hath such that in thys world a lyne ys.
God wot thys noble kyng as to my wyt.
The firste nyght had many a myry fyt.
With eche of hem ho wel was hym alyue.
Blessed be god that y haue wedded fyue.
Welcome the sexte whan that euer he shal.
For certis y wele not kepe me chaste in al.
Whan myn housbonde ys fro the world gon.
Som cristen man shal wedde me anon.
For than the apostle seyth that y am fro.
To wedde a godes half where hit lyketh me.
The seyth that to be wedded ys no synne.
Better ys to be wedded than to brenne.
What recketh me thogh folke hem reclayme.
Of wchiefhed fayneth and hys bygamye.

of Bathe

Whot Wel Habrahã was an holy man.
And Iacob eke as fer as cleped am.
And eche of hem had Wyues mo than two.
And many an other holy man also.
Where can ze Wey in eny maner age
That ous god Defended mayages.
Wy expresse Wold ye now telleth me.
Or Where Comaunded he virginite.
I Wot as Wel as ze hit ys no Drede.
To the postel Whan he Writeth of mayden hede.
He seyde ther of preyse had he non.
A mon may counsel a Woman to do on.
But counsayng ys non Comaundement.
He put hit in oure Owne Iugement.
For had god Comaunded maydenhede.
Than had he Damned Wedding Dede.
And Were hit Dede Where no seed ys sowe.
Virginite than Where of Cedre hit growe.
Poule Derste nor Comaunde an hefte.
Al thynge of Whyche hys mayster zaf hym non hefte.
The Dart ys set up for Virginite.
Whoso Wyll so may Wyn the renneth Beste hit Wote.
But thys Word ys not take of eny Wyghte.
But there as god Wold zeue hit of hys myghte.
I Wot Wel that the postell Was a mayde.
But natheles though that he Wrot or sayde.
He Wolde that euery Wyght Were as he.
All hys hirt counselle to virginite.
And forto ben a Wyf he zaf me leue.
Of indulgence so ys hit no reproue.
To Wedde me yf that my make dye.
Wel ys me Wyf in eny Wyse forto lyue.
Al Were hit good no Woman forto touche.
He mente as thys Body vp vn thys couche.
For preyll ys Bothe to Wyf and mayde to assemble.
Ze knowe Wel that yvo ensample may Iesemble.
This ys al and som he Wolde Virginite.
Ayein pfite than Wolde I me Wreche.
Flesshly lyst ys ever vnder Ayen hede.
Now Wyl I speke of my Wyf and of hir Drede.

Wolde lede here lyf ak̄ chastite
I graunte hit wel y hane non envye
Thow maydenhed preferre bygamye
Hit lyketh hem to be clene in body and gest
Of myn estaat y wol make no bost
ffor wel ze knowe a lorde in hys housholde
Hath not every vessel of golde
Som ben of tre and don hym lorde service
God clepeth folke to hym in sondry wyse
And everyche hath of god a propre zyfte
Som this som that as hym lyketh shifte
Vyrginite ys a grete perfeccion
And continence eke verth devocion
But vnto hym of perfeccion ys welle
Had not every wyght he sholde selle
All that he had and zeve hit to the pore
And in suche wyse folwe hym and hys lore
He spak to hem that wolde lyve perfitely
And lordes iuges by zoure leve that am not I
I wol be wedd the fourme of al myn age
In the estate and blessed of maryage
Telle me also to what conclusion
Were membres maad of generacion
And of so perfit wyse and why y wrought
Trysteth wyth wel they were not maad for nought
Glose whoso wole y sey bothe up and down
That they were maad for purgacion
Of vryne and ouhe bothe thynges vnclene
Were eke to knowe a femele from a male
And for non other cause wole that seye I noo
The experience wot that lyt vs noo
So that ye clerkes be not wroth me whyle
I sey this that they maked bothe for bothe
This is to sevyn for office and for ese
Of engendrynge they nere not goddes displese
Ek hy sholde men elles in here bokes lette
That man shal yelde to hys wyf hys dette
Now where wyth sholde he paye hys payement
If that he ne vsed hys eek instrument
Than were they maad in vayn as wrecches

This Book
Cost 2d the doing

The Wyfe of Bathe

Do purge vryne and eke for engendure.
But I prey not that euery Wyght vs holde.
That hath suche haxneys as I to yow have tolde
To gon and vsen hem in engendure.
Than oughte men take of the a fore no cure.
Cryste was a mayde and shapen as mā.
And many a seynte seth that the worlde began.
Yit lyued they euermore in parfite chastite.
I nel envye Wyth no virginite.
Lete hem ete breed of purified whete seed.
And lete vs Wyves ete barly breed.
And yit Wyth barly breed mark to telle can.
Oure lord ihū Wyf to vs recheyued many a mā.
In suche estaat as god hath cleped vs.
I Wol persevere I ne am not daungerous.
In Wyfhad Wolde I vse myn instrumente.
As frely as my makere hath me lent.
If I be daungerous god zeve me sorwe.
My housbonde shall it have bothe eve and morwe.
Whan that hym list come forth and paye his dette.
An housbonde I Wil have I Wil nat lette.
Which shall be bothe my dette and my thraldom.
And this make I another Wyf assaille.
Upon his propre body and not his.
Myght thus the postele tolde vn to me.
And bad oure housbondes for to love hem Wel.
Thys sentence me lyketh euery deel.
But I forbete pe pdoner and thus I mene.
Now dame quod he by god and by seynt Ione.
Ye be a noble prechour in thys cace.
I Was a shrewe Wedde a Wyf alias.
What Wolde I Wryte on my flesshe nyght and day.
Yit had I lever Wedde non to paye.
A Wyde quod he my tale is nat begonne.
Nay thou shalt drynken of an other tonne.
Er that I go shall savory Worse than ale.
And Whan that I have told forth my tale.

The Wyff

Of tribulacõn in marryage.
Of whyche y am expert in myn age.
This ys to sey my fyff hasbonds ben the whyche.
Than maysto tholde chese whether tholde whilke shyppe.
Thylke to wonne that y ochalde a broche.
Be ware of hit er tholde to nygh approche.
ffor y ochal telle ensamples mo than ten.
Whoso that wyl not be ware by other me.
By hym ochul other mẽ corrected be.
These same wordes whyreth tholome.
Rede in hys almageste and take hit there.
Dame y wolde pray zoue yf zoure wylle whey.
Heyde thys pdoner as ze by gan.
Telle forthe zoure tale spare for no man.
And techse vs zonge men of zoure practyke.
Gladly qd oche seth hit may zoue lyke.
But that y pray to alle thys compayne.
If that y speke after my fantasye.
As taketh not a greef of that y seye.
ffor myn entente ys not but to pleye.
Now wyll than ochal telle zoue my tale.
As euer mot y drynke whyn or ale.
I ochal sey soth tho housbondes I y hadde.
As me of hem were good and tho wyse badde.
Tho there were good men ryche and olde.
Vnnethes myght they the statute holde.
In whyche they were bounden vnto me.
Ze wot wel what y mene of thys pde.
As god me helpe I lawhe whan y thenke.
How pytously a nyght y made hem swynke.
But by my fay I tolde of hit no store.
They had me zeue here londe and her tresore.
Me neded not do lenger diligence.
To whynne here love and do hem reuerence.
They loued me so wel by god a bove.
That y ne tolde no deyntee of hem love.
A whyse woman wol besy here euer in oon.
To gete hure love there as oche hath non.
But soth I hadde hem holy in myn honde.
And soth that they hano zeno me alle her londe.

The Wife of Bathe

What sholde I telle hem to plese
But yf I wolde wirke my profite and myn ese
But sette hem to wynne be my fayn
That many a nyght they songen Welaway
The bacon was not fet for hem I trowe
That comth me hem in eching at shrowe
I gouerned hem thrie so after my lawe
That ech of hem full blisful was and fawe
To bringe me gay thinges fro the feyre
Mynes and pinnes and pinnes eke fayre
For god hit wot I chyde hem spitously
Lord herkeneth how I bere me mirily
Ye olde thinges that can vndirstonde
Thus sholde ye speke and bere hit wrongs an honde
For half so boldely there can no man
Swere and lye as a woman can
I sey not thys for thinges that ben thryfty
But hit be whan they hem mysdon hemself
A wyse wif shal yf that she kan her good
Bere hym an honde that the colde is wood
And take wrnesse of her owne mayde
Of her assent but herkeneth how I sayde
Sire olde kaynarde ys this thyne aray
Why ys my neyghbors wyf so gay
She ys honoured ouerall there she goth
I sytte at home I haue no thrifty cloth
What doste thou at my neyghbors hous
Is she so fayre art thou so amerous
What wilt thou ywhich our mayde vndertake
Sire olde lechoure let thy iapes be
And yf I haue a gossib or a frende
Withouten gylte ye chyde as a fende
If that I walke or pleye vnto his hous
Thou comest hom as dronke as mous
And preachest on thy bench with euell preef
Thou seyst to me hit is a grete mischef
To wedde a pore wommā for costage
And yf that she be ryche of grete parage
Thanne seyst thou that it is a turmente
To suffre hire pryde and hire nycete

The Wyff

Mud yf that ethe be fayre thou very fname.
Thoffe seyste that euery holoure shol hue hane.
Ethe may no shyle in chastre a byde.
That ys a sayled vppon ethe syde.
Thou seyst oun folke desyre vs for rychesse.
Hom for ouer othap & oun for ouer fayrnesse.
And oun for ethe can other yuge other dames.
Thus seyst thou abernarde god zeue the mysthames.
Hom for her hondes and her armes smale.
Thus gaeth al to the deuel by thy tale.
Thou sayst me may not kepe a castell wal.
Nyt may so longe assyled be ouer all.
And yf that ethe be foule thoffe seyst that ethe.
Coueteth euery man that ethe may see.
ffor as a sparuek ethe ecke on hym kepe.
Tyll that ethe fynde oun man that hose here chepe.
Ne non so grey goos goeth ther in the lake.
As seyst thou that ecke ben with oute make.
And seyst hit ys an harde thynge forto welde.
A wyfe that no man wole hys thankes welde.
Thus seyst thou lorell westen thoffe gost to bedde.
And that no wyse man nedeth forto wedde.
And no man that entendeth to the heuene.
With wylde thoudry dynt and fuyre be reuene.
Nyte thy wyfe ecke be to broke.
Thou seyst that dronkyn shrewes and ek omes.
And thydynge wynes maketh men to mys.
Out of her owne hous a benedicite.
What eyleth such an housbonde man forto chyde.
Thoffe seyst we wynes wole out of vyces hyde.
Tyl we be faste and then we wole hem ech wel.
Wel may thys be a prouerbe of a shrewe.
Thou seyst that eyen assen hors & hondes.
They ben assayed at ducus stondes.
Bassins lauors er that men hem bye.
Spones stoles and suche housholdry.
And so pottes clothes and other arrayes.
But of wymmen arn maked no assayes.
Tyl they be wedded olde dotard shrewes.
And seyst that also wole owne vices shewe.

Thou seyst also that I displesethe me.
But yf that thou wylt preyse my beaute.
And but thowe poure alwey vppon my face.
And clepe me fayre dame in every place.
And but thowe make a feste on that ilke day.
That y was born and make fressh and gay.
And but thou do to my norice honoure.
And to my chamber with yn my boure.
And to my fadres folkes and hys allyes.
Thus seyst thou olde barrel ful of lyes.
And yit of oure pryentys Janekyn.
For hys crysp heer shynynge as golde fyn.
And for he wolde me holde vp and down.
Yit hast thou thought a false custernoun.
I rekke nyght not thouz thou were sek to morwe.
But telle me this why hydest thowe with sorowe.
The keyes of thy chest awey fro me.
It is my good as wel as thyne ywe.
What wenest thou make an ydeot of oure dame.
Now by that lorde that called is seynt iame.
Thou shalt not bothe thouzh pou were wode.
Be mayster of my body and of my good.
That on yowe shalt forgo maugre thyne eyen.
What sekestu hit of me to enquere and spyen.
I trowe thouz thou woldest do me vylanye.
Thou shuldest selle me in thy chepe.
Thou shuldest seye wyf go where you lyste.
Take youre disport I wol leue no talis.
I knowe yowe for a good wyf dame alis.
We leue no man that taketh kepe or charge.
Where that we go we wol be at oure large.
Of alle men blessed mot he be.
The wyse astrologer dame thiburge.
That seyth thys prouerbe in hys almageste.
Of alle men hys wysdom is beste.
That reketh not who hath the welde or hou.
By thys prouerbe thou shalt wel vnderstonde.
Have thow y nowe what dar the rede or synge.
Now merily that other folke fare.
For certes olde dotard by youre leue.
Ye shul have quyte y-wis or eue.

The wyff

Hee ys to greet anygayde that wele werne ¶
A man to hyghte a candel at hys lanterne ¶
Ne schal haue neuer the lasse hyght yde ¶
Haue thou y nolde thou darst not pleyne the ¶
Thou seyst also that yf thou makest vs gay ¶
With clothes or with preaous array ¶
That hit ys pert of oure chastite ¶
And zit with thes wordes thou most enfaced me ¶
And sey these wordes in the apostles name ¶
In abite mad with chastee and schame ¶
Ze wommen schulde apparayle zoure pe ¶
And not in tressed heer and gay ynne ¶
As perle ne with gold and clothes pyche ¶
After thy tyxte ne after thy rubyche ¶
I rekke not thy riche as muche as a gnatte ¶
Thou seydest also y was lyke a catte ¶
But who so wolde wenge a cattes skyn ¶
Than wolde the catte defende in hys in ¶
And yf the cattes skyn be slyke and gay ¶
Hit rekke not defende in house hath a day ¶
But forth erle wolle or eny day be dawed ¶
To seche her skyn and go a caterwawed ¶
Thus thou seyst yf y be gay or schrewe ¶
I wyl zeme out my berde to schewe ¶
Yn olde fool that hit recche the to spyen ¶
They thou prey algous with hys thousand eyen ¶
To be my wardeyns as he can beste ¶
In feythe he schal not kys me but yf me leste ¶
Zit courtise y make hys bedde so mart y the ¶
Thou seyst eke that be no thynges thee ¶
The whych tyden all thys cuttle ¶
And no wyzte may endure ye fertile ¶
O leeue or schrewe ilfi schort thy lyf ¶
Zit pesest thowe and seyest an hatfull wyf ¶
I rekened ys for on of these meschaunces ¶
Ben ther non other resemblaunces ¶
That ze may lyken zoure parables tho ¶
But yf a sely wyf be on of tho ¶
Thou lykenest wyuncs hole to hekke ¶

Of Bathe

Now shall ye herke of my fayre housbonde,
my ferth housbonde was a revelloure,
This ys to sey he had a pavnoure.
and y was yonge and full of ragerye
Stybornе and strongе and lusty as a pye.
Wel cowde y daunce to an harpe smale
and synge y shrewe as a nyghtyngale.
Whan y had dronke a draught of swete wyne
metelynge the foule therle the wynne
That yerth a staf by taste hys wyf her lyf
for the dronke wyn thou y had ben hys wyf
Ne sholde he not haue daunted me fro drynke
and after wyne on venus most y thynke.
for as ofter as colde gendreth hayle
A vacuus mouth must han a busterous tayle.
A woman annoyeth ys no defence
Or ye knowe lechours by experience.
Wel cowde y lawe and synge and make myrthe
I pley my yourthe and my lustes
They sleth me a bought myn herte wote
Of thyn day fyl doth myn herte bote.
Of all crafte had the wyfe as mi my tyme.
Ah wel the was that al wyl encreme.
Yet tyl ye my tale my beleue and my pyth.
Wende ye fare wel the deuel go ther with.
Lo wher ye ys gon ther nys no more to telle.
Bas forth y bidde can no wel more ye telle.
Vndir that yyf merly wolly fonde.
for al ouer telle of my ferthe housbonde.
Distreyt wan hert greet dispyte
To abowen my other had delyte.
And thus I quyte by god and by seynt Ioce.
At the ende of the game wode a crowe.
By sleyth wyl no foule maneere.
As by contrey y made folke ouer the see
Many a beten grete y made hym flye.
Ther wolde ye verrey iolyfye
I wolde no lenger leue hys purgatorye.
If that y fele hys ar[illegible] be in glorye.
Wyl he had mad hys [illegible] songe.

Hey ys to geet a nygayde that wele weerne
A man to hyghte a caudel at hys lanterne
We schal haue neuer the lasse hyght yde
Haue thou y nolde thou darst not pleyne the
Thou seyst also that yf thowe maiest vs gay
With clothes or with preaous aray
That hit ys pelf of oure thaftito
And yit with wordes thou most enfaco me
And sey these wordes in the apostles name
In abite mad with thaftito and schame
Ze wommen schulde apparayle yowr self he
And not in tressed heer and gay pre
As perle ne with gold and clothes pyche
After thy tyxte ne after thy rubyche
I rekke not thy precche as muche as a gnatte
Thou seydest also y was lyke a rattes
But whyle ye wolde seuge a rattes skyn
Than wolde the ratte departen in hys in
And yf the rattes skyn be slyke and gay
Hyde rekk not wherfe in house haff a day
But forth with the wolf on eny day he walked
To seche her skyn and go a ratter walked
Thus thou seyst yf y be gay or schrewe
I wyl leme out my berell to schewe
Syn olde fool what helpeth the to spyen
They thou prey aigous with hys thousand eyen
To be my wardeins as he can beste
In feythe he schal not kepe me but yf me leste
Yit counthe y make hys bedde so wort y the
Thou seyst eke that be no thynges thre
The whych troblen all thys erthe
And no wyzte may endure pe ferthe
O leeue sir schrewe iesu schort thy lyf
Yit pheest thowe and seyest an hartfull wyf
I rekened ys for on of these meschaunces
Ben ther non other resemblaunces
That ze may lyken zoure parables tho
But yf a wyf be on of tho
Thou lykeuest wymmen hous to kepe

The Wife of Bathe

Now shall ye herke of my fayre housbonde ¶
ayn ferth housbonde was a wreckelonne ¶
This ys to sey he had a pavonne ¶
and y was yonge and full of ragerye ¶
Stybonne and stronge and lolly as a pye ¶
Wele cowde y daunce to an harpe smale ¶
and synge y shryn as a nyghtyngale ¶
Whan y had dronke a draught of swete wyne ¶
Metelynge the foule therle the wynne ¶
That werth a staf by taste shys wyf her lyf ¶
For the dronke wyn thon y had ben hys wyf ¶
Ne wolde he not have daunted me fro drynke ¶
And after wyne on venus most y thynke ¶
For as sykir as colde gendreth hayle ¶
A hevnus mouth most han a hyeroys tayle ¶
In woman vinolent ys no defence ¶
This knowe lechours by experience ¶
But lord crysto whan that yt remembreth me ¶
Upon my yowthe and my lolyte ¶
Yt tekeleth me a bowte myn herte wote ¶
vnto this day yt doth myn hert bote ¶
That y have had the world as in my tyme ¶
But age alas that al wyll envenyme ¶
Hath me by raste my beste and my pyth ¶
Let yt go fare wele the devyll go therwith ¶
The flour ys gon ther nys no more to telle ¶
The bran as y best can now mot y selle ¶
But yet to be myry wolde y fonde ¶
Now forth to telle of my forthe housbonde ¶
I sey y had in hert grete dispyte ¶
That he of eny other had delyte ¶
But he was quyte by god and by seynt Joce ¶
I made hym of the same wode a croce ¶
Not of my body in no foule manere ¶
But certeynly y made folke awhape ¶
That in hys owne grece y made hym frye ¶
For anger and for verrey yelousye ¶
By god in erthe y was hys purgatorye ¶
For whyche y hope hys soule be in glorye ¶
For god yt wot he sat ful often and songe ¶

The Wyff

Whan that hys wyff was full bytterly hym wrongo.
ffor ther was moon of god and he that wyste.
In many wyse wherein that y hym wrye.
He dyed whan y come fro ierusalem.
And lyche in a graue vnder the rode beem.
Alwys hys toumbe so glorious.
As was the sepulture of hym Daryous.
Whyche that apelles wrought subtylly.
Let hym fare wel god zeue his soule reste
He ys nowe in hys graue and in hys cheste.
Nowe of my fyfthe housbonde wolle y telle.
God let neuer his soule come in helle.
And zit was he to me the moste shrewe.
That fele y on my rybbes al by tweye.
And euer shal vnto myn endyng day.
But in oure bedde he was so fresshe and gay.
And therwith alle he coude so wel me glose.
Whan that he wolde haue my fleshe chose.
That thogh he had me bete on euery bon.
He coude wynne a zen my loue anon.
I thynke y loued hym the better for hee.
Was of hys loue daungerous to me.
We wommen han yf that y shal not lye.
In thys maner aqueynt fantasye.
Wayte that thynge we may nought gytte.
Ther after crye we day and nyght.
ffor bede vs thynge and that desyren we.
Prese on vs faste and than wol we fle.
With daunger outre we al oure chaffare.
Gret prees at market maketh dere ware.
And to gret cheep ys y holde at lytell prys.
This knoweth euery woman that ys wys.
Myn fyfthe housbonde god hys soule blysse.
Whyche that I took for loue and no rychesse.
He som tyme was a clerke in oxenforde
And hadde left scole and wente at home to borde.
With my gossib dwellynge in oure toune.
God hane her soule her name was alysoun.
She knew myn hert and al my privete.
Better than oure parysshe prest so mote y thee.

Of Wyfhode

To here be abryed y my wommanhede.
ffor had my housbonde pysshed a-zenste a wande.
Or dou a thynge that ochholde haue wyste hys hyne.
To here and to an other worthy wyne.
And to my nece whych that y loue beste.
I wolde han tolde hys wommodite cũyndely.
And eke y bide ful often god hit wot.
That mad hys face ful often reed and hot.
ffor verily grame and blamed hymself for he.
Had wolde to me so gret prymero.
And so hit be fell that ones in a tyme.
So ofte tyme I to my gossib wente.
ffor euer yit y loued to be gay.
And forto walke in marche auntes and may.
ffro hous to hous to here tydynge tydy tales.
That iauyn clerk and my gossip dame alis.
And y my self in to the feldes wente.
Gyue housbonde thas at loudõ al the lente.
I had the better leyser forto pleye.
And forto se and forto be seye.
Of folke what wyfly where my grace.
Was forto be or in what place.
Where for made y my visitacõus.
To mariages and to processions.
To prechynge eke and to pilgrimages.
To pleyes of myracles and of mayages.
And wered on my gay scarlot gytes.
Thys wommes ne thys monkes ne thys nyfles.
Vppon my precke fresshe new ne neuer a del.
And whoste thow wilt for they were vsed wel.
Now wolde y telle forthe what happed me.
I sey that in the feldes walked he.
Ful fetisly he had out the daliaunce.
Thys clerke and y that of my purueyaunce.
I spak to hym and seyde hym that hee.
If y were wedded wolde wedde me.
ffor certeynly I sey for no bobbaunce.
That was I neuer wyth out purueyaunce.
Of maryages ne of other thynges eke.

The Wyff

Shoe a mouses but not worth a leeke.
That hath but on hoole to steppen to.
And yf that hayle thamme ys al yo.
But nose our what other al y sayn.
A. sha by god y shane my tale a gayno.
Whan that my ferth housbonde was in bere.
I wepte al gate and made ory chere.
As wymmes moten for hir ys vsago.
And werch my kerchef keuered my visage.
But for that y was purueyed of a make.
I wepe but smale and that y vndertake.
To chirche was my housbondes bones on the morowe.
Werch neyzbors that for shym maden sorowe.
And iankyn oure clerke was on of tho.
As helpe me god whan that y sey hym go.
After the bere me thought he had a pere.
Of legges and of feet so clene and feyre.
That al my herte y zaf vn to hys holde.
He was y trowe of an and twenty yere holde.
And y was fourty yf y ought sey soth.
But zyt y had alwey a coltysh toth.
Gat tothed y was and that by cam me wele.
I hadde the preynte of seynt venus seel.
As helpe me god y was a lusty on.
And fayre and ryche and zonge and wel by gon.
And trewely as myn housbonde tolde me.
I had the best quoynt that myght be.
Wyn astendent was taure and mars therin ynne.
Alas alas that euer love was synne.
I folwed ay myn inclinacon.
By vertu of myn constellacon.
That made me y wolde nought fro hym dwelle.
Ne go ne sholde y sey but at ye worthes welle.
Thys ilke clerke iankyn that was so heende.
Hath alwey had me fully gret delyte.
And to hym zaf y al the londe and fee.
That euer was zeuen me there by fore.
But after warde repented me ful sore.
He nolde suffise no thynge of my lyste.

By god he cnot me ones wyth hys fust
for that y rent owte of hys book a leef
That of that crooke nyn eren were deef
Styborne y was as ys a hyrnesse
And of my tonge a verry langlaresse
And walke y wolde as y hadde don to fern
fiue hous to hous al thidre he hadde hit erne
for with full ofte tyme he thider preche
And me olde romaunce gestes teche
Holde he cnyghtes gallus lefte hys wyf
And her for ecke for terme of hys lyf
Not but for open hed hed he hir eay
lokynge out at hys doore vppon a day
A nother romayn tolde he me by name
That for hys wyf was at a comergame
Wyth oute hys wytynge he for cwik hir eke
And than wolde he vppon hys bylle seeke
That ilke proueрbe of ecclesiaste
Where he cmaunderh and forbedeth faste
Man echal not suffre hys wyf go royde a boute
Than wolde he sey thus with outen doute
Who so beldeth his hous al of sallowes
And preketh hys blynde hors ouer the fallowes
And suffreth hys wyf forto seke hallwen
Is worthy forto be hanged on the galwes
But al for nought yet not an halke
Of hys pueрle ne of hys olde talke
For y wolde not of hym corrected be
I hate hym that my vices telleth me
And ek do mo god wot of vs than I
This made hym wood with me al outrely
I nolde not for bere hym ne no mas
Nolde wolly sey wolde oth by seynt thomas
Why that y write owhte of hys bookes a leef
For why he cnew me that y was deef
He hadde a book that gladly bothe nyght and day
For hys desporte he wolde rede alway
He depe valeys and thecostaste
And at the hyrde bookes he lowh fulle faste
And ek there was a clerke cum tymo at rome

Nota bene

The Lyff

A cardynal that hyght seynt ieroms
That made a book a gentyl romayn
In whych book that men was eke tertulian
Crysippes trocula and helowys
That was abbesse not fer fro paris
And eke the parables of salomon
Ouydes art and bokes many on
And alle these were bounden in o volym
And euery nyght and euery day was hys custum
Whan he hadde leyser and vacacion
From other worldly occupacion
To reden in thys bokes of wycked wyues
He knew of hem mo legendes and lyues
Than ben of good wyues in the bybil
For trysten wel hit ys an impossible
That eny clerke wol expoun good of wymmen
But yf hit ben of holy seyntes lyues
Ne of non other woman never the mo
Who peynted the leoun tel me who
By god yf wommen hadde writen stories
As clerkes han within here oratories
They wolde han writen of men more wyckednesse
Than all the mankynde may redresse
The childeren of mercury and venus
Ben in here werkyng contrarious
Mercurye loueth wynnyng and science
And venus spendyng revel and dispence
And for her diuerse disposicion
Ech falleth in other exaltacion
And thus god wot mercury ys dyssolat
In pyscis where venus ys exaltat
And venus falleth there mercury ys reysed
Ther fore no woman of hym ys preysed
The clerkes whan he ys old and may not do
Of venus werkes worth his old sho
Than sit he downe and writ in hys dotage
That wommen can not kepe here mariage
But now to purpos why y tolde the
That y was beten for a book pardee
Upon a nyght iankyn that was our syre

The Wife of Bathe

Rad vppon hys book as he sat by the fyre ¶
Of Gua fyrste for hys wyckednesse ¶
Was al mankynde brought in wrechednesse ¶
Tho sayd he me hold Sampson loste hes heres ¶
Slepyng hys lemman hyt hys with her scheres ¶
Thorw whych treson loste he both hys eyen ¶
Tho sayd he me yf y schall not lyen ¶
Of crules And of hys mannys ¶
That caused hym to set hym self a fyre ¶
Nothyng forgat he the penaunce And the woo ¶
That socrates had with hys wyues two ¶
How that auyppa caste pysse on hys hed ¶
Thys sely man sat styll as he were ded ¶
He wyped hys heed no more but for he scyn ¶
Vpon a pe thonder dynte commeth a yayn ¶
Of phasyphe that was the quene of grete ¶
For orpheus harpe hym thought the tale swete ¶
Hy speke no more hyt ys a gresly thynge ¶
Of hym orubles luste and her lykynge ¶
Of clytemnestra for her lechecye ¶
That falsly made her housbonde forto dye ¶
He redde hyt wyth wel good deuocyon ¶
He tolde me for what occasyon ¶
Amphoray and thelder lost hys lyf ¶
Hy housbonde hadde a legende of hys wyf ¶
Eryphilem pe for an ouche of golde ¶
Hath preuely on to the grekes tolde ¶
Where that her housbonde hedde hym in a place ¶
For whyche he had as thelder cory grace ¶
Of hym tolde he me and lenge ¶
They bothe made hyr housbondes forwe ¶
That on was for loue pat other was for hate ¶
Hyr housbondes on euen late ¶
Empoysened hadde for that entente was hys fo ¶
Iugya sikerlyous louede her housbondes so ¶
That for he ordeyned as they wyllen hy thanke ¶
He tho zaf hym such a lous maner drynke ¶
That he was ded or that hyt was by the morwe ¶
And thus algates housbondes han sorwe ¶
Thā tolde he me how latumyus ¶

cõpleyned to hys felaffe ayons
That in hys gardyn gloffed ouche a tyd
On wbyche he ocyde that hys weynes whon
honged hem oeffe for hepros dyffyrous
O leue brother q hys ayons
zif a plaunte of thys bleffed tyd
and in my gardyn plaunted efhal hit be
of lattoy Dare of weynes had he rad
That han flayn here houfbondes in here bed
And let here lechour dyght hym al the nyght
wban that the tozs lay in the floor vpryzght
and eom had dreuen nayles in here brayne
wbyle that they flep and yns they hane hys flayne
Eom hane zeuen hem poyfen in hepo dynke
The fpake more hamo yan herte may thynke
and theo wbich al he knewe more prouyden
Than in thys worlde there glotbych glas or eyen
Yet ys qd ocha thy habitacyon
Ye wbich a lyon or a foule dragon
Than wbich a wõmã oflyugo forto dyde
Yet ys qd he hyz in the roof a hyde
Than wbich an angry wyf domm in an hous
They ben so wycked and contrayons
They hatoth that here houfbondes louyth ay
he cryde a wommã cafte hym ocham a way
wban ocha caffe of hym fnoff ã fethe mo
O fayre wommã but fche be chafte alfo
Is lyke a goldyngs on owbe or nofe
wbo wolde whome or wolde fuppofe
The wo that in myn herte was and peyne
And he calde he wolde nengh fyne
To zeden on thys curfed bokes al nyght
Alfodenly the lewes hamo yplyght
Of hys bokes wyght as he jadde and cke
wbich my fiffe take hym on the cheke
That in oute fyze he felle backwayd adoun
And he vp ftepte as doth a wood lyoun
And wbich hys fiffe he fmot me on myn hed
That in the floze y lay as y were ded

And wban

And whan he say holde oure tharte I lay.
He was a gaste and wolde haue fledde a way.
Tyll at the laste out of my wolde he brayde.
O haste thou slayn me falsse theef y sayde.
And for my londe thus haste thou mortheryed me.
Or I be ded yt wille y kysse the.
And ner he come and kneled fayre adoun.
And seyde dere oure lady helpe me.
As helpe me god y schall the neu[er] empyre.
That I shall don hit ys thy self wyte.
For yif hit me and that y the by sette.
And yit eftsones I hurt hym on the chekes.
And seyde theef thus muchelle am y wrecke.
Holde wolle y dye I may no lenger speke.
Yit at the laste with muchelle traye and wo.
She felle a sowne with muchelle care and obe.
Ne zaf me all the brydelle in myn honde.
To haue the gouernaunce of hous and londe.
And of hys tonge and of hys hondes also.
And mad hym brenne his book anon ryght tho.
And whan y had goten vn to me.
By mayster alle the gouernaunce to.
And than he seyde myn olde[n] frende I wyll.
Do as thou leste the terme of all thy lyf.
Kepe thyne honour and kepe thyne estaat.
And that day we shalle neuer debate.
God helpe me so y was to hym as kynde.
As euy wyf sho shulde hir housbonde.
And also frely and so was he to me.
I pray to god that sitt in trone.
So blesse hys soule for hys mercy depe.
Holde wol y say my tale yf ze wol hope.

Here endeth the prologe of the good wyf of Bathe

Here folowe the tale

The fyrst lorde whan he had herd all thys.
Holde dame quod he I can hane y ioy or blysse.
This ys a longe preambule of a tale.
And whan the compeer herde the fayre gale.
I quod the Compeer by goddes armes tho.
A fayre wol entermete hym euer mo.
Lo gode men a fyte and a fayre.
Wolde falle in euery shyre and eke manyere.

The Wyff

What craftest thou of tribulacion
What amble or trotte or pres or go fast down
Whom lettest thou sport in thys matere
Ye shall thou go comme fy the fyre
Nay by my fay I shall or that y go
Telle of a comyn ruth a tale or two
That all the folke shull laugh in thys place
Nay elles fiere y be shrewe thy face
With thys comme and y be shrewe me
But y telle the tales two or thre
Of fyres or y come to oxenforde home
That I shall make thyne herte forto mone
For wel y wot thy pacience is gon
Anon forth tyde yees and that anon
And and seyde lere the woman telle thy tale
Ye fayen as folke that dronken ben of ale
Do dame telle forth thy comyn tale and that ys hete
Al redy sir quod she right as ye lust
If y shall tellen of thys worthy fest
Thys dame telle forth thy tale I pray the hertely

Here begynneth the Wyffes tale of Bathe

In the olde dayes of kynge arthour
Of whyche that bretons spoken gret honour
All was thys londe fulfilled with fayrye
The elfe quene with hir joly compayne
Daunced ful oft in many a grene mede
This was the olde opynyoun as y rede
I speke of many an hondred yer a go
But now can no man se non elues mo
For now the grete charite and prayeres
Of limytours and other holy freres
That serchen every londe and every streem
As thyk as motes in the sonne beem
Blessyng halles chambres kichenes bowrs
Cites burghes castels hyghe towres
Thropes bernes shepenes dayeries
This maketh that there ben no fayeries
For there as wont to walke was an elfe
There walketh now the limytour hymself
In vndermeles and in morwenynges

And seyth hys matyns and hys hooly thynges
As she gooth on hys symmtacõn.
Thymmẽ may go fayrly vp and doun
In euery busch and vndẽeth tre
Ther ys non other heuedz but he
And she thoghte how thym best disshonoure
And so fel hit that hys kynge arthoure
Hadde in hys hous a lusty bachelor
That on a day cam ridynge fro the ryuer
And hayned a doun as ech he was boru
He saw a mayde walken hym by foru
Of beyche maydẽhode hure hed
Hy wel ley fayre hy fayre hur mayden hed
Of beyche oppressiõn he was ruthe dauntre
And ruthe pursued vnto kynge arthour
That dampned he was thys kuyght forto be ded
By cours of lawe and schulde haue loste hys hed
Peraventure ruthe was the fortune tho
But that the quene and other ladyes mo
So longe prayde the kynge of grace
Tyl he hys lyf graunted in the place
And gaf hym to the quene al at hur wylle
To chese whether she wolde hym saue or spylle
The quene thonketh the kynge wt al hur mygh
And after thys thus spake she to the kuyght
Abyan that she may hur tyme on a day
Thou standest yet in such ayray
That of thy lyf I haue no truste
I graunte the thy lyf yf that thou canst telle me
What thynge ys hit that wõmen most desire
Be war and kepe thy nekke bon from yre
And yf thou canst not tell hit me anon
Yet wil I yeue the leue forto gon
A twelf monthe and a day to seche and lere
An answere suffisaunt in thys matere
And surete how I schal the fynde
Thy body to zelde in thys place
Tho was the kuyght and sorwefully he syketh
But what he may not do as hym lyketh
And atte laste he chese hym forto wende

And come a zen wyght at the zeres ende.
With suche answere as god wolde hym purueye.
And taketh hys lene and wendeth forth hys way.
he seketh euery hous and euery place.
Where as he hopeth forto fynde grace.
To lerne what thynge Wymmē loue moste.
Yitt he nolde conde a pruen in no coste.
Where as he myght fynde in thys matter.
To creatures a wedyngo y fere.
Som seyde Wymmē loued best ywhelpe.
Som seyde honour som seyde to thryfte.
Som seyde ryche array som seyde lust a bedde.
And ofte tyme to do wedde and wedde.
Som seyde that we be most y ased.
Whan that we ben flatered and y plesed.
He goth ful ny the soth y wolde not lye.
A man schal Wymme vs best with flatery.
And with attendaunce and with besynesse.
Ben we y lymed both more and lesse.
And som mē seyn holde that we louen beste.
ffor to be ffre and do zyght as vs liste.
And that noman repreue vs of vyce.
But say that we be wyse and nothynge nyce.
ffor thelpe ther nys non of vs alle.
If eny wyght wol calle vs out of halle.
That we ben clokke or he seyth vs forthe.
Assay and he schal fynde hit that he dorth.
ffor be we neuer so vertuous with inne.
We schol be holden wys and dene of synne.
And som men seyn that gret delyte han we.
ffor to be holde stable and eke secre.
And in o purpos stedfastly to dwelle.
And not be wery thynge that mē vs telle.
But that tale vs not worth a rake stele.
Pardé we Wymmē kon not hele.
Wytnesse on myda Wyle he hem the tale.
Ouide amonges other thynges smale.
Hath myda hadde vndir hys longe lokes.
Growynge vp on his hede to asses eres.
The Wyche hyre he hydde as he beste myght.

of Bathe

Must sotelly from euery mannes syght.
That sone hys wyf the wyste of hit no mor.
He loued hyr most and trysted to her also.
He prayse her most that vnto no creature.
Sho schulde not telle of hys disfigure.
Ofte sithe hym may for alle pe worlde to rejoyse.
Scho wolde do that vnclanye or that oynse.
To make hure housbonde han so foule a name.
ffor repreuynge of hym and foule schame.
Yit natheles her thought that scho deyde.
That scho so longe schulde counsell hyde.
Her thought hit saat go sore a boute here hert.
That nedly som word here moste a sterte.
And seth scho dorst telle hit to no man.
Down to a marys faste scho ran.
Tyll sche cam there her hert was a fyre.
And as a betore bonleth in the myre.
Scho leyde here mouthe on to the wat a downe.
Be wreye me not thou watter wyth thy sounde.
Ode sithe to the y telle hit and to no mo.
Myn housbonds hatth longe asses eres tuo.
Nolle ys myn herte al schal nolle hit ys outte.
I myght no lenger kepe hit out of doute.
Here may ze se thowh ze a tyme a byde.
Yit outte hit mot be out no counsell hyde.
The remenaunt of the tale yf ze wolle here.
Redeth ovide and ze and may hit lere.
Thys knyght of whyche my tale ys specially.
Whan that he saw he myght not come ther by.
Thys ys to sey what wymmen loven most.
With yn hys herte bisyly was he gost.
Hit home he gothe he myght not contene.
The day was come that hom ward moste he tome.
And in hys way hit happed hym to ryde.
In alle hys care vnder a forest syde.
Where he sawe on a daunce go.
Of ladyes foure and twenty and yet mo.
Toward the daunce he hoped hym to nome.
In hope that som wysdom schulde he lerne.
But certeynly or he cam fully there.

The Wyff

Vanyſſhed a wey ſhe neſte not where
No creature calle ſhe that bar hyf
Saf in the grene ſhe walkeyth ynge a wyf
A fouler wſhyte ther may no man deyſe
Agayn the kuygſte thys olde wyf gan a ryſe
And ſeyde or kuygſt her forth ſyth no wey
Telle me whate ze ſeken by zoure fay
Yf auenture ſytt may the better be
Thys olde folke kouncy muche thynge ſpake
yy leue modir ſpak thys kuygſt certeyne
I am but ded but that y can ſeyn
What thynge it ys that weymmē moſte deſyre
Coude ze me wyſſe y wolde quyte wel zoure hyre
Plyght me thy trouth ſhere in myn honde ſpak ſhe
The neyte thynge that I requere the
Thou ſhalt hit do yf hit lye in thy mygte
And y will telle to zoure ere that hit be nygſt
Ha aue here my trouthe ſpak the kuygſt y graunte
That ſpak ſche y may me well avaunte
Thy lyf ys naf for y wolſtonde theby
Vppon my lyf the quene wol ſay as I
Lat ſe whyche ys the proudeſt of hem alle
That wereth ou a kerchef or a calle
That dar ſey nay of that y ſchalle zoure tuche
Lat vs gon forthe whyle ynte leuge ſpeche
Tho zoughed ſche a pyſtolle in hys ere
And bad hym to be glad and ſaue no fere
Whan they bruſh couen to the court thys kuygſte
Seyde ſe hadde holde hys day as ſe had hyght
And redy was hys anſwere as ſe ſeyde
Ful many a noble wyf and many a mayde
And many a wedowe for that they be wyſe
The quene hir ſelf ſtynte as a mouſe
Aſſembled ben hys anſwere forto here
And alle wayte what thys kuygſt wolde bere
And whan the kuygſt ſchulde telle in audience
To euery wyght commaunded was ſylence
What thynge that worldly weymmē moſte deſyre
The kuygſt he ſtode not ſtylle as doth a bere
But to hys queſtion anon anſwered

of Bathe

Lo thes maner woys that all the court hit herde
ay hege lady geñally qꝺ hee
Wōmen desireth to haue souereynte
As well ouer her housbonde and her lord
And fayn wold ben in mayster hym a bord
Thys ys youre moste desyre thogh ye me hylle
Doth as youre hestes y am here at youre wylle
Ful al the court was thei wyse mayde
Se wedowe that contrarye that he seyde
Ful wel wyde he was worthy han hys lyf
And wyth that word upstyrte that olde wyf
Whyche that the knyght gan fyttyngs on the grounde
ayeny qꝺ she my souereyn lady the quene
Or that youre court departe do me ryght
I take hit thys answere of thys knyght
For whyche he pleyghte me hys trouthe thereto
The firste thynge y wolde of hym requere
He wolde hyt do yf hit lay in hys mygte
By fore the court than prey I hym or knyght
Qꝺ she that thow me take vnto thy grace
For well thou wost that y haue ryght of thy lyf
Yf y dey falsly dey nay vpon thy fey
Thys knyght answerꝺ alias wo is me
I wot ryght well that such was my bedeste
For goddes loue chese a newe requeste
Take all my good and let my body go
Nay thanne qꝺ she I shende you bothe two
For thogh that y be foule and olde and pore
I nolde for all the metall ne for ore
That myght existe ys grauen or lyth a bone
But yf that y thy wyf alwey and thy lone
ay lone qꝺ hee nay my dampnacion
Alias that euy of myn nacion
Shulde euer be foule repreued be
But all for nought the ende ys thus that he
Constrayned was he nedes moste hym wedde
And taketh thys olde wyf and goth to bedde
Now wolden some men seyn parauenture
That for my negligence y do no cure
To telle you the ioye and the array

The Wyff

That at the feste was that ilke day ¶
To the wyche thynge auntrys ychortly y-schalle ¶
I wey there was no ioy ne feste at alle ¶
Ther was but heuynesse and mychel sorowe ¶
ffor priuely he wedded hur on a morowe ¶
And al day hydde hym as an owle ¶
so schew was hym hys wyf lothed so foule ¶
Yet was the sorowe the knyght had in hys thoute ¶
Whenne he was with hys wyf a bedde brouzte ¶
He wallweth and tuzueth to and fro ¶
Hys olde wyf lay gruyshynge euer mo ¶
And seyde o dere housbonde o benedicite ¶
ffayreth euery knyzt thus with hys wyf a zo ¶
Is thys the lawe of kynge arthurs hous ¶
Is euery knyght of hys pris daungerous ¶
I am zoure owene loue and eke zoure wyf ¶
I am eche whyche that haue zoure lyf ¶
And certes zit ded y neuer nought ¶
Whi sey ze so thus with me the first nyght ¶
Ze faren lyke a man that hadde lost hys wyt ¶
ffy what ys my gylt for gode loue tel me hit ¶
And hit schall be amended yf y may ¶
Amended quod thys knyght nay nay ¶
That will not ben amended neuermo ¶
Thou art so lothly and so old also ¶
And therto comen of so lowe a kynde ¶
That litel wonder ys thow3 y walwe and wynde ¶
So wold god that myn herte wolde breste ¶
Is thys al what the cause of zoure unreste ¶
Ze certeynely quod he no wonder nys ¶
Now syre quod she I coupe hit amende al pris ¶
If that me lefte er hit were dayes thre ¶
So wel ze myght bere zow to me ¶
Lord for zoure curtesye and zoure gentrye ¶
Of wych ye descended out of alle rychesse ¶
That therfor schulde ze be gentil men ¶
Such ertogaunce ys nought worth an hen ¶
He is pore that most ys vertues allwey ¶
Preuey and ayert and most euereth ay ¶
To do the gentil dedes that he can ¶

The Wife of Bathe

And take hym for the grettest gentyl man.
Crist wolde she claymed of hym oute gentrhesse.
Lat of oute eldres for here olde ryches.
For thouz they zeue alle here heritage.
For ryches were clayme to be of hyz parage.
zit may they not by quethe for no thynge.
To non of vs her vertues hynynge.
That made hem gentelle men y called be.
And bad vs folwen hem in swiche degre.
Wel can the wyse poete of florence.
That dante hyght expres in hys sentence.
So in swiche manere ryme ys dantes tale.
Ful selde vprysyth by hys braunches grene.
Profwesse of man for god for hys profwesse.
Wol that of hym we clayme oute gentelnesse.
For of oute eldres may we no thynge clayme.
But temporall thynges pat men may hurt and mayme.
Eke euery wyght wot this as wel as y.
If gentelnesse were planted naturelly.
Vnto a certeyne lynage doun the lyne.
Prevey and apert thanne wolde pey neuer fyne.
To don of gentelnesse the fayre office.
They myzt do no vilanye or vice.
Take fyre and bere hit in the derkest hous.
Bytwyxe and the mounte of caucasous.
And let men shette the doze and go thenne.
zit wolde the fyre as feyre lye and brenne.
As twenty thousand men myght hit biholde.
Hys office natureel ay wol hit holde.
Up peril of my lyf til that hit dye.
Here may ze see how that gentrye.
Is not annexed to possession.
Suche folke don not here operacion.
Alwey as doth the fyre lo in hys kynde.
For god hit wot men may ful often fynde.
A lordes sone do schame and vilanye.
And he that wol haue prys of hys gentrye.
For he was born of a gentil hous
And hadde hys eldres noble and vertuous.
And nil hymself do no gentil dedes

The Syff

Ne folkke hys gentrelle auncetre that ded ys.
Ne nys nor gentrell be duke or erle.
ffor vylenyes synfull dedes maketh a cheyle.
ffor gentelnesse nys but renemme.
Of thyne auncetres for ther bekes.
Whych ys a gentrell thynge for thy pson.
The gentelnesse cometh fro god allone.
Than cometh ours verry gentelnesse of grace.
Nyt was no thynge by quethe vs with ours place.
Thenketh hoth noble as eyther vaselyous.
Was thyske tolyous hospitions.
That oute of poeert pos to hyz nobelesse.
Reddeth geuck and redeth boes.
There schulle ze se expresse that nyt no dede ys.
That he ys gentyll that doth gentyll dedes.
And there fore deme thousshoudy y thys wreches.
Aff vere yat that myn auncethes vere juste.
Ze may that hyz god and so hatz pt.
Grannte me grace to lyue vertuesly.
Than am y gentyll when that y begynne.
To lyuen vertuesly and leuen cyune.
And there as ze of poeert me legne.
The hyz god my wysmothat y be leue.
In wyldfull poeert eches to kene hys hyf.
And certes euery man and mayde and wyf.
May vndystonde thu scheuene thynge.
He wolde not the vicious lyuynge.
Glad poeert ys an honest thynge certeyne.
Thys wyl cenek and other clerkes seyn.
Who so hath nyn payde of hys poeert.
I holde hym ryche al had he nouzt seyt.
He that coueteth ys a pore wyzt.
ffor he wolde haue that ys not in hys myzt.
But he that nought hath ne coueyteth to haue.
Is ryche al thouzt me holde hym but a knaue.
Ghyy poeert ys olde ypunly.
Iuuenal seyth of poeert mesely.
The pore man wyth that he goth by the weye.
Byfore theues he may synge and pleye.
Poeert ys hatte good and as y gesse.

The Wife of Bathe

A ful gret harynger ys she of besynesse
A gret mender eke of sapyence
To shryn that lacketh hit in pacience
Poverte ys thus al thorw hir gode chalenge
Possessionn that no wyht wol chalenge
Poverte ful often hath a man ys thonghte colde
Hym asketh his god and eke hym self to holde
Poverte in despit and eke as thenketh me
Thorw hir he may hys frendes see
And therfor even that y zow not greve
Of my poverte nomore me repreve
Now sir of elde ze repreve me
And certes sir thogh non auctorite
Were in no bokes ze gentrie of honour
Yet that men callen oldе wyves don favour
And deme hym fader for zoure gentrie
And auncres echalle y fynde as y gesse
Now there as ze seyn y am foule and old
Than drede ze not to ben a cokewold
For filthe and age al so moot y thee
Ben gret despenses vnto chastite
But natheles yet I thenke zoure delyte
I echalle fulfille zoure worldly appetyte
Chese now eyther of thise thynges thre
To have me foule and old til that y dye
And be to zow a trew humble wyf
And nel zow dissplese in al my lyf
Or elles ze wolt have me zonge and fayre
And take zoure aventure of the repayre
That echalle come to zow for youre honur
Or in some other place may be
Now chese zowe self whether that zow lyketh
Thys knyght aviseth hym and sore sighte
But at the laste he seyde in thys manere
My lady and my love and wyf so dere
I put me in zoure wyse governance
Chese for zow self whych may best be plesance
And most honour to zow and me also
I recche not whether of the two
For as zow lest hit suffiseth me

Thãne haue y gete of you the mayſthy qꝺ or ſhe
Sen y may cheſe and gouerne as me leſte
ze certes ſyf qꝺ ſhe y holde hit for the beſte
beſſe me qꝺ or ſhe ſhe be no lenger ſhrewe
ffor by my trouthe y ſhol be to you both
Thys ys to ſeyne to be both fayre and good
I pray to god that y not oftymes ſhood
But I to you be alſo gud and trewe
As euer was ſyf ſen the ſhorlde was newe
And but y ben to morſhe as fayre to ſeen
As euy lady empeſſe or quene
That ys by ſhene the eſte and eke the weſte
Both ſhyth my lyf and deth tyxt as ze leſte
Caſte up the coureyus and loke how hit ys
And ſhan the kuyxt calle ak thys
That ſuche ſo fayre was and ſo yonge therto
ffor ioy he hente hur in hys armes tho
His herte barſhed in a bath of blyſſe
A thouſand tymes a rewe he gan her kyſſe
And ſuche abeyed hym in al thynge
That nyght do hym pleſhaunce or lykynge
And thys they lyued in to her lyues ende
In pfit ioy and ihū tyft vs ſende
Housbondes meke yonge and freſh a bedde
And grace to ouerlede hem that we wedde
And ek y pray to god to ſhorte here lyues
That wyll not be gouerned by here wyues
And olde and angry and wygaſdes of diſpence
God ſende hem ſone a verry peſtilence
Here endeth ỹ wyfes tale of bath ⁊ begynneth ỹ prologe of ỹ fryere
Thys worthy kynges thys noble quene
Whan al the route but fro hem tone
Vpon the ſtraunge but for honeſte
Fro ryghtwes wordes as yet ſpake hee
But atte laſte he ſayde to the wyf
Dame god yef you good lyf
Ye haue touched here alſo moot y the
In ſcole ma[illegible] tyght diffaultes
Ye haue ſayd muche thynge tyxt wel y ſhye
But Dame here as we ryden by the way

A Tale

Vys nedeth not to speke but of game ·
And sette auctorytes go a godes name ·
To prechynge and to scolde eke of clergye ·
But yf yt lyke vnto thys compayne ·
I wil zolle of a gentyl tale a game ·
Parde y may well knolle by thy name ·
That of a gentyl may no good be sayde ·
I pray that non of zolle be euell payde ·
A gentyl ys a zentyle vyce and dede ·
With a mendement of fornicacōn ·
And ys y here at euery tolnes ende ·
Dure ofte tho spake a gr ze scholde ben shende ·
And auctorys as man of zentyl estate ·
Jn cōpanye vse vyce no debate ·
Telleth zentyl tale and lete the gentyl be ·
Say qd the gentyl lete hym say to me ·
What so hym leste what han her cometh in my lot ·
By god y schall hym quyte euery grot ·
I schal hym telle vthyche a grete honoure ·
But ys to be a flateryng hypocryte ·
And eke of fule many an other vyce ·
Be thy tale wyth not to reherse at thys tyme ·
But thys offte I schall hym telle y vow ·
Jnne ofte auctorys pes no more of thys ·
And after that he seyde vnto the freere ·
Telle forth zentyl tale my leue mayster dere.

Here begynneth pe ffreeys tale

Thylom ther was dwellynge in my contre ·
Jn ayschedeken a man of hy; degre
That boldely dede exercicion ·
In pnynysthynge of fornicacion ·
Of dyuerce grate and eke of bawdrye.
Of detraccion and allenacye ·
Of murtherynes and of vchementnes ·
Of couetyce and of lachesse of swerynges
Of vsurye and symonye also ·
And vnkyndes lechcrys dede he gretest wo ·
Tho scholde synge yf they were hende ·
And synnale tythyers were foule schende ·
If ony pson wolde vpon hem pleyne ·

The fferys

Ther wyght a custe hem no penaunce for penys
ffor cruale tethes and eke cruale offrynge
he made the peple pewonsly to synge
ffor or the bysshop caught hem with his hase
They were in the suche defens bose
And than hadde he thorow hys vnderton
Power to don all hem vexacon
He had a comune redy to hys hande
Alleyzer boy nas ther non in engelonde
ffor certeyn he had hys crafte
That taught hym where he myght a gayle
The vnde spare of fedyngs on or tuo
To techē hym to fynde and theany and mo
ffor though thys comune hedde there as an hare
To telle hys harlotrye pe lest nor spare
ffor we ben oute of here vexacon
They haue of vs no mdcacon
He neuer ete mete of all here lyue
Peter co be pelycmen of the cuntres
Ad thys commune pe pur outte of oure gate
Pecas with meschaunce and derth myschaunce
Thus seyde oure ost and bete hym tylle hys tale
Hoss telleth forth and lete pe comune gale
He spareth not myn owne mayster dere
Thys false thef thys cōmune all the here
Hadde alle pey baldely redy to hys honde
A cny hauke to hunt in engelonde
That telle hym all pe pese that they fuolde
ffor here aquyntaunce were not rome of tolde
They were hys avauntours pryuyly
He taste hym self a grete pryse tyme by
The mayster knewe not alleye what he mene
Ne nyl oure mannysenure of a lewde man
He vnde seme on reyne of mystes mule
And they were nyly glad to fulfille hys wille
And made hym gret festes at the table
And zyft as nedas hadde purse vnale
And was a thef at custe a thef was he
This mayster hadde but half hys desire
He was yf y ordayne yf hym failled

A Tale

A thef and eke a comun and a baselde.
he had eke .vi. wyues of hys yemanrye.
That .xl. yer our Robert on hir herde.
Or Johan or Raaf or Wat that hit seye.
That lay by hem hey rolde hit in hys eye.
Thus was the wenche and he at on assent.
And he wolde fonde a feyned maundement.
And comme hem to the chapyte bothe two.
And pale the man and let the wenche goo.
Than wolde he seye hende y shall for thy sake.
Do cryke the nye of oure lettres blake.
The dar no more as in thys mas yeu ayle.
Y am thy hende the can thee as y the may availe.
Certeyne he knewe of brybe nye.
Than possible ys to take yon on eke.
For in thys worlde ys dogge for no bone.
That knelle an hunt dere from an olde eke.
Than that thys comun knele a lyk lyfode.
Or a groper or elles a pardoner.
And for that was ye hunte of al ye zere.
Ther for on hir he sette all hys entente.
And on a day fell that ones on a day.
That hys comun wayting cam in hys way.
Wel fore comme an olde wyf a fyle.
Stynting a cause for he wolde bybe.
And shaped that he oght hy fore hym ryde.
A gay yeman under a forest syde.
Wolde he bad and arowes bryzt and kene.
He had on a mantyle of grene.
An hatte upon hys hede with strenges blake.
Of gode thys comun hayl and stout y take.
Wel cowde he hys craft and eueryl gode felawe.
Wolde vnder take ryght wel enbrace ye grene ycalle.
Seyde thys yeman wolde ther to day.
Thys comun gan hym answere and sey nay.
Here fast by ys a gode myle centene.
To yeue sone resysen vs a yeme.
That longeth to my lordes dewete.
Ert thow than a bayly ye quod he.
He durst not for verye shame.

The ffreris

Sey that he was a comyon for the vamo
Depdeny seyd yys gentil here brother
Thou art a bayly and y am an other
I am vnknowen as in thys contre
Of thyno aqueyntaunce y wolde pray the
And eke of brotherhod yf that thow lefte
I haue golde and syluer in my chefte
If that ze haue come into oure cohyre
Ye ochalle be thyne zythe as thow wolt desyre
Gramme merry seyde pe gomme by my feythe
Euerych in others hond hys trouthe leythe
ffor to be ware brother tyllo they dyo
And eche that worde they yede forth here wey
Thys gommon cherl that was as full of iangelles
As ful of venym ben hys euangeles
And euer enquerynge vp on euery thynge
Brother qd he where ys zoure dwellynge
An nother day yf yat y sholde zolle seche
Thys zoman hym answered in softe speche
Brother qth he fer in the northe contre
Where as y hope som tyme y ochall se
Or ye departe y ochall the so wel wysse
That of myn hous ochalt the neuer mysse
Wel brother qd thys gompne y zolle prays
Teche me whyles we ryden by the way
Sen that ze ben a bayly as am y
Som gostes telle me feythfully
In myn office hold that y may most thynne
And spare not for conscience no synne
But as my brother tolde me shold do zo
Wel by my trouthe brother dere seyde he
As y ochall tellen the a feythfull tale
My wages ben ful esyr and smale
My lorde ys hande to me and Bounteous
And myn office ful labeous
And therfor by extorcions y lyue
ffor soth all that me vol me zeue
Algate by sleythe or violence
ffrom zerd to zere y renne all my dispence
I can no bettre tellen it feythfully.

Wolle reprou[ve]

Tale

Non certes q thys comynō so sayd I.
I spare not to take god hit shot.
But if hit be to sauy or to short.
Shall I may geet in counceff prenosyo.
So maner constrence of that haue I.
Here myn exortacōn I myght nō leuen.
Of suche japes shall y not be ashreuen.
Stomake ne fro constrencio ne shall y non.
I schrewe these schryftfadres condycion.
Wel be we met by god and by seynt iame.
But leue brother telle me thy name.
Of thys comunō in thys mene whyle.
Thys yeman gan a stretch forto smyle.
Brother qd he wyst thou that y the telle.
I am a fende my spellynge ys in helle.
And here I ryde a bowte my purchasynge.
To whyte where men wol yeue me ought thynge.
Ay purchas ys to fetto as aff my rento.
Loke how thou thydyst for the same entento.
To wynne good thou recchest neu how.
Hyzt or fare I for ryde wolde y nowh.
Nu to the wordles ende for a preye.
A qd thys comunō bydwte whatt ze seye.
I wende ze were a yeman trewly.
Ze han a mannes schap as wel as I.
han ze a figure than determinat.
In helle there ze ben in youre estat.
Nay verrayly qd he ther han we nō.
But vnshan vs lyketh we can take vs on.
Or make yowre selue suche we ben schapen.
Som tyme a man or lyke an ape.
Or lyke an angell can I ryde or go.
Hit ys no wonder thynge thowz hit be so.
Alowsly ioglour can disceyue the.
And yet hit can I more craftely then he.
Freely qd thys comunō ryde ze thanne or gon.
In sondry schap and not alwey in on.
For we qd he wol vs ourse symul make.
As most able ys oure prayer forto take.
What maketh you to han al thys labour.

R

The ffiers

ffulf many a cause leue sir comon.
Seyde yys fende but al thynge hath tyme
The day ys short and nyt ys passed pme
And ete ne haue y no thynge in thys day
I wolde entende to mynynge yf y may
And not entende one wittes to declare
ffor brother myn thy witte ys all to bare
To withstonde thonz y tolde hem tho
Nut for thon ayeste thy labour woo
ffor som tyme be the godes mynystres
And menes to don hys comaundementes
Than that hym lyste vppon hys creatures
In diuerse actes and in diuerse figures
With oute hym we han no myzte certayne
If that hym lyste to stonde ther a gayne
And som tyme at oure pray haue we leue
Only the body and not the soule greue
Witnesse on iob whom that we deden wo
And som tyme haue the myght of bothe two
Thys ys to seyn of body and soule eke
And som tyme the ben suffred forto seke
Vppon a man and don hys soule unrest
Not hys body and all ys forthe beste
Than he with stondeth ouze temptacion
Nut ys a cause of saluacion
All be hit that hit was not oure entente
We wolde be glad but that we sholde hym hente
And som tyme the be seruaunt un to man
As the erthebysshop seynt Dunstan
And to the apes seruaunt was I
Jo telle me qd the sonne feythfully
Make ze zou newe bodyes ynis alwey
Of elementes the feende auswered nay
Som tyme the feyne and som tyme tho a wyse
With dede bodyes in fulf sundry wyse
And speke as resonably and fayre and well
As to the phitonesse dide samuell
And zit wolde som me sey hit was not he
I do no force of zoure diuinite
But o thynge y warne the I wolde not lape

Tale

Thoss thiff algates abyte hoss the be schapo.
Thou schalt here after my brother bere.
Come where the nedeth not of mo to lere
ffor thou schalt by thyn ossne eyprience
Come in to the chayre to rede thys sentence
Set than virgile whyle he was a hyne
Or dauid also noss late vs zyde thyne
ffor y wol holde compayne with tho
Tyll hit be so that thou for calle mo
Nay p thys sommor that schall not be tydo
I am a zeman knowe ys full wyde
ay hollythe wolly holde to the as in thys cas
ffor they thou wrojo the deuell cathanas
ay trouthe wolle y holde to my brothes
as y am sworn and ethe of vs to othe
ffor to be tryll brother in thys cas
And brotiser we go to oure purchas
Take thoss thy part when mi thou zeue
And y schall myn thus may we lyue
And if that euy of vs haue more than other
Let hym be trelle and part with thys brother
I stamit qs the Deuell by my fay
And with that word they zeden forth here way
And zyt at pe entynge of the tolhues gate
To whyche the sonne schop hym forto wende
They sey a cart that charged was with hyz
whyche that a carter drof forth on the weyz
Deep was the wey for whyche pe cart stood
The carter smot and stynted as he wo qd wood
Hayt mot hayt brake what euer zo for the owner
The fende qd he zolle fetch bothe body and bones
As ferforth as euer were ze foled
So muche wow as y haue for zolle tholed
The Deuell haue both hors and cart and heyz
Thou3 thys sonne here schulle we haue a pleyz
And ner the fende he drolle as nowe we were
ffull preuely and rownyd in hys eare
Herkene brother erkene by thy fayth
Hereft thoss holle the carter seyth
Hent hit a non for he stanth zeue hit tho

The ffrers

Yorshe heyz and cart and eke hys tayles thre
Nay qd the Deuelk god wot neil a delk
Hit ys not hys entente trust me welk
Aske hym self yf thou wolkest not me
Or elles cum with wyfe and thou schalt se
Thys carter thakked hys hors vpon the croupe
And they begonne to drawke and to stoupe
Hayzt nowe qd he that ihū cryst zowe blesse
And alle hys hende werkes bothe more and lesse
That was wel wrayt myn owne hardy boy
And pray god sane the and cum hoyd
Nowe ys my cart owte of the slowe yarde
Go brother qd the feende what wolde ȳ the
Here may ze se myn owne dere brother
The carl spak on thynges but he thouzt an other
Lete vs go forth a boute owre viage
Here wynne we no thynge vpon rauage
Whan they comē com what out of the towne
Thys comme to hys brother gan to rowne
Brother qd he here wonyth an olde rebek
That had almoste as leef to lese hur nekke
As forto gef a peny of her good
I wolde haue wel paus thowz sche be wood
Or that y wolde comme her to houre offices
And zit god wot of heire knowe y no vyces
But for thowe canste not as in thys contre
Wynne thy coste take here ensamples of me
Thys comme clappeth at this wedowes gate
Come out qd he seyde thou olde vertynate
I trowe thou hast com here or pste about tho
Sche clappeth ageyde this wyf induttc
God sane zou dere what ys zoure erande dewle
I hane qd he a comune of the to here a bylle
Vp peyne of cursynge loke that thowz be
To morowe by fore oure archedekenes knee
to answere to the court of certeyne thynges
Nowe lorde qd sche cryste ihū kynge of kynges
So wysly he helpe me as I ne may
I hane ben wyle and that full many a day
I may not go so fer qd sche ne wyll

But y be ded so prycketh hit on my syde .
May I not aye a libell ouer sowrour .
And answere there by my pronto .
To cursse a thynge as men wolde appose me .
Is pt thys sowmō pay a non latt ocē .
Tibell paus to me and y wille the a quyte .
I ochast no profite han ther by but hyre .
ayp mayster hath the profite and not I .
Come of and latt me ryden hastely
zeue me tibeline y may no lenger tarye .
Tibeline qd ocho lady seynt marye .
So wisly helpe out of care and synne .
Thys wyde worlde thou y ochold hyt wynne .
Se haue I not yn. paus with y me myn holde .
ze knowe well that y am pore and olde .
Pytie zoure aswesse on me pore wrecche .
Nay than qd he the foule fende me fleache .
yf y the eyause thowz thou ocholdest be cypte .
Alas qd ocho god wot zit haue y nogyte .
Pay me qd ho or by the wode aume .
As y wilt bere a wey thy nelle paune .
ffor certe thyche thou owest me of olde .
Than that thou madest thyn housbonde tocke tholde .
I payde at home for thy correccion .
Tholle hyte qd by my sawacon .
Se was y neuer er nolle wedolle ne wyf .
Sonnod on to zoure wurt m alle my lyf .
Se neuer y nas of my body but thelle .
Hit to the deuelle blacke and rolle of helle .
zif y thy body and my paune alsso .
And wshanne the deuelle hedde hir ourso .
Hit ō hyr knees she ocyde in thys maner .
Nolle mastly myn owne modir dere .
Is this zoure wyll in erneste as ze saye .
Tse deuelle qd ocho fette hym or he deye .
And paune and all bit he wolle hym zeuene .
Nay olde stot that ys not myn entente .
Qd thys odām forto requyre me .
ffor eny thynge that I haue hadde of the .
I wolde y had thy snote and eney cloth .

Hoste brother qd the deuel be not wroth.
Thy body and thys pannes vse nuyn by ryzt.
Thou schalt wrth me to hell zit to nyght
Where thou schalt knowe of oure preuetee
More than a mayster of diuynite.
And wrth that worde the foule feude hym hent.
Body and soule he wrth the deueil went.
Where that sonnours shane here heritage.
And god that made after hys ymage.
Amen Synde saue and gyde vs all and som.
And leue thys sonnour good mā forto be comen.
Lordynges y counthe han tolde zoue qd thys frere.
Had y had leyser for thys sonnour here.
After the tyxte cryst ponle and iohn.
And of oure other doctours many on.
Suche peynes that zoure hert myght agryse.
Albe hit so no touge may deuyse.
Thou that y myght a thousand wynt telle.
The peyne of thilke cursed hous of helle.
But forto kepe vs fro that cursed place.
Waketh and preyeth ihū of hys grace.
To kepe vs fro the tempto' dathanas.
Herkeneth thys worde be war as in thys cas.
The lyonn ert in hys awayte alway.
To sle the innocent if that he may.
Disposeth ay zoure hertes to wrthstonde.
The feude that zoure wolde make thralle and bonde.
He may not tempte zow ouer zoure myzt.
For cryst wol be zoure champioun and knyzt.
And preyeth that the sonnour hym repente.
Of hys mysdede er that the feude hym hente.
Here endeth the prologe the frerys tale // And begynneth the prologe of the sonnoure.

This sonnour in hys herbergh hyze stood.
Upon thys frere hys hert was so wood.
That lyke an aspen leef he quook for yre.
Lordynges qd he but to thynge y desyre.
I zow be ferie of zoure curtesye.
Sythens ze han herde thys false frere lye.
As semeth me y may take tente.

Thys fiere bosteth that he knoweth helle.
And god wot that ys lyte wondyr.
ffieres and fendes ben but lytell a wondyr.
ffor parde ze han ofte tymes herde telle.
How that a fiere raujshed was in hello.
Ju spurite ones by a visioũ.
And as an aungell lad hym vp and doun.
To schewe hym the peynes that there were.
Ju alle the place saugh he not a fiere.
Of other folke he saugh y nowh in woo.
Vnto the aungell spak the fiere tho.
Holde sire qd he han fieres ouche grate
That non of hem out may come to this plato.
zys qd this aungell many a mistoun
And vnto sathanas he hadde hym doũ.
And nowh hath sathanas seyth he a tayle.
Bradder yen of the tarrylo ys the sayle.
Holde vp thy tayle thowh sathanas qd he.
Schewe vp thyne ers and let vs freres se.
Where ys the nest in this place.
And er that half a forlong wey of space.
Out as hem swermen out of an hyue.
Out of the develes ers they gon dryue.
Thirty thowsand fiers on a rowte.
And thorgt hello chirmed all a boute.
And camen azen as faste as they myzt goon.
And in hys ers they atyrd enchesoun.
he klapte hys tayle azen and lay stylle.
This fiere whan he loked had all hys fylle.
Vpon the tormentes of this cory place.
hys spurite god restored of hys grace.
vn to hys body azen and he woke.
But natheles zyt for fere he quoke.
So was the devele ers ener in hys mynde.
That ys hys heritage of verry kynde.
God zaue zowh all grace this cursed fiend.
All prologe wholly ende on this manere.

¶ Here endeth ye prologe of ye sompnd and bygynneth ye tale
Of dyuers thyer ys in yorke offyce as y gesse.
A merchy conthe called holdernesse.

Here ffieris

Yn Aprylle there Aryse a hunte a boute
To preche and eke to begge hit ys no doute
And so by felle on a day this frere
Had pched at churche in this maniere
And openally a bouen euery thynge
Exorted the peple there in hys prechynge
To tryntales and for godes sake
Ther with men myght hoby houses make
There as Deuyn service ys honoured
Nought there as hit ys wasted and Deuoured
Ne there hit nedeth not to be zeue
As to possessioners that may elles lyue
Thonked he god in Aprile and abundaunce
Trentales seyde he delyuereth fro penaunce
Her ffrendes soules as well olde as zonge
Yf that they be hastely y songe
Not forto holde a preest ioly and gay
He synged not but a masse a day
Delyuereth out qd he a non the soules
Ful hasde hit ys with fleyssh hoke outher with bones
Loke spede zoure hastely for cristes sake
To kepe zoure fro pynes of fendes blake
And thanne the frere hath seyde alle hys entente
With qui cū pīe forth he wente
Whan folke in churche hadde zeue hem what hem lyste
He wente hys way no lenger wolde reste
With scrip and typped staf tucked ful hye
In euery hous he gan to poke and prye
And begged mele or chese or elles corne
His felaw hadde a staf typped with horne
A pyne of tables of yuory
And a poynct polysshed fetysly
And wrot alwey the name ther he went
Of alle folke that zaf hym ought or lent
A cranne as he wolde for hem preye
Zef ony a bussh hadde maad his wyf grete
Al godes bretheren or a tryp of chese
A godes half penny or a masse penny
Or zeue vs of zoure bran yf ze haue eny
A dagon of zoure blanket leue dame

A Tale

Dame suster dere quod he wete ȳ wryte youre name.
Bacon or beef or suche thynge as ze fynde.
A stordy hazlot wert alwey be hynde.
That was her ofter mau and bare a cak.
And what men zaf hym leyde hit on his bak.
And he was come at the dore anon.
He planed a wey the names enchyson.
That he by forn wryten in hys tables.
He semed werth mytes and werth fables.
Nay ther yn thoke hyne sonnor qth the flere.
Pees qth oure oste for cristes mode dere.
So longe went hous by hous tyll hee.
Come to an hous there he was wont to be.
A fiesthed more pan in an houdred plawes.
Oyle lay the good man that of the plawe is.
Bedred vpon a tolwhe lokke he lay.
Deus hic qth he o thomas frende good day.
Seyde pis frere curteysly and softe.
Thomas god zelde zoke wel ofte.
Hane ȝ vpon thys benche faren ful wokke.
Here hane y eten in many a nicty meel.
And fro the benche he drof a wey the cat.
And leyde adoun hys portoir and hys hat.
And cke hys cuyp and eer hym coftesly adoun.
Hys felawe was gon ful asked in the toun.
Forth with hys knaue in to pat ostelrye.
Where as he ordeyn hym y ille nyzte to lye.
O dere mayst qth thys gylte man.
Holk haue ze faren eerly maydis by gan.
Walk zour not thys fourtenyzght and more.
God wot qth he laboured full sore.
And especially for thy delicacon.
Hane y seyde many a paous orysō.
And for oure other frendes god hem blesse.
Hane thys day born ar zour thryfty ne messe.
Wold seyde a sermoū after my symple wyt.
Not alle after the tyxte of holy wryt.
For yet ys harde to zolk as y suppose.
And ther for y wil kepe zolk at the glose.
Glosynge ys glorious thynge certeyne.

ffor lettors fleeth so as the clerkes seyn.
Where haue y tauȝt hem to be chaȝtabls.
And erende here good ther hit ys resonable.
And there y calde oure Dame a Where ys othe.
ȝender ni the ȝede y tolde othe bo.
Seyde thys man otho Wolle comes a non.
Sy mayst Wel come be ȝe by seynt iohñ.
Seyde thys Wyf holde faȝe ȝe hertely.
Thys fiere ryseth vp Wel arreysly.
And hir embraseth ni hys armes manyfold.
And kesseth hir ofte and chyrketh as a sparowe.
With hys lyppes daine qd he ȝyghe Well.
As he that ys youre seruaunt euery del.
Thonked be god that you saf soule and lyf.
ȝit calde y not thys day so fayre a Wyf.
Ihu alle ye chirches god so shame me.
ȝe god amende alle fallhed er qd otho.
Algates Wel come qd otho by my fay.
Graunt mercy Dame thys stand I fownde al Wroy.
But of youre gret goodnesse by youre lene.
I Wolde pray yolde ȳ ȝe not yolde gyue.
I Wylle With thomas speke a lytell thrifty.
These auenturs ben Well nedfull and profitable.
To gete temporell a goodes.
Ihu crystes ni prechyngs ys my diligence.
And in pettes Wordes and poules.
I walke and fysshe ayston nedmes soules.
To zelde ihū hys ryȝte lorde.
To spede hys Wordes ys alle myn entende.
Wolde by youre fay dere mayst qd otho.
Whydeth hym Well for seynt trinite.
He is as angry as a pysse myre.
Tholde that he haue al that he demaundeth.
Thou y Wrye hym on nyȝt and make hym Warme.
And on hym leye my legges or myn harme.
The grones lyke onye bor that fyersh in the eryd.
Other Wyse of hym non haue I.
I may not plese hym in no manere caas.
O thomas se vous dit thoñs thoñs.
Thys maketh the feende thys Wolde bon amended.

A Tale

Ire ys a thynge that hyr god hath defended
And there of y wolde expres a woide or two
Wolde mayster qd the wyf et that I wo
What wolde ye dyne y wolde go there a bowte
Wolde dame qd he ico vous dio grantz doutte
Hane I not of a capon but the lyuer
And of youre roste bred but a scheuer
And after that a rosted pyggis hed
ffor that I nolde for me no beste that ded
Than hadde I verily wolde honely sustinaunce
I am a man of full hytuft custumaunce
My spirit hath fastynge in the bibbe
The body ys ay so redy and so penible
To wake that my body ys destroyed
I pray youe dame be ye nought a noyed
Shoun y fendely you my counsell echone
By god y nolde telle hit but a felle
Wolde sir qd echo o worde er ye go
My childe ys ded with ynne thes wykes two
Goue after that ye went oute of this toun
Hys dethe sawe y by reuelacoun
Beside this ferr at home in oure doctrine
I dar wel sayn er than half an oure
After hys dethe I sawe hym born to blysse
In myn avision god me so wysse
So bud oure seyteyne i oune fermerere
That shame ben tarbe fieres fyfty yere
They may wolde thankod be god of hys loue
Ayaken shere inbile and walken allon
And vp y vos and alle oure conent eke
With many a tere tylynge on oure cheke
With oute noyse of claterynge of belles
Te deū was oure songe and nothynge elles
Saue that to eyst I seyde an oryson
Thankynge hym of my reuelacoun
ffor sir and dame tryfleth me ryght wel
Oure orysons ben more effectuell
And more we se of cristes secre thynges
Than bokell folke or tho we they were lyenges
To lene in pouerte and in abstinences

And worell folkes in rychesse and in dispens
Ju mete and drynke and here soule do stro
Whe han thys worldly lust aft in dispyte
Lazarus and dues hyneden duysoly
And diuers guerdons han they ther by.
Who so wolle pray he most faste and be clene
And fat hys soule and make hys body lene
Whe fareth as seyth the apostell clothe and fode
Suffisseth vs thou they be not ful good
The cleenes and the fastynge of vs flyes
Maketh that cryste accepteth oure prayers
Lo moyses xl. dayes and fourty nyzt
Faste or the hyz god of myght
Spak with hym in the mount synay
With empty wombe fastynge many a day
Resteyned he the lawe pat was wryten
With godes fynger and hehe welle z wryten.
Ju mount oreb or he hadde eny speche
With hys god that ys omes soules leche
Whe fast longe and was in contẽplaunce
And eke the other prestes encrysen
Ju to the temple whan they oughte goon
To prey for the peple and do seruise
They nolde drynke in no maner wyse
And no drynke whyche that dronke myzt hem make
Lirt there in abstinence preye and wake
Lest that they sedden take heed what y sayde
Lirt they be cosed that for the peple preye
Wat that y dey no more for it suffiseth
Oure lorde ihũ as holy wryt deuiseth
Zaf vs ensample of fastynge and prayers
Wher for whe mendenaunce whe seeth flores
Ben wedded to pouert and to continence
To chaste hunchlonesse and abstinence
To pseuacon for zyztwisenesse
To wepynge misdrecord and clennes
And wher for may ze se that oure prayes
Ysette of vs whe mendenaunte whe flores
Ben to the hyze god more acceptable
Than zonges with the feste at portable .

ffor paradys fust yf I schall not lys
Was mad out chased for hys gloteny
and chaste man was in paradys certeyn
But herkone nolle thomas what y schal sayn
I shame no typte there of as I suppose
But y schall synde hit in a maner glose
That specially ouse offices lordis list
Spak this by fiees whan he seyde thus
Blessed be they that pore in spuyt do
And go forth al the gosselle may go so
Where hit be lyke ouse pfession.
Or lyer that obeymmē in possessiō
fly on hem pompe and on her glotony
And on her lecherye I hem defye
And thenketh they be lyke ionyan.
ffat as a whal and walkyng as a whan
Al vinolent as botell in the spence
Here prayer ys of selle gret reuerence
Whan they for the soules seyth the psalms of David
Lo bothe they seyn worm̄ erraunt
Who folliseth cristes gosselle and hys lore
But be that himsilf ben and chaste and pore
Perfyt of godes lawde and entent
Ther for ryt as an hauk cley at a fowl
Ysp spryngeth in to the heyre so prayers
Of charitable and chastes of holy flores
Makyng here swyft to godes eren tho
Thomas ryt so mot y ryde or go
And by that lord that deyed was on rode
For thou ouse brother callest thou not thryse
In ouse chapte pray we day and nyt
Thy body forto welden hastily
God wot qd he no thyng of feleth
As hefte cristes as y am in felle wyes
Have spended upon diuers maner fiees
Wel many a pound zit fare y nouer the bet
Certeyn my good have y moste do sette
Thane reche my good for hit all moste a go
The frere answered o thomas dost you so
What nedeth you diuse fieres eche

What nedeth hym that hath a fyne lechyn
To seche other lechyns in the town
Sone in constance ys sone confusion
Holde ye me therin or ouro couent
To prey for yow that ben in cuffisent
Thomas that lape is not worth a myte
Sone malesdye ys for wo hane to lyte
A syf that couent halfe a quarter otes
And syf that couent eyim grotes
And syf that here a peny and lete hym go
Nay nay thomas that may no thynge be so
That ys a ferthynge parted in thelfe
Ie eche thynge ys comitted in hym selfe
Is more strouge whenne hit ys assayled
Thomas of me thow shalt not be fraysed
Thou whoste hane all ouro labour for nought
The hyr god that all thys worlde hath thought
Seyth ye werkeman ys worth hys hyre
Thomas nought of sonie tresore y desyre
As for my self but that all ouro couent
To pray for yow ys alle ouro entente
And forto beldeu cyftes ouro church
Thomas yf ye wolle serue forto wynche
Of beldynge vp of chyrches may ye fynde
If hit be gode in thomas hyf of ynde
Se liggeth here fulle of angey and of ire
Whych whyche the deuell set sone herto on fyre
And thyder here thys holy Innocent
Sonis wyf that ys so meke and patient
And therfor trowe me yf thou leste
Se stryue not with thy wyf as for the beste
And beie thys worde a way nowe by thy fayth
Tuchynge ouche thynge be whate the whyle mā seyth
With ynne thy hous be thou no lyon
To thy suggettes don thou non oppressyon
Se make thou non aqueyntaunce forto sle
And zit thomas efte comes thynge I the
Be ware of yre that in thy bosom slepeth
Ware the for the serpent that so slyly gropeth
Vnder the gras and stynggeth secretly.

Tale

Be thar my sone and herken paryantly
That albeny ponsand nat hath lost her lynos
ffor straynyngo thats hero kounnas and hor leynos
Slows oeth zehans so hosty nicko a theyf
That nedeth zoss thomas to nasko stryf
Ther nys y theys no serjant so quick
Whych men tyeden on hys tayls nehalf so fast
As a woman ys whan echo hath cauzt an ync
Vemiamos ys than at that they desyro
Yet ys a tyme on of the grect of renons
Ab hommable to god of heuone
And to hym self hit ys dekjuciam
Thus euery lordo vikar or prson
Can say hoss yro engendreth hommado
Che ys in oeth exeanor to prydo
Tcuide of no cy to muchitt scrollo
Hy tale echoldo fast tyl to morollo
And ther for y pray god lorho day and myzt
And yrous man god sende hem hytelt myzt
Hit ys gret hanno and eke grett pito
To set in prons men euy degro
Whyloin there was an prons prouostat
As oyth oeuek Duzyngo hys estat
Vppon a day out zyden knyghtes tuo
And as fortuno tholdo hit echoldo ho so
That on of hem com hom that other nonyto
A non thys knyzht bo foro ys ungo was bronzto
That oeyde yns thon hast thy folalto slayno
ffor whych y deuo tho to deth constreyno
And to an other knyzt commaunded ho
Tho ledo hym to deth y charge tho
And happed as they went by the wayo
Toward the places they ho echoldo dyo
The knyzt comes with me thendo ho had ho ded
Then ponzt poy hit was the best sped
To ledo hem both to the ungo a gayno
And oeyde lordo the knyzto hath not slayno
hys fela whan hem he stont hool on lyno
he echoldo ben ded gif he so mot y thryno
That ys to seyo both on tuo and thro

And tho to the first knyzt thus spake he
Dampus the most Algat do Des
And thou most also less nedes thyn hed
ffor thou hast cansed thy folawdos Deth
And to the thrydde knyzte thus he seyth
Thou hast not don as Jcōmaundod the
And thus he Did hem alle ast thre
Jesus chastisons was eke Dronkelewe
And ay delyted hym to ben a schrewe
And so by felle a lord of hys meyne
That knewe veraies moralite
Seyde vppon a day by tho knyzte hem to zyzt this
A lord ys lost yf he be vicious
And Dronkenesse eke ys a foule record
Of euy man and namly in a lorde
There ys wel many an yze and many an ere
In whaytynge and he not where
ffor godes love Dyuelych mete and drynk
Ech man maketh a man to lese his wyt redyly
Hys mynde and hys thynes euerychon
The zeuers echaft thelk seyd he anon
And preue hit by thyne experyence
That wyn doth to folke non suche offence
Ther nys no wyn by reueth me my wyt
Of hond ne of foot ne of myn eyz syzt
And for dedpte he Dranke muchell more
And hondred part pan he Did by fore
And zyzt anon thys aursed vyces whyche
Lete those knyztes come byfore hym forthe
Cōmaundynge hit pey schelde by fore hym stonde
And sodeuly he to hys bolte on honde
And vp the streng he pulled to hys eye
And whych an arowe he tolde the thyrde zyzte pere
Scholde whether haue y a syker hond or no
Quod he ys al my myzte and my mynde a gon
Hath wyn by reued me myn eye syzte
That hit schelde y wolde an anywey of the knyzte
Hys sone was ouly pey ys no more to seyn
Be war ther for whych lorder sholde ze pleyn
Cynge pleasebo and y schalle pse y can.

Explicit

Fale

Bitt ff ſhe be to a pore man.
To a pore man ſholde ſhys voices telle
Bitt not to a lorde thon ſhe ſholde go to ſhelle
So ynus anus thilke pman
Hoth ſhe deſtroyed the ꝛyuer of Jſſan
ffor that an hors of ſhys was dreynt there ynne
Whenne ſhe ſhent babilonne to ſhynne
Se made that the ꝛyuer was ſo ſmall
That ſhynnen myght hir ſhade ouerall
So that ſhe ſo weell teche can
Se be ze no felawe to non erthely man
Ne with no ſhodman that walketh by the way
Leſte the repente y wiſſe no ferther ſay
Hoth thomas leue brother leue thyne me
Thou aſkeſt me ſhyne as wiſte as is a quyne
Holde not the deueles knyf in thyne ſhert
Thyne ang with the aſto gore smerte
Bitt ofhelpe ſhrifte me aſk thyne confeſſion
Say qꝺ the cyke man be ſeynt ſymon
I ſhame be ſhryue thys day at my mrat
I ſhame tolde ſhym all holy myn eſtart
Hit nedeth no more to ſpeke of that pardo
Bitt yf me leſte of myn ſhrifte
Hyf me than of ꝛoure golde to make oure cloyſt
Qꝺ ſhe for many a muſſle and many an oyſter
Whan men han ben fiſſt weell at eſe
Hatſhe ben oure food oure cloyſter forto reſe
And god ꝓuyncthe ys fundement
Pformed ys and of oure pauement
Hs not a tyle with yme oure bones
By god the offen. yſhit. for stones
Helpe thomas for hym that harowed helle
ffor elles mot we oure boſtes telle
And yf yolle laſt oure pdicacon
Than goeth thys worlde alto deſtruccion
ffor whyo ſo weell ſhe thys worlde vs by ꝛeue
So god me ſaue thomas by ꝛoure leue
The whole by ꝛeue out of the worlde the ſonne
ffor whyo can teachen and preychen as we conne
And that ys not of hypocriſie tyme qꝺ ſhe

The answer

But seth hely thas and shelyze.
Han sheres ben that synde y of recorde.
Ju thayero thonked be oure lorde.
Rowe thomas for seynt thaute
Hane don a nõ he setto shyne on shys bue
Thys cyslo man thay my abood for yzo
He wolde the sheto had ben a fluyzo
With shys fallse cmulacõn
Ouche thynges as ys m my possessiõ
Od he that may Jzene and non other
Ze oly me thys that y am zoure brothey
Ze certes qd thys shero tryste th thelt
Jtoko oure dame the letter of oure ercl
Sowe qd he thelt and sonn the shat ethalt y seno
Vn to zoure holy convent thesyed y seno
And m thyne honde thowe ethalt hit haue
Vp thys condicon and other non
That thowe departe hit so my dere brothez
That euery shere haue as muche as other
Thys ethalt thowe obere on thy profession
Dith outo shalbde or cancelacõn
Jobere hit qd the shere by my fayth
And there with all shys honde on shys breste he layth
Od shere my feyth m me ethalt be no lasse
Sowe than put thyn honde donn by my bak
Haue thys man and grope thelt be synde
By nethe my buttoke there thowe ethalt hit synde
Athynge that J haue had m prouere
A thouzt thys shere that ethalt goo with me
A donn shys honde he launcath by the clyste
J hope forto synde there a zefte
And thanne thys oyle man felt thys shere
A lofte shys tyesbolt grope here and there
A myddes shys honde let ye shere a faste
There ys nocapylle dralbynge m a traste
That myzt haue lete a fart of suche a sonn
The shere up starte as with a stonn
A fals cherle qd the shere for godes bonde
Thys dissyre thowe haste don for the nonce
Thowe ethalt a bye thys fare yf y may
Shys mesyne that herde thys affraye

Of the clerkes of oxenforde

Come lepynge in and chaffed onto the hore.
And forth he goth with a full angry chere.
He ne had not cessed for his sermon.
To pave amonge his brotheren wist he come non.
And this is the tale y don
For the here almoste at pe wisen.
Here endeth pe prologe
And begynneth pe tale of the clerk of oxforde

The clerk of oxenforde owne hath ryde.
Ze ryde as stylle as coy as doth a mayde.
Were nevir yet ypursed crittynge at the borde.
Thys day herde y of youre mouth a worde.
I holde ze studye a lytell owre sophymre.
But salomon sayth al thynge hath tyme.
For gode sake both of bone and chere.
It is no tyme to studye here.
Telle us some merye tale by youre fay.
For what man is entysed nat to play.
Ze nedes nat to the play assent.
But prechyth not as freres doth in lente.
To make for owre olde synnes to wepe.
Ne that thy tale ne make us not to slepe.
Telle us some merye thynge of aventures.
Youre termes youre colours and youre figures.
Kepe them in store tyll ze be ze wise eldere.
Thyz stile as wel nou to thynges wryte.
Ne spekyth ne playn at thys tyme y zowe praye.
That we may understonde what ze saye.
Thys worthy clerke benignely answered.
Nat ne he y am vnder youre yerde.
Ze have as wele of us the gouernaunce.
And therto for wele y do zowe obeysaunce.
As fer as reson asketh hardely.
I wole zou telle a tale which that I.
Lerned at padowe of a worthy clerke.
As preved by his wordes and his werke.
He is now ded and nayled in his chiste.
I pray god so sende his soule good reste.
Fraunceys petrak the laureate poete.
Hyzt this clerke of whome ryse full fayre.

Eulymoch aff ytalye thorow prayer.
As leuyan dude aspheffephye.
Or lasbe or other ayre pfecutor.
Yit deth that wolde ouffre nothyng hy.
Yit as hit were thbynkethyng of an yre.
Bothe hath he slayn and affochuffe wo dye.
But forto tellen of thys worth niamus
That taute me thys tale as y fynde by gan.
Sey that he fixte werth hyz eyle endyeth.
Er he the body of hys tale wbyeth.
Aprochyn in the wbyche disteyneth he.
The mounde and the ealis of the cuntre.
And openeth of apeyne the shuttes hyze.
That ben the boundes of wostre himbasdye.
And of mount pesoles in effectualle.
Wbere as the pre cuntre of a wolle cualle.
Taketh hys flyste oprynge and hys rouze.
Wbere as he hath eien eyen wbay hys towze.
To encleff wast to fellaye and to vorye.
The wbyche a longe tyme wbere to deuyse.
And nowbey as to my fuggestion.
Sey kenneth hit a thynge inpfuciit.
Sauf he wolde comyn hys mater.
Yit thys ys the tale wbyche that ze ofhulde here.

Here endeth the prologe of pe dyfte
of [illegible] and begynneth pe tale

Here ye at pe weste ende of yrale.
Down at the yate of vesulius pe colde.
A kyfty playn habundaunt of vytaylle.
Wbere many a towne thowe mayft beholde.
That founded were in tyme of eldre olde.
And many an other delitable fyzt.
And ealis thys noble towne heyzthe.
A marqus wbylom was in that londe.
As were hys worthy eldre hym by fore.
And obeyfaunte and redy to hys honde.
Were alle hys legys both falle and more.
Thus in delyte he lyued and hath don zore.
Yn loued and drad thoztz fauour and fortune.
Both of hys lordes and of hys comune.

Of Dyckfords

There wth she was as to sykke of lynage.
A fayre ysone and strongs and zonge of age.
And full of honours and auysse.
Wishers y nolle thys comyn forto gyse.
Sauf in som thynges she was to blame.
And what was thys zonge lordes name.
I blame hym thus that he considered nought.
I tynie conyngs what that myzt be tydd.
But on hys lust pstont was al hys thouzt.
And forto hauk and hunt on eury syde.
Wel myz all other cures let he stryde.
And eke he ne wolde that was worste of alle.
Nedde no wyf for nouzt that may be falle.
Only that poynt hys pyple bayed sore.
That flokmele on a day he went.
And on of hem ỹ wysest was of lore.
Or elles that the lordes wolde best assente.
That he others tolde hym what hys pyple ment.
Or elles coude he other counsell mater.
He to the maygns seyde as ze may hery.
O noble maygns zoure humanite.
Assyzeth vs and zeueth vs hardiesse.
As ofte tyme as hit ys necessite.
That we zow moste tolle oure heny nesse.
Accepteth lordes of zoure gentilesse.
That we to zow with pytous herte complayne.
And let zoure eres nouzt my wordes disdayne.
All haue y nouzt to done in thys mater.
More than an other hath in thys place.
Zet for as muche as ze may lordes se beze.
Haue alwey schewed fauour and thezt.
I dar the better aske of zow a space.
Of audience to schewen zoure desyre.
And ze my lordes to don zyzt as ze leste.
For ezres lordes go with vs wherso ze goon.
And all zoure werres and enuy haue don ỹ oone.
Se conde not oure onne owne gylt denyen nowz.
We myzt more leue in felicite.
Saf othyngs lordes yf hit zoure wyll be.
That forto be a wedded man yf that ze leste.

The clerke.

Lystan where oure peple in conclusyon sherles zaste
Wolbeth zoure nede vnd^r thyat blessfulle zokke
Of conclusyune nouzt of ecrause
Whyche men deyeth opu sayle oz wedlok
And thenketh lorde a mongo zoure thouztes whyle
ffor of wedloke cometh gzet empryse
ffor thouz who clepe oz wake zome oz ryde
ay fleth the tyme hit welle no man abyde
And thouz zoure gzene thouzt grolbe as zor
Ju deyeth ago alwhey as cryste as oron
And Deth manaceth euey age and cnyst
Jn eche estaat for ther aspyeth non
And also repeyne as we knowleth chyldhon
That we shulle dye and in corpeyne that who alle
Ben of that day that deth schalle on vs falle
Accepteth thanne of vs the pelle entente
That neuer zit refused zoure hefte
And we wol alle lordes zyf zo wolle assent
Chese zolle a wyf in schorte tyme as ze lefte
Borne of the gentelyste and of the meste
Of alle thys londe so that hit nouzt seme
Honoure to god and to zolle so that we tan deme
Delyuer vs of alle thys bely dyede
And take a wyf for thyz godes cafte
ffor yf hit be felle so as god for bede
That thozouz deth zoure lyuage echolde falle
zoure hepnage dwo were vs on lyue
Wherefore who pray zolle haftely to wyue
Here meke prayer and her pytous thoze
Made the malygne hane swiche pyte
Wolle ze qd he myn owne peple deze
To that y neuer thought coueyaune me
J me reioyce not of my liberte
That selden tyme ys founde in mariage
There y was fre y not bou in seruage
But natheles y se zouze nolde entre
And tyf stoth ertou zouz and hane don ay
Wherfor of my fre wylle J assent
To wedde me anone as euer y may
But thoz as ze hane profred me to day

Of oxenforde

To these nue a wyf y zow telle
& pray zow of that profre cese.
ffor god hit wot that childhen ofte ben
vnlyke hiere worthy eldres hem byfore.
Bounte cometh of god and not of the eyre.
Of wysshe the beem engendred and bore.
I ryste vn godes bounte and ther fore.
ayy vnayages and craft and leste.
I thyn be take he may do as hym leste.
let me allone in dyssynge of my wyf.
That charge vppon my backe y wolle endure.
But y zow pray and charge vppon zoure lyf.
That wyf that y take zo nue cusse.
To worshipe hir y wisshe my lyf dure.
in worde and werke here and elles where.
as erle aw emponed bouzter wel.
and fulfille thys ordinaunce ze shulle y zo.
& zenst my choys ordinaunce nothe gruche ne stryue.
ffor oothe y ordeyne for zow my liberte.
At zoure requeste as euel mot y thryue.
There as myn herte ys set there wolle reyne.
And bit ze wolle assente in ouche maneie.
I pray zou expresly no more of thys matere
with hertely wyll they sworen and assente
To alle thys thynge ther seyde no wyght nay.
Besechynge hym of grace or they departe
That hem wolde graunte a certeyne day.
Of hys oune self as sone as euer he may.
for zet alle they the ferme coude that dredde.
leste thys maryage wolde no wyf wedde.
he graunted hem a day ouche as hym leste.
On whyche he sholde be wedded certeynly.
And seyde he wolde alle thys at hyr requeste.
And they with humble entente fulle buxomly.
knelynge vppon here knees fulle ieuelently
hym thonkynge alle and thus they hane an ende.
Of here entente and hom azen they wende
and kepe vppon here ofyces.
Ymaginynge for the feste to purueye.
and to hys pleno ryzte and enuoye.

The clerke

Sunne chaugo ȝaf hem as hym lusto on hem leyo.
And they hys cõmaundement to obeyo.
And echo of hem doth hys diligence.
To don on to the festo solempnely.
Ouȝt fer fro thilke place honourable.
Where as thys mayden ocupy hys mariage.
Ther stood a throp of ouȝt delitable.
In whyche pore folko of that village.
Hadden here lestes and here herbygage.
And of hey labour toko sustinaunce.
Aftr the erthe ȝaf hem habundaunce.
Amonge thys pore folko ther dwelled a mā.
Whych that was holden porest of hem allo.
But hyȝ god oon tyme sende can.
Hys grace unto a shrewd oxe strayt.
Jamicula men of that thrwop hym callo.
A doughtr had he fayre and ȝonge of ouȝte.
And greselde thys ȝonge mayden hyȝte.
But forto speke of vertuos beautee.
Than was echo on of the fayrist vnd sonne.
Well formely y fashed was erthe.
No lyckenesso was on hir lusto y fynde.
Well ofte of the welle yaume of the tonne.
Echo dranke and for echo wolde vertue pursue.
Echo knewe wel labour but nō ydelnesse.
Bitwen thonȝ thys mayden swete tendr of age.
Yet in the brest of hure corage.
Ther was enclosed ryche and gud vsage.
And in gret reuerence and gret chaunce.
Hur olde pore fadr fostred echo.
Al felde sheep opynyngo on the feldo echo kepte.
Echo wolde not ben ydelt tyl echo slepte.
And whan echo homwarde com the wolde bringe.
Wortes and herbes tymes fulle ofte.
Wyche echo ecthe eddes and eeth for hir hunger.
And mad hur bedde fulle hasde and no thynge softe.
And al echo kepte hir fadr lyf on lofte.
Forth euery day stablished and ordeyned.
That thylke may do to fadr os pleasaunce.
Ofton greselde the pore chaunge.

Of ydelnesse

Whel oste hardi maynys set hys eyse
As he an hunteynge yode pamoreuse
And whan hit felle that he mygte hys aspyse
he not whych wymmen lodynge of forbise
hys eyen caste vppon hys brest in sad wyse
vnto hys chere hym oste avyse
Comendynge in hys herte hys wommanhede
And eke hys vertu passynge eny wyzte
Of hys zonge age as well in cheyse as in dede
ffor thouz the peple hans no gyet in syzte
In vertu he considered hur wyzte
hys beaute and disposed that he wolde
hys wedde yf euer he wedde scholde
The day of weddynge come but no wyzte tell
Tells what wommen hit scholde be
ffor whych mequesyle wonde many a man
And ofsydeu whan they wesen in preuete
Wolle not onys lorde lene hys eaute
whylle he not wedde alas alas the whyle
Whyy wolle he hym self and vs thus be gyle
But natheles this nauarre hath do make
Of gemmys set in golde and of asure
Brochos and zyngys for giefyldes sake
And of hys clothynge tok he the mesure
Of a mayde lyke to hys creature
And eke of other ornamentes all
That to suche a weddynge scholde befalle
The tyme of yndren in the same day
Approchyth yf the weddynge scholde be
And all the paleys put on a ray
Bothe halle and chaumbres eche in hys degre
Houses of offices stuffed with ger plente
Ther mayste thou se of dentebous entayle
That may be fownde as fyne as lastreth y trayle
Thys zyalle nauarre zyalle assayed
Lordes and ladyes in hys compayne
The whyche to ye fest wel prayde
And of hys retenu the bachelrye
With many a soun of sondry melodye
Vnto ye village whych yf ye wolde

Echo dyds

In thys a tay the tyte thay hath holde.
Gyfelde god thart of thys ys fulle mnotsnt.
That for thy thas gethapo att ys atsay.
To feethe thatny as the thelf is thcut.
And cometh honor as sono as euer echo may.
For thel echo herdo say that ilko day.
Thatt ayaynus echolde thedde and yf echo tnyte.
Ethe tholde thayn ce sonn of that tyte.
Echo thourte echo tholde theth otney mayden stoude.
That beu my fetalles in ourr bore and oo.
The mayquys and ther for tholly foude.
To don at home as sono as thet may be.
The labour thhyche that longeth to me.
And thamne may I at leyse thet be holde.
If echo the thay to the caftelle holde.
And as echo tholde ouer the thresthfolde gon.
the mayquys come and gan her forte calle.
And echo fet denn her tharey foot a non.
Be eyde the dresthfolde of the oy stalle.
And donn vpon thy knees echo gan to falle.
And thith glad contenaunce kneled eyke.
Tylle echo hadde heyde thhat thas the lordes thylle.
Thys ioyfulle mayquys spake vnto thys mayde.
thel godely and oud in thys maners.
Thhat ys ihesu fadu gyfelde the seyde.
And echo thith ioyeuse and micke eheye.
Auftheged lorde he ys all redy heye.
And in echo goth thith owre lenger stode.
And to the mayquys the thy fadu spake.
The thy the thonde panne to the thys olde manne.
And seyde thus thetan the hadthynu a syde.
Jamele lucyche may me can.
lenger the plesaunce of myn thert thyde.
Off that thou fouche saf thhat so euer be tyde.
Thy douzty thelly take of that y thelde.
As for my thyf to my hynes crede.
Thou louefte me y thot thelle tryghe.
Thou louest me y thot thel coyne.
And ate my feythful hyege man y bore.
And al that lyeth me y day thelle cayn.

Of oxfordo

Hit lyeth the and qwalle they fore
Telle me that joynt that y haue seyde by fore
Yf that thou wylt seyn to that purpos spalle
To take me as for thyfone in halle
The sothayn cays the man a fromed go
That jeed he way al hastifed and all dysmayo
he trod gnnetth ne seyde wordes mo
But only quod he pus lorde my wel wythstando
As ze wolle not a zeuft zoure hyfpyngo
I wist no thyngo ze be my lorde so dere
Hyzt as ze lufte gouernetth thys matere
Than wole y do thus qd malagyne sothly
That in to the thambez y and thou and otho
Shall a collacioun and cost thou thy
For y wyl aske thy yf thy wylle be
To be my wyf and rule thy astate me
And alle thys othe shalt don in thy presence
I wille not excuse out of thyne audience
And in the thambez wythe they wer a bone
Thyo tweye knyghtes fastyche zo ochulle after day
The people cam in to the hous with oute
And Gouernod hem in holle house to mete
And certyfly otho kepte hy fadyr dede
But wytnesse gif olde wondez myzte
For zenez eche day otho a syzte
Sho wondez ys thou otho be a fremed
To se so gret a gyfte come in to that place
Sho was nesh to ende gyftes deemed
For wythoo otho lokes with ful pale face
But ernestely sho thys matez forto pase
Thefe they the wordes that this malagys seyde
To thys beryng gladly fayrifull mayde
Glosyngly sho seyde wolle ze wette vnderstonde
Sire tybalt sente zoure fadyr and me
That y zolde wedde and the sire may so wonde
As y suppose pat ze wolle sire go be
But thys dewandide y asse first of sho
That ouch sire schalle don on hafty thyng
Wolle ze assente or elles zolle a longe
I sey thus be ze gladly with good herte

¶ The dyke

To all my luste and that y shosly may
als m best thenkoth do zoll fulfyl or emerto
And ze ueu gyuetho myzt ne day
And eko thsan y oey zo oey not nayo
Hether by woldo ne sholdayd conto nanuto
Shoqo thys and hero y shoqonys alyanuto
Woudrynge vpon the words qualyngo fordodo
Hho sayde judigno and vn worthy
Am I to that zo mo bode
Yut zyzt as zo wolde zonyo self co wolly
And I shoqo that neuer wylfyngly
Ju woldo m thonzt y nouoy zolde dysholoyo
Storto lo ded tholdyl mo shoqo loth to deyo
Thys ys y nony gieselde myn qth echo
And forth ho goth with a sobyo chere
Yut at the doze asp cam eche
And to the pryso he sayde on thys manor
Thys ys my wyf qth ho that wondoth hoy
Honouroth hym and louoth hy y prayo
Who so louoth me thy ys nomoro to sayo
And for no thynge of hy oldo gey
Echo echolde bryngo to hys hons echo bad
That wymmē echolde disteylon hy wyzo thy
Of whych the ladyos woy not wzo glad
To handlo hy clothos m whyche echo was clad
Yut natheles thys mayde buzt of hoke
Ffio stoo to hed y clothed ham alle nebbo
Here hecr ham thoy kombed that lay wythosse
Wel judely with her fyngres ouralo
Of hy assay what echolde y make a talo
Cymeths the pryso hy kneth for hy fayonesso
Whan echo transformed was m endle wydesse
Thys maystrys hath hy opressed with a yngo
Bouzt for the same cause and thamus hy sotto
Apon an horse ouall whyte and well amblyngo
And to hys palys or ho lengo sette
With woyfull pryso that he ladde and mette
Conueyed hy as thus the day they stoode
Ju reuell tyde yo sonne gan dystende
And echortely forth thys talo forto chaso

Of oxforde

Joey that to thys noble maiestye
god hath sent suche fauour of hys grace
That it semed not as by holynesse
That echo was born and fedde in idlenesse
As in a cote or in an oys stalle
But norysshed in an emperours halle
To euery wyght echo shoyen ys ay
And wysshyngfull that folke ther echo was bore
And sho that buxsho buell hy sho zeer to zeere
Vnnethe sholued they but drest han abore
That to ianeke of Rhy che y spake by fore
Che doughe ne were for as by couenye
Hem thoght che was an orisq goddye
Fin that euer vertuos was echo
Echo was enclosed in suche excellence
Of thewes set in hy bolde
And so discreet and fayre of eloquence
So benigne and digne of reuerence
And coude the peples hertes to embrace
That eche her loued that loked in hy face
Nought only of oxins in the toun
Dispysshed was the beute of hy vanne
Ther men and wymmen both zonge and olde
Com to oxins hy to beholde
Thys wayte lothly nay but ryally
Wedded with fortune honestye
In godes pes hyneth wolle esely
At home and out wayde glade y wolle hadde he
And for he calle coude lolke degre
Was of vertue hyd the peple hym holde
A prudent man and that ys sone wolle tolde
Nought only glaseldo thus thorw hy wyt
Coude al the feet of Rhyfly humblesse
But eke Rhan the caas requyseth yet
The cõmune profyt coude echo redresse
Ther nas discorde rancour ne hatrednesse
In alle the londe part the he coude sitte case
And brynge hem all Rhylsthy in reste and pese
Thorw that hys bonsbonde pseiue Rhy or non
If gentilmen or echo of hy torne

The clerke

Here Ywayn echo tolde hymself at ese
So hyse and hym hardely had eche
And inquered of so grete empryse
That echo ho hevene was as mã wende
Peple to come and ely hymself to amende
Sonne longe tyme aft thys gieste
Was wedde eche adoubter hadde bore
alle had eche sener born a mane chylde
Glad was thys meryrys and all hys folke ffor sore
ffor thoug a mayd childe come alsyfore
Eche mayd to a mane chylde atteyne
By lykehod semyes eche ys not bayayne
Wher for as hit fallede tymes moo
Than thys childe hadde sowned hit a throwe
Thys maryrys in hys hert thought woo
To temptes hys wyf hy sadnesse to knowe
That he nemyht ho hys hert throwe
Thys meruolous desyre hys wyf to assaye
Natheles god wot ho thought hy to affraye
He had assayd hy y nowe; by fore
And fonde hy euer good whatt nedeth hit
hy ferre tormente and allwey more and more
Thoug com men preyse hit for a sorowe
But as for me y sey that wolle hit ete
To assay a wyf whan hit ys no nede
And putten her in aungyssh and in drede
ffor whyche thys meryrys sorowes on thys manere
He cam a wyste alone they as ethe may
With ernest face and trouble chere
And seyde gyfelde qd ho that day
That y you take out of youe yre and ray
And put you in estaat of hyr noblesse
So hau not for zete hyt as y gesse
I sey gyfelde thys pleyn digne
In whych y haue put you as I nolde
ayaksch not you forzetfulle forto be
That y you take in fore estaat fulle lowe
ffor euy thynge so mot youe sorowe knowe
Take hede of eusy wordes that y you seye
Ther ys no wyste fy hyghsch thys but wel obeye

Of Gyrcestorde

Ye wor youre self ffor how that ye arme shood
In to thys hous sith ys nor longe a goo
And thow to me ye bo me bref and bey
Sith to my garmyls ye be nothyngo goo
They say to hem sith ys gret offiame and shod
Hom to be gogot and in beyuage
To the that art borne of so lobe lynage
And namly cetly thy Dongoy was bore
These wordes hom they spoke bomsolf
But y bessye as y have bon byfore
To lene my hyf Derth hem in rostro and in pocs
I may not in thys caas ben rebelles
I most bon Werth youre Dongoy for thy beste
For as I wolde hut as my gentels lesto
And yt god wot thys ys wel lodh to me
But natheles Wetth onto youre wyfongo
I wolle not do but thys I wolle as he
That ye to me assent as in thys thynge
Schewed non youre paagento in youre weyschynge
That ye me be shyno and wore in youre village
That Day that wadod was ouro mayiago
Wham ache hadde herde al thys ache was not moued
Forher wordo we there ne wattmanno
ffor as hit neued ache was not a gyued
Ache seyde lorde al lythe in youre plesanco
Ayy child and I Weth hertely obeysanco
Ben youre alle and ye may saue and spylle
youre ouns thynge Wheche ye thylle
Ther may no thynge be god my soule saue
lykynge to zolle that may displese me
Ne y desyre nothynge to shame
Ne hode to lese ouf onlyche
Thys wille ys in myn hert and ay schall be
No lengoth of tyme or Deth hit may deface
Frether chaunge my corage in to ochor place
Glad was the maygnus for hy answeryngo
But zet he feyned as he wold not go
Al deuy was his there and hys lokyngo
Wham ache schulde out of hys chaumbr goo
Ouf aftor tha forlonge they or tolde
He pleynly hath tolde hys entente

Tho clerke

Jn to a man whych he to hys wyf seyde
A maner seruaunt was thys yreno man
The whyche that feythfull fonde he hadde
Jn thynges gloet and eke ouche folkes wolle ren
Don eyeandoun of thynges hadde
The lord knewe wel that he hym loued and hadde
And whan thys seruaunt wyst hys lordes wylle
Jn to the chaumbey he stalked hym fulle stylle
ayadanus he seyde so nicot forzeue hit me
Thouz y do thynge to whyche y am constreyned
to be co thys that wel knowe so
That lordes hestes may not be feyned
They mowen wel be wayled or complayned
But nen muste nedes to here lustes obeye
And so wolle y ther ys no more to seye
That chylde y am comaunded to take
And spake no more but out ye chylde he hente
Dispytously and gan a choys make
As he wolde han slayne hit or hente
Gesselde nost al soffre and all toucomte
And as a lombe whe sitteth wcke and stylle
And thys quelle seruaunt hath hys wylle
Ousstente was the fame of thys manne
Ousstente hys face ousstente hys worde also
Ousstente the tyme that he thus by gan
ffor hy douzter that whe louede so
Whe wende he wolde han slayne hit ryzt tho
But nethcles whe nethey wepte no seyde
But meknely to the seruaunt preyde
Comfortynge hy to that the ayaynys hyede
And at the laste quoke whe by gan
So as he was a worthy gentille man
That whe moste hysse hy childe er that hit deyde
And ni hy bayme thys hymself chylde whe leyde
With fyll gladde face and gan the chylde blysse
And stylled hit and after gan hit kysse
Thus whe seyde ni hy beuynge voys
ffayre swete my chylde y schalle the wonge
But wheder y haue wayled me with yre anoyse
Of thilke fady y blessed meot thowe so

That for vs

That for vs deyde vppon the rode to
Thy vvulo hytoff childe ȝ hym betake
ffor thys nyȝt ost haste thou dyen for my sake
ȝ rowe that to a nozyes in thys cas
hyt had ben hayde thys pobche forto os
Beff nyȝt a nody thau qvo alas
But natheles os cad ernidfaste was ostho
That otho cudnyed all hy aduenture
And to the seruaunte mokly ech seyde
haue hoze azen my hytoff zonge mayde
And goth nowe qd ethe and doth my lordes hefte
And o thynge wolde y pray zou of zoure grace
That hut my lorde for bede zowe atte reste
Wyppeth thys hytoff body in sonn place
That no beftes ne bryddes hit to zate
But he no worde to the puppos wolde saye
But toke the childe and wente hys way
Thys seruaunt cam to the lordes a gayne
Of gleffeldes wordes and of hy chere
He tolde hym point for point in short and playne
And hym presented with hys dourtey dere
Som what thys lorde had routhe on hys mayde
But nathcles hys puppos held he stylle
As lordes don whan they wyll haue hor wylle
And bad this seruaunt full fuelye
He ofholde thys childe weell ofter wynde and wrappe
With all the apparaylinge tendelly
And carye hit in a coffyn or in a lappe
But oppayne hit wished of forto ofwappe
That no man ofholde knowe of hys entente
Ne whyther he hit wente ne whidey he wente
But at boloyne to hys custody dere
That the of payne was towched
He ofholde hit hy take and ofhette hy thys mayde
Hy ofhynge hit to don hy besynesse
Thys childe to foste in alle gladnesse
And whos childe hit was he bad hym hyde
ffrom euery wyȝte for ofter yat myght betyde
Thys seruaunt gode and hath fulfylled thys thynge
But to thys marquys wolle nowe we

F

The clerke

ffor now goth he fulle ofte ymagenynge
If by hys wyf he myzt ones
And by hur wordes pcyue thar ocho
were chaunged but he coude well fynde
Hur euer in on hyde sad and hynde
As glad as besy as humble in seruyse
And eke in lone as ocho was aboute to be
Was ocho to hym in euery manq wyse
Sle of her douzteq o word oppaak ocho
Non accident for non adnersite
Was seen in hyr ne neuer her doughte name
Tempned ocho for ernestre ne for game
Ju thys estaat passed ben.my zeer
Er ocho wyth thylde was hur as god wolde
A fnaue thylde ocho bay by thys walle
Weff gracious and sayde to beholde
And when folke hit to hur fadyr tolde
Not only he hit aff ys comfay mesyse
Was for the thylde and god they thonke and heyse
When hit was thre zeer olde and from the breste
Departed from hys norzyce on a day
Thys malquys cauzte zit an ochoq leste
To tempten hys wyf ofte yf he may
O nedles was tempted y day wel say
Zur wedded men coude no mesure
When they fynde a pacient goattye
Wyt 48 thys marquys zo held er thys
ayy tryde sykerly beseth ouse maryage
And namly certhen nuy son born ys
Solle hit ys wors that euer in ouse age
The murmor sleth myn hert and myn corage
ffor to myn eres commeth ys noys so smoge
That hit welny destroyeth all myn hope
Solle say men this when that walle ys agon
Than schalle the blod of lancke cumbe
And ben ouse lordes for other hane wol non
Suche wordes sey nuy tryde hit ys no drede
Wel oute y of suche nuy nl take hede
ffor reprefnably y rede suche sermones
Thonz they not pleynly speke in myn audience

I wolde fayne my pees yf that I myght
Wherefor I am disposed ernestly
To y his custos serued by myghte
Ryght or thenke I serue shym trewely
Thus warne I yolde that go not godenly
But of youre self for no woo otholde out ray
Beth patient and ther of I yolde prays
I shame qd oche seyde and euer ashalt
I wolde serue no thynge ceptey me
But as youn leste not grieueth me at all
Thonk that my dowtey and my gone be clayme
At youre cõmaundement thys ys to seyn
I shame shad nolle payes of thulden tweyne
But fuste oyknesse and aftes wow and poyne
Ze buth oure lorde doth wrth youre offene thynge
Ryght as ze liste and astonth no wordes of me
For as I leste at home all my clothynge
Wham I come first to yolde ryght so qu[illegible] oche
Ryght so qd oche leste I my wyll and all my libeste
And take youre clothynge wherfor I yolde pray
Do youre wyll I wolde to hit obeye
And ceptes yf I shadde pfeuere
Youre wyll to knowe or ze youre liste me tolde
I wolde hit Dou wyth oute negligence
Tolde I knowe youre liste and what ze wolde
All youre pleasance feme and stable I holde
For wyste that my deth wolde Dou yolde ese
Gladly wolde I suffre hit you to plese
Deth may make no cõpanyon
Cum to youre lone and wham thys may[illegible] say
The constance of hys wyf he caste hys hed a bou
And hys eyen rwe and wondred holde echo may
In pacience suffre all thys assay
And forth he goeth with drury countenaunce
But to hys hert hit was well gret pleasance
Thys eche seruaunt in the same wyse
That he hy dowtey cauxt ryght co he
Or wors yf he conde wors deuyse
Hath cauxt hy thylde I was full of slewthe
And euer in on co pacient was echo

That she no cheer made of heynesse
But kysseth her sone and aft gan hym blesse
Sauf this echo prayde hym yf that he myzte
Hy hymself sone he sholde on echo gyaue
Hys tender hymes delycate to oyzte
Ffro foules and fro bestes to saue
But echo non answey of hym myght haue
He sheut hys wey as he no thynge rouzte
But m to koseyns teudesly hit brouzte
Thys marquys wondreth euer lenger the more
vpon hy patience and yf that he
So had outhly knowen therfore
That ytruly hy chyldren loued echo
He sholde haue wende of som wrecche
And of malys or quelle corage
That echo had ouffred thys with sad vysage
But he knewe that nexte hym eelf tepreyne
Sche loued hy children beste on euery weyse
But nowe of wymmē sholde y aske fayne
Yf this assayes myzt not suffice
What conde a trusty housbonde deuyse
To preue hy wyfhod and her trudfastnesse
And be continuynge in trudyneste
But thei: hefolke of suche condicion
That whan they haue ateyne purpos take
They conde not stynte of sterne entencion
But as they weye bounden to a stake
They wolde not of that purpos slake
Myzt eo thys malyns hath fully purposed
To tempte hys wyf as he was fully disposed
He wayteth yf hy wordes or countenaunce
If echo to hym was chaunged of corage
But neuer conde he fynde vaylaunce
Echo was euey m herte and vysage
And euey the ferther that sche was m age
The more tebey yf that hit boyd possible
Echo was to hym m lous and more pytyable
ffor whyche hit seuneth thus that of hem two
Ther was but o wille of as wele lyste
The same lyste was hy pleasaunce also

And god be thonked all felf for the beste
Sche ochelbed thel for non vnthonkly vnjeftu
A thyf as of hyr oelf no thyngo ocholde
Stillen m effento but as hyr honsbonde tholde
The ordannuce of thalter ofte thyde opredde
That a quelf hert thyckodly
ffor he a pore thomma dyedde hadde
Hath mupthjeyed bothe hys thyldyo prencly
Thyche mayn thas a mongo hem comñly
So thond thas forto the peples eyo
Ther came no thordo but that they mupthjeyed theyr
ffor suche as of hys peple there byforo
Had loued hym thel distanndyo of hys name
ayade hem that they hated hym tho forto
To ben a mordeyr ys an hatful name
But nathelefs for queftu ne forgame
He of hys quelfo tholdo not ostanto
To tempto hys thyf thas all hys entento
Than hys douztes yll zoyr thas of ago
He to the court of rome in corelf abyfo
Enformed of hys thille sento hys meffago
Comanndyngo hem ouche bullos to deuyfo
As to hys quelf pruyfo may fuffice
Hoff that the pope for hys peples jefto
Bad hym thedde an other thyf that hym lefto
Sory he bad they ofholde countefforo
The popes bulles makyngo mencion
That he hath lene hys fyfte thyf to lofo
As by the popes Dispensacion
To ostynte rancony and distorbacion
By thyyro hys peple and hym thus spak ys bulle
Who thyche they hane purpysshed atte full
The rude peple as no thondy nys
Thende ful thelf hyr had be zyft so
But these thynges tome to gryfoldes
I demo that hir hert thas stift trew
But echo thas lyke sad and mew
Disposed thas thys hymmde queynte
The fortune of adnyfsito forto endure
A bydyngo euer hys hefte and hys plefaunce

The clerke.

To whom sche was seuen yer and aff
As to her worshy ouffisanned
Yitt certeynly for hys story tello y schaff
T hys maiquys y wyrd hath in spea aff
A letter in wrytyng ho sch ewech hys entende
And syklyk he hit to boleyns sent
To the yle of paynys whyche that ho hadde so
Wedded his custey he prayde specially
To bryngē hym a zon hys childron to
In honowable estate al openly
Yitt othyngs ho hym prayde al vtterly
That ho no wyzt thouz nit sholde enquyre
Schulde not tellen whos childron they were
Yitt sey that the mayden schulde wedded be
Vnto to the maiquis of salus a non
And as the yle was prayde so dude ho
For at a day y set he on hys way is gon
Toward salus and lordes mony on
In zyche a zay thys mayde forth gyde
Hy zonge brothy zydynge by hir syde
A zayd was toward thys maiage
T hys mayde fleshe ful of gemmes clere
Hy brothy that vij zer was of age
Arayd eke was fayrly on thys manere
And in gret noblesse and glad chere
Toward salus schapynge hy iornay
Fro day to day they yden forthe hy
Amonge all thys astat hys wyched vsage
T hys maiquys zit hys wyf to tempte more
To the vttryst preef of hers corage
Fully to hane experyence and lore
If that sche were as stedfast as byfore
He on a day in open audience
Wel boystously hath sche seyd hy thys sentence
Certes yf I shulde the nolle plesaunce
To han zolle to my wyf for zonge gladnesse
And for zouys norture and zouys obeysaunce
Sonyze for zouys lynage ne for zoure zychesse
Yitt hit ys nolle knowen in wyde contrese
That in gret lordschip yf I me wolle rayse.

Of oxenforde

Here ys gret contrayntē in sondry wyse
I may not do as euery plowmā may
My wyf me wrastyneth forto rise
On erly wyf and wyckyd day by day
And eke the pore labourer forto agaste
Contrerieth stit that day y wold taste
And yet by thus wrastle wolly say
My neybo wyf ys cōmynge by the way
Be stronge of hert and woyde a non her the place
A thrifte dolfey that ze bryngt to mo
Take hit a zen y graunte hit of my gōd
Retorneth to zoure fadres hous qth she
No man may aff wey pfyte
Neuth euen hert y zede zouz to endyse
The craft of fortune or of aventure
And eche a zen auferyed in pacience
My lorde ys grise y wot and weyste aff wey
Hold that y wyth zoure magnificence
And my power no man can ne may
Make no compaynyonn hit ys no nay
I holde me neuer dyspuyd in no maner
Tho be zonge wyf nezte zonge chamberer
And in thys thyng ther as ze me lady maad
The hyz god take I as for my wytnesse
Be wyfly as he my sowle saue
I holde me neyther lady ne mayster lesse
Bot humble seruaunt to zoure worthynesse
And euer schall whyle my lyf may endure
Abonen euery worthy creature
That ze so longe of zoure beaunte
Haue holde me in honoure and in nobleye
Where y was not worthy forto be
That thonke y god and zoure wysdom y praye
For zelde hit zoure ther ys no more to seye
Bad my lady gladly wolly wonde
And yeuth hym leue to my lyues ende
Ther as y was fostred a chylde full smale
Tyll y be ded ther my lyf wolle yslode
I wedde me neuer in no maner age
For drede of no debate

The clerke

And ann zoure tyme thyf hit ys no drede
God schelde suche a lordes thyf to take
An other man to housbond or to make
And yf zoure wille thyf god of hys grace
So graunte zoll thelthe and pfyte
ffor y thol gladly zelde hur my pfate
Ju thyche y thas thyffull thoute to be
ffor theseus hit hyghth zoll my lorde ge sothe
That thyloun thereu al my hertes reste
That y schall goon y thilt goon than zoll leste
Bitt there as ze me profieth suche duyte
As y first bioute hit ys thelle in my mynde
hit there my thyeffhed clothes no thynge fayre
The thyche to me nolde; there fil haste to fynde
O god hou gentelt and holde hynde
ze demed by zoure dyke and zoure vyfage
The day that maked thas ones mariage
Bitt oth ys seyde algate y fynde hit telde
ffor in effecte ys proued nolde on me
Loue ys not elde as thiamus hit ys nelde
ffor tertes lordes for no aduiste
To dyen in thys cas hit schall not be
That in eny thorde or theke y schall repente
That y zolde zaf myn herte in good entente
Ayy lorde ze thot that in my fadres place
ze bide me stryke out of my pore thede
And pytefly ze clad me of zoure grace
To zolde bioute y not elles outen of dede
Bitt feyth nakednesse and maydenhed
Bitt here azen zoure clothynge do reste
And eke my wedding ryngs for euer more
The remenaunt of zoure willes fedy be
Withynne zoure chamber day y gaffy say
Naked oute of my fadres hous god sche
And naked y mot turne agayne
Alle zoure plesaunce wilfully folowe fayne
Bitt zit y hope hit be not zoure entente
That y smokles oute of zoure paleys thent
ze conde not do so dishonour a thynge
That itles thombe in thyche oure thyldes lay

Of oyerforde

Cholde by fore the people in my walkyng
Be seyn al bay wyser for y zolde prayo
Set me not goo lyke a chorme by the way
Remēbreth zolde myn owne lordo so deyo
I was zoure wyf thoughz y vnworthy weyo
Wyser for my tellyngo of my maydenhed
Whyche that y bought and nought a zen beyo.
As fouchesaf to zeue me to my medo
But ouche a smoke as y was wont to wyo
That y ther with may helo the wombe of hero
That was zure wyf and seyo y take my leue
Of zolde myn owne lordo leste y zolde greue
The smoke qd he that thou hasto on thy backe
Bere hit forth and let hit bo cryllo on thyo
But well vnwethe that wordo he spake
But wente hys wey for zolde and pyte
Byfore the folko hy ask eyrpeth echo
And ay sey smoke with heed and fote alwayo
Tolward hy lady hous forth ys echo sayo
The folko folwed wepyng ay ser wray
And fortune euer they cursed as pey may
But eche fro wepyngo kepte hy eyen dryo
And ay thys tyne wordo spake echo no
Hey lady that thys wordo heyde a non
Cursed that day that tyme that natyne
Schop hym to bo a lynes ateynyo
ffor out of doure thys olde pore mā
Was euer ony ffeere of hy maryage
ffor euer he demed eethen hit by gan
That when the lordo y felled had hys corage
Hym sholde thynge hit was disparage
To hys estaat so lowo to a lyzte
And voyden her assone as euere she myzte
Azenst hys dowzter hastely goeth she:
ffor he by the noyse of folko knewo yo comynge
And with hy olde cote as hit myzt bo.
he hongid hy sel cote wepyngo
But on hy body myzt he hit not bringo
ffor rude was the cloth and more of ago
Hy dayes fele thatt hy maryago.

Thys with this fayr for reteyne ne pare
Dispelleth thys flom of feythly pauere
That neuer by her wordes ne by her fare
By fore the folke ne nil abasshe
Ne ofhelled ofhe that to hyr was don offense
Ne of hyr estaat nil penenubraunce
Ne stad ofhe as by hyr countenaunce
No wondir ys for in greet estaat
Her gost was euer in playne hymnes
No tendir mouth ne hert delicat
Ne pompe ne ornblaunce of ryalte
But ful of patience and benignite
Discreet and prudent and euer honeste
And to hyr housbonde euer make and trewe
Hem self of rob and moste of hys humblesse
As dedeth whan hem lyste can welle endite
Nanly of men but in godlifastnesse
Thouz dedes preyse wymmen but alyte
They can no man in humblesse hem aquyte
As wymmen can ne ben half so telle
As wymmen ben but hit falle nelle
Ffro babylowne ys thys tyde of pauye tome
Of whyche the wordes sprongen more and lesse
And to the reples eres all and some
Was comthe eke a nelle maymysse
Ho with hym brouzt ni pompe and ouche pychesse
That neuer eyze with mannes eye
So noble array ni west kibaldye
The maymys that ofhop and kutte al thys
Er that thys tyde was tome sent hys message
Ffor that ofhe pore gloseldys
And ofho with humble hope and glad vysage
Stouzt with abellyngen herte ni hyr corage
Fam at hys fete and on hyr knees hyr sette
And peuerently and wysly ofho hym grette
Ofeelde qd ho my wyll ys vtterly
Thys mayde that wedded ofhall be vnto me
Restreyned be yu to morwe as ryally
As hit ys possible ni myn housbo be
And eke yat euy wyze ni hys degre

The oryenforde

I haue hys estatt in wyttynge & knowe
And also pleasaunce as ho best can deuyse
I haue no resonnā sufficiant to prayne
The chambres to assay in ordinaunce
Aft my lust and thē for wyfly payn
That thynne wōl alle the gouernaunce
Thowh knowest eke of olde and al my plesaunce
Thowh thyne ayay to badde and cuely coy
Do thou thy deuer at the last reioyse
Nought only lorde that y am glad & ecke
To do youre lust but y desyre also
youre forte plese and serue in my dayes
With outen feynntyse and echatt euer more
So for no wele no for no woe
So echatt the gost with ynne myn hert sterue
To lone zoth best wel thatt my trouthe enduce
And with that worde echo gan the house dyrt
And tables to sette and bedes to make
And peyned hy to don alt that ofte myght
Prayinge the chambeyes for godes sake
To haste hem fast and flee and schake
And ofte the most serviable of alle
Hath euy chambe assayed and hys halle
A bought vndrne gan thys ayle alyze
That with hym brought those noble chyldre awey
ffor wiche the peple jan to se that eyre
And hy assay so ryche hy be sey
And than efte amonge hem gonne they seye
That walle was no fool yolde hym leste
To chaunge hys wyf for hit was for the beste
ffor echo ys fayre as they deuise alle
Than ys gretelde and more tender of age
And fayre hunt by the bonne hem echalle falle
And more plesaunce for hy hyr hymage
Hy brothe so fayre was of hys age
That hym to se the peple hadde y clept plesaunce
Comodyne pelle the malayne gonne auaunce
O straunge peple vnlad and vntolde
Euel vndiscret and chaunchynge as a vane
Delytynge euel in mine that ys nolde

ffor lyke the mone cũ thay yo and thane
Euer full of clap dews y nolle a pane
zouys dam ys false zouys constance euell preuayth
a theff sleet fool ys tho that on zolle leuoth
Thus seyde sad folke in that tyte
Whan that the peple gasd up and a dokne
ffor they wey glad tyll for the nouelte
To haue a nelle lady of hey tonne
So more of thys make y mencion
But to gloselde azen Wolff y dosse
And tellen hy constance and hey besynesse
Wel bely was gloselde on euery thynge
That to the feste was present
Tyll nouzt was eche a basthyd of hy clothynge
Thouz they wey nude and comdoff to yonne
But with glad they to the gate ys wonne
With other folke to gete the mayquyse
And after doth eche forth hy besynesse
With Weff glad chere the gystes eche receyueth
And boxomly euerych in hys degre
That no man defaute ther pey noth
But euer they shoulde wel at eche myzt be
That in so pore a lay was forto se
And coude suche honour and seruyse
And worthyly they preysen hy prudence
Qu aff thys mene whyle eche ne stynte
Thys mayden and eke hy brother to tomede
With alle hy horte and bonge amount
So wel that no man coude hy pris amende
But atte the laste whan the lordes wonde
To sette a doun the gan to calle
Gleselde as eche was besy in the halle
Gleselde qd he as swe wel ys in hys play
Holle hyderth yo my wyf in hy bedde
Alyze wolle my lord qd she for my gode fay
A fuyre calle y neu non than eche
I pray to god so zeue zolle prosperite
And so hayde y that he wille to zolle gode
plesaunce y wolle vnto zouys hynes efte
But othynge be eche zolle and wayne alle

Of gyoufrid

What so pryckp thrift no tuynontynge
Thys tendep mayde as so shaud don nod
ffor echo ys fostred in hyr norysthynge
Well tendrly in hyr pleynge
Che coude not adiqsto eudye
As coude a pore fostred ofspryng
And thaun thys that calle hyr paronde
hyr glad chere and no malice er all
And he so ofte harth don hyr offense
And echo euer constaued and stable as wall
Tomunynge euer hyr unnotyse ouerall
Thys ordyly vsaqnys gan hyr hert dresse
To selle vtton hyr thryftly gouernaunce
Thys ys y wolde gloselde myn ad he
Be no more a gaste ne euell-payde
I haue thy fayth and thy bonugrace
As well as euer woman was dayde
In glorr estate and trouth a payde
Gode knowe y dere thryf thy gouernaunce
And hyr in ames to and gan to hysse
And echo for wonder tok thep of no keep
Echo herde not what thynge echo sayde
Echo feede as echo hadde eyen out of hys slep
Tyl echo out of hyr masedues a brayde
Eleselde ad he by god that for vs deyde
Thou art my thryf and non other y hane
Ne neu had as god my soule gane
Thys ys thy bouzte thy echo thou shalt ouerlede
To ben my thryf and non other freydfully
Echall ben myn eyne as y hane dispose
Then bayd hem thy body nolesly
Ar solcyne hane y kepe hem cyrefly
Take hem azen for thou myzt not saue
That thou hast lorne eny of thy childre wboy
And folde that other thryft han seyde of me
I kepe hem well that y hane don thys dede
ffor no malys ne for no enuye
But forto assay thy wommanhede
And noo forto slo my childyen good for dede
But forto kepen hem prudely and stylle

The dayes

Tyll y thy pynnes knelle and aff thy clyff
And clethan echo thys herde a dolfu mone echo fallop
For pytous loyinge and aft thy wofull wayinge
Eche bothe thy yonge childre to thy calleth
And in her armes tenderly clepynge
Embraced bothe tendrely kyssynge
Wyth kyste a modyr ruth thy cafft to yes
Echo bathed bothe thy vysage and thy heres
O clesyche a pytous thynge hit was to see
Her mournynge and thy pytous voys to here
Eyamant mercy my lorde to god y thonke yolde the echo
That ze haue sanded me my thyldren dere
Yolde yefte y neuer to be ded wyt hem
Eethen y stond in zour lone and in zour grace
No force of deth ne dysthan my spyrte pace
O tendre o dere yonge thyldren myn
Zour wofull modyr wende studfastly
That quelle hounde or wyld fyn
Had eten yolde but god of hys mercy
And zour benigne fadyr tendrely
Hath doth zou kepe and that sanns stroufle
Al godenly echo departe home to the grounde
And in hey mournynge so gadly holdeth echo
Hey thildren to clethan eche gan hem brace
Thre with grete swetnesse and dissolace
Tho thildren sownder answe they gan to pace
O many a tre o many a pytous face
Wonn yan of hem that syen they by gyde
Vnwetyngly a bowen hy wyn they abyde
Wyth hy wp taketh and hy corny claspeth
And enely wyth hy ioy and fest wasseth
Tyl sche hadde myght hem hy comfortynge
Wakey hy dorste so fayrefully plesynge
That hyt was deynte to se the chere
By abyte hem to rolle they ben nor yfere
Tho sche ladyes clethan they hy tyme say
Hath taken hy and into chambre gon
And cryp on hy out of hy sydes alay
And in a cloth of golde that wyte sathon
With a garbe of many a ryche stone

Of oxforde

Vpon thy hed they vnto hallo browzte
And there ethe was honourd as erle onyte
Thys hath vns pyrous a blessed ende
ffor euery man & wōmā doth hys myght
Thys day mynde and jewell to dispende
Tyll on the skelton ochon the crosses bryte
ffer more solempne in euery maner wyse
Thys feste was and gret costage
Than was the jewell of the mariage
Welle many a lord in hy prosperite
Liuen thes two in cōforde and in joye
And pyche thy douzter maryed he
On to a lorde on of the worthyeste
Of alle ytalye and yan in pres and in joste
Thy wyues fadir in thys court shekepeth
Tyl pat thys world out of hys body gapeth
Thys good entreth in to hys heritage
In joste and pes aft hey fadir day
And fortunat was eke in mariage
Alle pat he uot hys wyf in affray
Thys worlde ys not stronge hit ys no nay
As hit hath ben in olde tymes yore
And shewyth what the auctor seyth they fore
Thys story ys seyde not that wyues schalde
ffolwen gladde as in humylite
ffor hit was importable thouz they wolde
But that euery wyzte in hys degre
Schulde be constraint in aduersite
Thys story wyshyth he wych hyz style endyteth
Wych paasede gladde he quytteth
ffor certein a wommā was so pacient
Vnto a mortalle mā wolde more was auzte
Resteyne alle mygte pat god vs sende
ffor glose ek pleyne he prouyth pat he bouzte
Daunbynde the wyche ꝑ he reporte
As seyth seynt iame pat he hys pistelle rede
He prouyth folke alday hit ys no drede
And suffisith vs for onys experience
Wych schappe schrewes of aduersite
Alle ofte to be blessed in sondry weyse

The duke of oxforde

Jonyr forto knowe vs for tostes fyo
or the reste bom knewe all ony3e fyockes
And for ourre heste ys all ony3e gouernaunce
~let vs fyrt haue in veptues ruffiaunce
Thu o the3yo heykonech lordynges eyzo goo
~fyrt the3e ful hayde nowe adayes
Ju all a tourn fyude gloseldes on ordre
ffor yf fyrt the3e put in suche assayes
The golde of heiu hath nowe so hayde alayes
With bras for thou the fyude he fayre at eyo
fyrt wolff jath of hieste ar the3e yan plyo
~leseldes ys dee and eke thy paasuce
and bothe attoues buyyed in ytayle
ffor whyche y qye in eyen and houce
Ro the3edde man be hayde to assayle
thys vyues paacence in tyyste to fyude
ffor in ceytoyne he schall fayle
O noble vyues full of prudence
let non humilite zoure tonge trayle
Se let no eyke haue cause or diligence
To write of zolle a story of suche meruayle
As of gryseldes paasence and fyude
Leste the eche euache zou ouerthrowe in fyer eurayle
ffolweth ecte yat he leedeth no eyle
But euer answere at yo tourne trayle
Be not by daffed for zoure vnstedfaste
But ecte apply take eth on zou the gouernayle
Emperesse eth wolt thys lessou in zoure mynde
ffor comune profite ecth fyrt may availe
So dede hem not do hem no reuerence
ffor yonge thy housbonde assay hem in mayle
Thei apperes of thy rabbed eloquence
Schall tuyste thys breste and eke thys auoutrayle
In iolyfye eke y rede zo fyrni byde
And that thowe make hym conche as doth a quayle
If thowe be fayre thy folke be in presence
Schewe thowe thy visage and thyne appetyte
If thou be foule be fie of thyne dispense
To gete yo frendes ay do thy trauayle
Be ay of eyer as lyzt as leef on lynde

Tenuoye de chaucer

And set hym

The prologe of the.m. nonnes tale

And let hym calle and clepe and clynge and crayle
ze as a chelbynes crouneth at zonge defoute
Seth ze be stronge as ye a gret camayle
Ne sufferth not that mā do zolle offence
And stondeth sterke ayenes felle as in batayle
Seth egle as a tygre zonde in ynde
Ay clappeth as mylle yzolle tousaylo
Here endeth the fryres tale of oxforde
And begynneth prologe of the scāde nonnes tale
The mynistre of the norysse vnto vice
Alyche that men calle ydelnesse
Is porter of the gate ys of delytes
To ethche and by compaygne hym oppresse
That ys to seyn by lecherie besynesse
Wel ofte vse to don ony vntemte
Leste that the feende thorouz ydelnesse vs schent
For he that seeth hys thoughtes colde slyz
Continuelly vs awayteth to be clappe
Whan he may mā in ydelnesse to appye
He can so slyzely cacche in hys trappe
Tyll that a man be shente fyzt by the lappe
He nys not ware the feende hath hym in honde
Wel ofte vs myche and ydelnesse wyth stonde
And thouz mā dyvde vcuq forto dye
zit oen mā wil by iosedm dirtloo
That ydelnesse ys lorde of alle gaderyne
Of alle vyche the cometh neū noon engyne
And certeins that aldutche holdeth here in a lees
Ouzh to slepe and forto ete and drynke
And to denouzen alle that other swynke
And forto putte vs fyom that ydelnesse
That cause ys of the grete confusioū
Of hauo here don my feythfulle besynesse
after the legende in translacōn
Fyzt of thy glorious lyf and passion
Thou wreth thy gaylond beyonze alle with roses and lylye
Ther nuene ya mayde and maytre oeynt cecile
And thilke that flouze of vyzgīs ayt alle
Of whom that baynarde lyfte go wel to wryte
To the at my begynnynge flyfte y calle

The prologe of the

Thou tōfort of vs wrecches do vs endite
Thy maydens deth that was thorw thy mighte
Tho ethalt thy and of the feendes victorye
Certes mē may aft yeden in hoy storye
Thou mayden and modry dowter of thy sone
Thou welle of mercy emfull soules aye
Of whom that god for bounte chees to wone
Thou humble and thyz after eny creature
Thou nobledest so fer oure nature
That no disdeyne the maker hadde of kynde
hys sone in blode and flesch to clothe and wynde
With ynne the cloyst blessfull of thy sydes
Took mannes schap the eterne lone and pees
That of the tryne compas lorde and gyde ys
Whom erthe and se and heuene out of the les
Ay heryen and thou virgine wemles
Bay of thy body and vbelleste maydē pure
The creator of euery creature
Assembled ys in the magnificence
With mercy goodnesse and with outhe pure
That thou art the sonne of excellence
Sowre ouly that helpest hem that prayen the
Out of the tyme of thy bomgrace
Full flesh or that men thyne helpe be seche
Thou goost by forne and art hyne hechc
Nolde helpe thole micke and blessfull fayre mayde
Ayy fleined wrecche in thys desert of galle
Thenke on the wōman of canane that seyde
That whelpes eten somme of the grone alle
That from hyre lordes table don falle
And therfor that I the vnworthy sone of eue
Be synfull yet aproche me by loue
And for that feythe ys dede with oute werkes
So fore weyhen zyf me wert and quarel
That y be quyte from place that moste derke ys
O thou that art so fayre and so full of grace
Be myn aduocate in to hyz a place
Therr as with outen ende ys songe osanna
Thou qyne modr and dowter of anna
And of thy lyzt my soule in prosp̄n hyzte

That troubled ys by the contagioun
Of my body and also by the vyce
Of erthely lust and false affectioun
O hevenes O ihesu O saluacioun
Of hem that ben in sorwe and distresse
Wolde hesp for vitte my wepke ¶ wolde me redresse
yt pray ¶ wolde ye rede that I write
ffor yeuetk me that y do no diligence
Thys ilke storye subtyle to endyte
ffor bothe haue I the wordes and the sentence
Of hem that ar the seyntes pursuyng
The storye knyt and folwen hyr legende
And pray ¶ wolde that ye wolde my werke amende
ffyrst wolde y wolde the name of seynt cecile
Expouned as men may in hyr storyes goo
That ys to sey in englysh hevenes lily
ffor thorw chastnesse of vyrginite
Dthey for ecke vertuesse hadde of honoure
Of grene of conscience and of good fame
The whiche harmony hire was hir name
Dthey cecile ys to sey the wey to blynde
ffor ecke ensample was to good techynge
Or elles cecile or Ihesyron fynde
Is ioyned by a maner conioynynge
Of hevene and lya and hyre in figurynge
The hevene ys goost for thorw holynesse
And lya for hyr lastynge besynesse
Cecile may eke be seyde in thys maner
Abstaynynge of blyndenesse for hyr goost lyre
Of sapience and for hyr thewes clere
Orthey elles lo thys maydens name lyre
Of hevene and leos wommh for whyche be yre
Men myre the hevene of peple mē may hyr calle
Ensample of good and lyfe wherfore alle
ffor leos peple in englysh ys to seye
And lyre as men may in thys hevene se
The sonne and mone and sterres euery whay
Lyre se go stedy in thys mayden fre
Scyn the feythe of magnificence
And eke of herte and of sapience

And eondry dbeftes bryzt of excellence
And ryzt as thofe phyfyfyens dbyrte
Thate heuen ys fdbyfte ioundes and bromynge
And ionnde and hail and gad ftrongynge
And breme euery m thayte hyzte
Holde hand y deckyed zolde dbhate ethe hyzte
Hyer endeth ye prologe of the. ij. nonne
And by gynneth the tale.

Thys mayde bryzt clere as hy hyf eyeth
Was come of romayns and of noble kynde
And ro forth fofryed vp in the feythe
Of qyfte and bayo hys goftell in hy mynde
Ethe neuer eeafed as ! dbyron fynde
Of hy prayer and god to lone and dzede
Hy eechynge hym to kepen hy maydenhed
And dbhan thys mayde echolde vnto a man
! dbedded be that dbas zonge of age
Dbhych that y deyre dbas valerian
And the day dbas come of hy mariage
Ethe fulle Denoure hymmle m hyre corage
Vnder hy robe of golde that eat fulle fayre
And neyre hy fleyfthe ethe clad hy m an hayre
And dbhyles the organes made melodye
To god allone thus m hert eange ethe
O lorde my eoule and eke my body gye
Vnkeuthed lefte y confounde bo
And for hys lone that deyde vpon a tre
Euery eeuande or thryddc day ethe faite
Ay bydde yngc m hy oryfons full faite
The nyzt comc and to bedde ethe moite goon
Dbith hy houfbonde as ofte ys the manere
And preuely ethe eayde anon
O dberte and dbelbeloued epouie dere
Thy ys a counfeil and zc dbolde that thou
Dbhych that pyzt fayn y dbolde to zoure payne
So that zc me euyde to me dbyzte to be dbayne
Valerian gan faite vnto hy eayde
Sire for no thinge no thynge yat nyzte be
He echolde for no thynge neuer be dbroken
And than at aift thus to hym eayde ethe

I haue an aungell wyche that louyth me
That wyth grete loue wacchyth ou y wake or slepe
Is redy ay my body forto kepe
And yf that he may felen onto of dede
That ze wolle zolle gouerne no thynge amys
He wolle zolle saue and kepe tylle ze be ded
ffor zoure clene lyuynge and zoure goodnesse
And bringe zolle eyeyte in to heuene blysse
He wolde zolle loue as me fore zoure cleannesse
And schelde zou of hys ioy and of hys bryzthnesse
Valeryan towarde as god wolde
Answeyed azen yf I schalle tryste to the
Let me that aungell go and hym by holde
And yf that hit a deuyll aungell be
Than wolly dou as tholle haste preyde me
And yf thowz loue an other man for eothe
Kyzt wyth thys answeyde y wolle old zolle bothe
Teeld answeye a non in thys wyse
Yff that ze liste that aungell schulle ze see
So that ze tholle ou kyste and zolle baptise
Goth forth to via apia qd he
That from thys toune no fourt but myles thre
And to the fore folkes that they dwelle
Say hem zyzt thus as I schalle zou telle
Telle hem that y wolde zolle to hem come
To schelden zolle the the good vrban the olde
ffor eege nedes and for good entente
And whan that ze seynt vrban han be holde
Telle hym the wordes whyche that I to zolle tolde
And whā that he hath pruyed zolle of eyne
Than schalle ze see ys aungell or he wende
Valeryan ys to that place y gon
And zyzt as hym was taust by hys leynynge
And fond thys holy vrban a non
A monge those cuyntes buyxelle lotynge
And he a non wyth oute tarynge
Dede hys message and whan he hadde tolde
Vrban for ioye gan hys handes up holde
The teres from hys eyen lette he falle
Alle myzty god o ihū cryste qd he

So wepe of thaste tourtels and haydo of vs all
The fruyt of thylko seed of thastus
That you hastu sellbo in teruls take to the
ko y lyko a besy bo with outo gylo
The sequeth ay thyns olbuo thzal tcalo
for thylko sponso that ochc tako but uclko
ffiul lyko a fors hyonno ethe seudeth hejo
as nicko as euy lambo thas to zollo
And with that wordo a uon thoy gan apzo
And olde man clad with whyte clothes depe
And had a buke with lettres of golde in hondo
And gan byfore valeyan stonde
valeyan as ded fell down for drede
When he hym calls and hym vpheuto tho
And on hys book wyt thus he gan to rede
O lorde o feyth o god with outen mo
Of cristendom and fadyr of alle so
A bonen allo and euey alle euery whoy
Thys wordes all with golde whyten who
whan thys was rad yan seydo thys olde man
Louest thou thys thyngo seyzo or nay
I leue al pys thyngo than this ydar well say
Vnder the heuene no wyzt ne thenko may
Tho vanyshed the olde man he nyste where
And pope vrban hym cristened wyzt theyo
valeyan goth hom and seynt cecile
With yune hys thaubet an angell stando
This angell hadde of rose and lilio
Crownes to the whyche he bar in honde
And first to cecile as y vndyrstonde
he zaf that on and after gan he take
That other to valeyan hy make
Which body clene and vnwemmed thouzto
Kepeth ay well these crownes qd he
ffrom paradys to zou I haue y hem brouzto
Se neuer more ochult they yoden bo
So lese her swote sauour tyrstoth me
So neu wyzt ochalle se hem with hys eye
But ho bo chaste and hatto vcelemye
And tholbz valeyan ffor thonz so sone

Anomes tals

Assentedest to gode counceff assb
Sey ßhat thou hists and thouz ochalte shaue yy bone
I shaue a brothey qd valeyan tho
That in thys Worlde y lone no mā oo
I pray zoßb that my brother may shaue grace
To knoßb the trouthe as y do in thys place
The aungelf answeyed god hy forth zonde sequesto
And bothe ßbith the palme of martyr dom
Zo ochuffe come onto the blyffuff feste
And ßbith that ßborde tybuyce hys brothey tome
And ßbsau that he thys sauour vnd nome
ßbith that the rose and the lylies caste
Wych ynne hys hept he tau to ßbondre faste
And seyde in thys tyme y ßboudry of thezey
ßbhen us thys ßbote sauour cometh so
And roses and lylies that y smelle heye
ffor thouz y hadde hem in myn houdes tßbo
The sauour tuyzte in me no deppey goo
The ßbote ouyffe that in tuyn hepte y fynde
Hath chaunged me aff in an ochey kynde
Valeyan seyde tßbo thynne shau ßboe
Knoßb ßbhyte and rose sede that ochynneth cleer
ßbhych that thyne eyen shau no myzt to see
And as thou onelleft shem thouz my prayey
So ochalt thoßb se hem lene brothey deye
Yff hit so be that thou ßbylt ßbith out eldinge
Zo lene ayzt and knoßb veyy trouthe
Tybuyce anßbeyed seyst thoßb thus to me
In soothneff or in dyon heykene ze thus
In deines qd valerian han ßbo
Ou to thys tyme brothey tuyn y ßbys
Zitt noßb at aff one trouthe dßbelbynge ys
Shoßb ßboft thouz qd tibuyce and in ßbhat ßbyfe
Qd valeyan that y ochalle the devise
The aungell of god hath me tho trouthe y tauzte
ßbhyche that thou ochalt see yf that thou ßbylt renye
The ydols and bylone and elles nouzt
And of thoffe myracles of thoffe gomes ßbeye
Seynt ambroff in hys proface liffte to seye
So kēply thys noble dede deye

Cōmedeth hit and seyth in thys maner
The paynis of martirdom forto ȝestayne
Seynt cecile fulfilled of godes ȝyfte
The worlde and eke the chamber gan echo weyf
Wytnesse tybuyce and cecily echyfte
To whyche god of hys bounte wolde echyfte
Grommes also of flonyes welk emyllyng
And mad the amngelk hē the gownes bryngo
These mayde hath bought thys men to blysse a lone
The worlde hath devyfte whet hyt ys beeth aqueyne
Venoaen of chaftate to lone
The echelled hym cecile open and playne
That alle ydoles nys but thyngo in vayne
For they ben domb and thei to you ben deef
And chaȝed hym hys ydoles to leef
Wesso that thys troweth not a beft he ys
Of the tybuyce yf that y echalle not lyve
Echo gan thau kysse hys breste and that hefde jns
And was full glad he couthe trouthe affrye
Thys day take y the for myn alliye.
Sayde thys bleffull mayde fayre and deye
For after that echo sayde as ȝe may hey
So ȝyve ge as ys lowe of qyft fd echo
Make me thy brotheres wyf ȝyve in that wyfe
Anon for myn allye here take y the
Cecheus thou woft thyne ȳ dolis diffryfe
Go feeth thy brother nowe and thou baptyfe
And make the clene ge that thou mayft be fhofte
The amngelk fats of whyche thy brother wolde
Tyburce answered and seyde brother deye
Firft telle me whether y echalle and to whom mā
To whom fd he come forthe with ȝyve gode chere
I ches the lede unto the pope vrban
To vrban brother myn valeryan
Ah, allmyne wyft thowe me thider lede
Ye thenketh that hit were a wondy dede
Remembreste thou nowȝt (vrban fd he tho
That ys go ofte damyned to bedd
And whoeth nu halfes to and fro
And dar not ones put forth hys hed

Thomas Wals

Ayen cth̄ shuld hym bremus nu a fuyre yeed
If that he were founde and mē myght hym spye
And eke also that were hym cōpanye
And whyles we seke thilke diuinite
That ys y shuld in heuene preue
Algate I went in this worlde eschuld ye be
To whom veale answered boldely
ayen myght drede sheld and sykernesse
This lyf to lese myn olde dere broder
If this were hynynge eny and nō other
But thei ys better lyf in other place
That neuer schall be lost ne drede the nought
Which godesson tolde vs thorugh hys grace
Wyst as aman hath sapience this
ayenorie engeyne and intellect also
Go in a beyng of diuynyte
Thise prones wyst sheld they may be
Tho gan echo hym besyly preche
Of godes sone and of of hys peynes teche
And many poyntes of hys passiōn
Holde godesson in thys worlde was he holde
To don mankynde playne remission
That was y bonde in synnes and eyes colde
As this thynge echo vnto tybuy told
And after thys tybuyte in good entente
To pope vrban with valeryan he went
Which thanked god and with glad herte and wyt
He ordened hym and made hym in that plate
Pfit in hys hynynge godes knyght
And after this tybuyte gat eche gē
That euery day he say this tyme and spate
The aungelt of god and euery many bone
That he god asked hyt was spedfull done
Hit with full haste by ordre forte cayne
Holde many wordes ihū for hym beyonde
But at ye laste to tolle echone and pleyne
The ordinaunce of yomen han hem goune
And hem byfore almache this pruestes bronge
Which hem apposed and knowe all they entended
And to ye ymage of mahūd hem sende.

And seyde whoso ev wolle do no sacrifice
Shrap of his heed thys ys my sentence hejo
A non thys maryons p̄ y zolde deuyse
Du maximus that was an officejo
Of the prefectis and of cruelte
Hem hent and vshen he forth the scyntes ladde
Hem suste ho recep for pitee that ho hadde
Whan maximus had hisde the scyntes lorde
He gat hem of the tirmentours kene
And sadde hem in hys hous wonder more
And with here prechynge ej that hit was euo
They goinde fro the tormentours to jesus
And from maximus and from his folke alkon
The falso feyth and nolden in god allone
Teale cam whan hit wayed nyzte
Of probes that hem qwstened all in fore
And aftewarde whan day was wayen hyre
Teale hem seyde with orbre thejo
Nolle qwstes offuo kuyztes leef and dej
Casteth all a wey the wejkes of derkenesse
And armeth zolle in armure of lyztenesse
Ze shan forsothe y don zjeer batayle
Zoure ys don zonje feyth shan ze tofqued
Goth to the tronne of hyf that may not fayle
The zyrcfull iuge that ze shan desqued,
To fore hym ze ben fully presqued
And whan thys thynge was don as y deuyse
Ajen ladden hem forthe to don the sacrifice
Hit whan they were in to the place y broujt
To telle schortely pe conclusion
They nolde enstinte no sacrifice pyre nouzt
Hit on hej knoes they sette hem doun
With hymnes hejt and sad deuocion
And lyften bothe here hondes in the place
Here eoules wente to the kynge of grace
Thys maximus that calle thys pynges le tyde
With perous tales tolde hit a non pyre
That he hy soules calle to heuene glyde
With angels full of clerenesse and of lyzt
And pe hys wordes conforted many a wyzt

Almonnces tale

ffor whych almachius dede hym do to lede
with whyttes of lede tylle he hys lyf gā lete
Tecale hym toke and huppyd hym a non
by tybuyes and valeryan goostly
with ynus hy hepyngs plato vnd the crown
and after thys almachius haftely
bad feche tecale that he myzt her se
And alder first leo thys was hys askyngo
what maney woumman art thow tho qth he
I am a gentell woumā borne qth she
I aske qth he thouz het the gyno
of thyne religioun and of thyno bydno
why than by gan zouo queftion folily
That wyldeft two anfwego conclude
Tu o demaundo ze askod lewdely
almachyo anfwego to that multitude
of wemens qth he wā that ache was trefoyned
of cōtricio and of good feyth vnfoyned
almachyo seyde takeft thow non hede
of thyno anfwego and ache hym anfwegod thys
zouel nyzto qth ache hyrelf ys to drede
ffor euery mortall mamoo tolleg nys
but y lyke a bladdeg fulle of wyndo y wys
ffor with a nedles poynt wolfauno thau that hit ys blowe
ajay alle the boft of hit be leyde fulle lowe
ffull wrongefully he gauft thow qth he
and zit tu wyongo ys thy pfon eftanico
wofto thow nozt holdz onyo myzty pnceo fro
ben thys cōmaundod and maden ordinanico

Tho seamdo

That euery qyston wyll schall haue penaunce
But yf that she hys qystendō wt ese
And gou all quyte yf she wold hyr restoyne
Youe pynytos eyen as youe nobleu doth
Od tho veals and albaid sentence
Ze mabe vs guilty and hit ys not soth
ffor ze that knowen well oure vnotento
ffor as mucho as we don a yousyonto
To qyste and for we beo a qystono name
Ze putto on vs a qym and cho a blame
But wo that knowen thilko name see
ffor vertuous wo may hit not saye
Alnathus answeyed chees on of thesd two
Do sacryfice or qystendom yeuye
That thou nolt sruyen by that weye
At wlyche the holy thy ffull maydo
Gan forto lawze and to the iugge echo seydo
O iuge confuse in thy wyesdo
Wolt thou that y yeuye innotouce
To make me a wycked wyze qd echo
Yo he dissemuloth here in audience
He sraieth and wadeth in hys aduisence
To whom alinathus o cruely objecto
Se wost thou nouzt holde fer my myzt may eqoeche
Hath not ouze myzty prince to me yond
Zo bothe power and auctorite
To make folke to dyen or to lyuen
Why eqest thou so prowdely vnto me
I ne eqeke hit nouzt but stedfastly qd echo
Not prowdely for y dey as for my gyde
I hate dedly thilke vice of pruyde
And yf thou deste not a sooth to lyq
Than wolly echewen openly by zyte
That thou hast maad a full gret lesynge lyq
Thou seyst thy princes haue zone the myzte
To sclo and cke to quyck a wyzte
Thou that ne mayst but on hyf lyq by zone
Thou hast thy to nothq power no lone
But yolde mayst so that princes han the maked
Aynstyo of death for yf thou eqeke of me

Thomas tals

Thou hyest for thy folbey ys ful nakod
Do bey thy boldenesse seyde almachius tho
And sacefice to oure godes do
Ine secche what wrongo thou me profio
for y can suffio hit as a philosophio
Bute whilbe wrongos may I not endure
That thoue sekest of oure goddes heye qd he
Seale answeyed o myes creature
Thou sayde no wordes serpens thoue spekest to me
That I ne knowe thee with thy mysteo
And that thoue wrogo us euery maner wyse
A lewde office and a venym usest
Thero lakketh no thynge to thyne vttoz eyzen
That thou hast blynde for thy ynge that no seu alle
That ys a stou that man weell may assyen
That lyke stou a god thoue wilte hit calle
I lede the fat thyne honde vppon hit falle
And taste hit well and stou thou schalt hit fynde
Serpens that thou syest hit not with thyne eyen blynde
Hit ys a schame yat tho puple schalt
So stronge tho and laboz at thy folly
for comunly wymmen doot hit well ouerall
That myzty god ys in hys heuones hyze
And these ymages weell pan mayst thou aspye
To the ne to hem self may they not profite
for in her effectes they ben not worthe a myte
Thus and suche other wordes seyde echo
And he wray wroth and he schulde bo ledde
Home to hys hous and in hys hous qd he
Brenneth hys fyze in a fuyle wrath flames seed
And as he bad so was don tho dede
And in a bath ye they gan hys faste schetten
And myzt and day glet fuyle vndey they madde
Al ye longe myzt and eke tho day also
for alle the fuyle and eke the bathes hete
Echo eat aleyde and felt of hit no wo
Hit made hym a dreye not forto schete
But in that bath hys lyf sche moste lete
for he almachius wrath fulle wycked entente
To sleen hym in the bath hys sonde sente

Thre strokes in the necke he smot hir tho
The tormentours bitt for no maner thanne
he myght not smyten alle hir necke a two
And for thei was that tyme an ordinaunce
That no man schulde do man such penaunce
The fourthe stroke to smyte ofte or sore
Thus tormentour/ dist no more
Bitt half ded stirth hir necke y tornen tho
he lefte hir lyg and on hir way he went
The cristen folke thider ichone aboute hem drow
Withe cheres hom fulle fayre hem heente
Thre dayes lyued eche in this torment
And never ceced echo the feyth to teche
That eche hadde fostred hem echo gan to preche
And hem echo zaf hir rueblis and hir thynge
And to pope vrban hir tooke hem tho
And seyde this y asked thys of heuene kynge
To han respite thre dayes and no mo
To shrimmande to zolde cristhat y go
The soules leo and that y myzt go thider
Hem of myn hous spetually a dyner
Seynt vrban with his deknes prouely
The body fette and buryed hit by nyzte
Among his other seyntes honestely
Here hous ys dight of seynt ceaild hyzte
Seynt vrban halwed hit as wel he myzte
In the worshyp unto this m noble wyse
Amen dou qyste and to thys seynt seynte

Here endeth the seconde nombre tale &c
And begynneth the prologe of the chanons zeman.

Whanne ended was the lyf of seynt cecile
Er we ffully hadde ywen fyf myle
At boughton vnd the blo we gan a take
A man that clothed was in clothes blake
And vnd that he hadde a white surplys
Hys hakeney that was alle pomelé grys
So ofsette that hit was aferdy to se
Hit semed he hadde prikked myles thre
The hors eke that his zeman rod vpon
So ofsette that wonder myzt he gon

Of the chanons yemā

A bouue the peyteyell stood the foom full hyzo
he was of foom as fleckid as a pyo
A male tabyfolde on hys goper layo
hit semed that he cayyed butt hytell ayay
all hyzt for somer yood thys worthy man
and in myn hepte wondren y began
what that he was tyll that y vndyystood
holle that hys hoke was sued to hys hood
ffor wyche wham y longe hadde auised mo
I deined hym soun chanonū forto bo
thys hat hongo at hys backe down by a lato
ffor he hadde ryde moze thamo tyot ozpato
he hadde ay pryked lyke as he wo^{l} wood
a cloto leef he hadde vndyr hys hood
ffor sweat and forto kepe hys heer from hoetto
But hit was ioye forto se hym swetto
hys forhed dropped as dystillatozyo
were full of playntaynis and of pelotozyo
and whan that he tomo he gan to pyo
God saue qth he thys ioly compayyo
ffaste haue y preised qth he forzoup^{l} sake
wy cause that y wolde zoke oneprake
to lyden ni thys mery tōpanyo
Thys zeman wo was full of auyntyo
and eyres nolle in the moroweyde
But of zoure ostelleyyo I say zoke zyde
and wayned hem my lorde and my conseyyne
wyschyche that att to zyde with zoke yf full fayne
for hys disport he louyth dashynes
ffende ffor thy wayny^{ng} god zeue the good chaunce
Heyde ome ofte tymes hit wolde seme
Thy lorde wepe thys and so y may wolle deme
he ys ffull iocunde also day y leye
Tan he ont telle a mery tale or tweye
wyth wyschyche he glade may thys compayyne
wolde sire my lorde ze ze with ontto hym
he can of mirthe and eke of iolito
Not butt y nolde alsd my tyystoth me
and ze hym knewe als wele as do I
ze wolde wondey holle wele and thryftyly

He coueyteth richesse and that in sondry wyse
He hath take on hym many sondry a prysse
Whyche were full hard for eny that ys hye
To bryngo a bouto hir they of hym hir leye
As homely as he ryttoth monges zoure
If ze hym knewe hir wolde be zoure prowe
Ze nolde not forgon hys aqueyntaunce
For muchell good y day ley in balaunce
Al that y haue in my possessiõ
He ys a man of hyz discressiõ
What zoure welle he ys a passynge mã
Welle pe oure oste y pray the tello me than
Is he clerke or no telle what he ys
May he ys gletty than a clyster y wys
Heyde the zonan and in wordes fewe
Hoste and of hys craftes som what y wolde zowe
I seye my lorde than suche a sotelte
Bute alle hys crafte ze may not wyte at me
And som whatt helpe y zit to hys wedynge
Wherat alle thys grounde wisshe that he hon on lyuynge
Tyll that he come to camuscuse toun
He conde alle clene tryne couetousnesse
And pave hit clene of coluer and of golde
And whan thys zeman had thus y tolde
Vnto oure oste he seyde bidette
Thys thynge ys wonder mesuclous to me
Sepens that lorde ys of so hyz pardone
By tause of whyche men schulde hym reuerence.

Prologe

That of hys Marryage ye/e he so lyte.
Hys owey slep wys not worth a myte.
As in effecte to hym so mot y goo.
Hit ys al bandy and to toze also.
Why ys thy lorde so slutty/sh y the prey.
And ys of pouke/ kette/ clothes to bey.
If that hys dede a corde with thy crefte.
Tel me that and that y the by fetche.
Why qd thys woman whey to aske ze me.
God helpe me so for he ethal neuey y the.
But y wol not a cokke that y may.
And they for kepe hit fege y wolde pray.
The ys to whys in fayth as y by leue.
That that ys ouey doubt wol not preue.
And yet as cleykes seyn hit ys a vice.
Whey for in that y holde hym lerned in seruice.
ffor shame a man hath ouey greet a wyt.
fful often hit happeth to mys vsen hit.
So doth my lord and that me greueth sore.
God hit amende y can sey nolde no more.
They of no force good woman qd oure oost.
Beus of the comyng of thy lord thole bost.
Tel holde he doth y pray the hertily.
Dyus that he ys so crafty and so sly.
Whey/e Dame/ ze yf hit to telle be.
In subaybes of a toun qd he.
Lurkynge in hepes and in lanes blynde.
Whey/e these robbeys and thenes by tynde.
Holden hey preuey fetful residence.
As they that dar not shewe hey presence.
So faze the yf y shal sey the sothe
Hit qd oure ost lat me telle tothe.
Why apt thole dystolonyed ou thy face.
Petey qd he god zef hit hayd grace.
I am so vsed in the fuyre forto blowe.
That hit hath changed my colour as y trowe.
I am not about in no mysse to prye
But whyuke ouer a lepe to multiplye.
Whe bloundyen euey a pouyen in the fyre
And for al that whe faylen of oure desyre

ffor euer more we take ouer conclusioũ.
To mychel folke we ben but confusioũ.
And worse golde be hit a pounde or two
Or ten or twelfe or many soumes mo.
And make hem weuen atte leeste weye.
That of a pounde we coude make tweye.
Zit ys it fals and ay we han gode hope.
'ft forto don and after hit we grope.
But that science ys so fey vs by fortune.
We mote not al thouz we hadde hit swore.
'ft ouertake it shyt a wey so faste.
'hit wol vs make beggers atte laste.
Whyles thys zoman was thus in thys talkynge
Thys chanoũ drow hym neer and herd al pynge.
Whych that thys zoman spak for ensaumple.
Of wemen sayde euer hadde thys chanoũ.
ffor cawse sayth he that guilty is.
Weneth al thynge be spoke of hym y wis.
By cause of that he gan so nygh to drawe.
Vnto zoman that herde al his sawe.
And thus he seyde vn to his zoman yow.
Holde thow thy pees and speke wordes no mow.
ffor yyf thou doost thou schalt hit deye a bye.
Thow schalt desclaundre me heye in thys cũpanye.
And eke dishonesten that thou schuldest hyde.
Ze quoth he west tel on what so be tyde.
Of al thys threttynge reccheth not a myte.
Ju fayth quod he no more do I but a lyte.
And wel shamme thys chanoũ sawe hit wolde nat be.
But his zoman wolde telle hys pouerte.
Vnto a wey for whych cause a schame
A quod the zoman heye schal a yyse game.
Al that y can a non wol y telle.
Syn us he ys gon the fend fende hym quelle.
ffor neuer hey after wol y wrth hym mete.
ffor preuy ne for pounde I be hete
Vnto that me brouzht fyst in to that game.
Ey that he deye forthe shame he and schame.
ffor it ys enuyst to me be my fayth

That fele y wel wh̄tt so euy man doyth.
And zit for al my suyet and al my greef
ffor al my dowe labour ā my thef
I wolde neuere lese hit in no wyse.
Nowe wolde god my art myght suffice.
To tellen al that longeth to that art.
But natheles zit wol y telle zowe part.
Syns that my lord ys goon y wil not spare.
Suche thynge as y knowe y wol declare.
Here endyth ye plogye // And begynneth ye tale

Tith thys chanoun welled have y seuen zeer.
And of hys seruice am y neuer the neer
Al that I hadde y have lost they by.
And god woot so have many mo than I.
They I was wont to be ryght fresh & gay.
Of clothynge and of good aray.
Now may I wepe an hose vpon myn heed.
And wheye my wolnye was bothe fresh and reed.
Now it ys wan ā of a sodene hewe.
Who so hit yeuth ofte shal he rewe.
And of my swynke zit bleyed ys myn eyze.
To whyche a vauntage hit ys to multiplie.
That chydynge spenne hath me made so baze.
That y have no good wheye so euel y faze
And zit y am endetted so they by.
Of gold that y have borwed trusty.
That wel nye y myne y shal hit quyte neuere.
Let euery man be ware by me for euere.
What maner man that casteth hym they to
lyf he wtynne y holde hys thryfte y do.
ffor so helpe me god they by schal he not thryue
But empte hys purse ā make his thryftes thryue.
And than he thorz hys madnesse ā folye.
Hath lost hys owne good thorz repardye.
Thanne he exacteth other men they to.
To lese hey good as hym self hath do.
ffor vn to wyfhes ioye hit ys an ese.
To have hey felawes in payne ā diseese.
Thus was y ones leyued of a cleyke.
Of that no charge I wol speke of one weyke.

The chanouns

Whan we ben theye as we schul expleyne.
Owre clupysch craft we feme thondry thyse.
Owre termes ben so clergeal and so queynte.
I blosme the fyre tyl that myn herte feynte.
What sholde y telle eche apertenaunce.
Of thynges whych that we worchen vpon.
As ou fyf or syx vnces may wel be.
Of seluer or of som other quantite.
And hepe me to telle zoue the names.
Of orpiment brent bones ysen shrames.
That in to pouder grounden ben ful smal.
And in an erthen pot sholde that put ys al.
And salt y put yn and also pisynyl:
Wy for these poudres that y speke of here.
And wel y conveyd with a launpe of glas.
And of myche other thynge what pat they was.
And of the pot and glas engleynynge.
That of the eyre myzt passe no thynge
And of the esy fyre and swete also.
Whych that was maad t of the raye and bow.
That we hadde in oure matrys sublymynge
And amalgamynge and calcenynge.
Of quyckesyluer y cleped vnnaturel rude.
For alle oure sleyztes we can not conclude.
Oure oryment and sublymed merqurye.
Oure grounde litarge eke on the porphurye
Of ech of thise of vnces a certeyne.
Nor helpeth vs oure labour ys in veyne.
Ne eke oure spirites asceuasion.
Ne eke oure matteres that lyn al fyxe adoun.
Mosten in oure werkynge no thynge vs a vayle
For lost ys al oure labour and trauayle.
And al the cost on twenty deuel wey
Ys lost also whych we vpon it ley.
Ther ys also many an other thynge.
That ys to oure craft appertynynge.
Thouz y by ordre hem here ne telle can.
Wy cause that y am a lewed man.
Yit wol y telle hem as they come to myn mynde.
Thouz I ne can sette hem in her kynde.

Tema

As bayse Armoniak vdegest borax.
And sondry vessels maad of erthe and glas.
Oure vrinales and oure Distensoryes.
Choles cesoletes and sublimatoryes.
Longe bykes and alembykes eke.
And othey ouche dele y nolle a leke.
That nedeth it to yeshersen hem alle.
Watres rubyfyinge and bokes galle.
Assyuck sal armoniak and brymston.
And sheples konde y telle eke many on.
As egyptiaque valeryan and limaylle.
And orthey ouche zyf that me liste tayle.
Oure fannyres bremynge bothe nyght and day.
To bryngen aboute oure laste zyf that eke may.
Oure formeys eke of calcinacion.
And of watres albificacion.
Unflecked lym chalke and glayre of an ey.
Powdres mule ayssches bouge pysse & cley.
Heped pokettes sal petre and vitriole.
And bynesse fyres maad of thorne and cole.
Salt tartre alkaly and salt peter.
And combust materes & coagulat.
Cley maad with horses or mannes heer & oylle.
Of tartre alym glas berme wort and argoylle
Rysalgar and other materes cubulynge.
And eke of oure materes encorporynge.
And of sublier citrinacion.
Oure cementynge and fermentacion.
Oure fugettes testes & many mo.
I shal zow telle as thas me taught also.
The foure spyrytes and the bodyes seuene.
By ordre ofte as I herde my lord nemene.
The firste spyrit quyk sulfur called ys.
The seconde orpyment the thrydde y wys.
Sal armoniak and the ferthe brymston
The bodyes seuene lo hem here anon.
Sol golde ys and luna sulfur wetherepe.
Mars yren argentyne quyk sulfur wexeth.
Saturnes leed and Jupiter ys tyn.
And venus coper by my fader kyn.

The chanons

Thys cuyssed qaste who so wol eyen ase.
He schal no good han that may hym suffice.
For al the good he spendeth they aboute.
He lese schal theye of hane y no doute.
Who so that luste to come hys sothe
Let hym come forth and lerne to multiplie.
And esy man that hath aught in hys cofre
Lat hym appeye and they a philosophre.
As straunge that qaste ys so hyght ferto leye.
Nay nay god wot al be he monke or freye.
Preste or chanoun or eny other weyte.
Thouz he sitte at his book both day and nyght.
In leryinge of thys cluyssh nyce lore.
Al ys in vayne & payde myche more.
Ys to leyne a selfe man thys sotylte.
Hyz speke not they of for hit wol not be.
Al coude he lerneyne or coude he noon.
Als in effecte he schall fynde hit al on.
For bothe two by myn salvacoun.
Conclude in multiplicacoun.
Lyche wel wheu they haue al y do.
Thys ys to seyn they fayle bothe two.
Yet forzat y to myche jeherfayle.
Of wateres corosif & of hymayle.
And of bodyes mollificacou
And also of seyn induracou
Dyses ablucon and metal fusible.
To tellen al hit wolde passen ony bible.
That oughwhey ys wheyfor as for the beste.
Of al these names nowe wol y me reste
For as y nowe y haue zow tolde y nough.
To sayen a feude loke he neue so zough.
A nay lat be thy philosofr hyes ston.
Thyry dcpid we setten fast echon.
For hadde we hym than seye we sykey y nought.
But vu to god of heuene y make a vought.
For al oure qaste whan we haue alle y do.
And al oure sleyghte he wol not come vs to.
He hath maad vs stonde myche good.
For oxlle of whych al most we weyen wood.

Azenian

Sint that god shape ycpeth in our sheto
Supposyngs euey thoux the gore enioyto
To be seleued by shym after shadde
Supposyngs and hope ys ochappe and hadde
q Wayne zolde Welle hit ys to ocken euere
To shat firmye temps sharh maad mē distene
Jn tryste ther of thom all that ener they hadde
zyt of that art they conde not Wey radde
ffor on to shem shut ys a bytuey obeto
So semeth shat for nad they but a ochete
Wyche they myzt Wrappe in a myzto
And a bake to Walken in by day hyzto
They Wolden shem openden and ocllē on thys q rafto
They can not etymo tylle no thynge be laste
And euer more Where that euey they goon
ayen may shem knowe by smelle of brymston
ffor alle the Worlde they eyml̄ as a geet
Here sauour ys so zlimmysshi and so hoot
That thoux a mā shō shem a myle be
The sauour Wol enfecte shem tyystorh me
So thus by smelhynge and by tiredday assay
If that mē liste thys folke they knowe may
And yf a man Wolde aske hym preuelye
Welly they be clothed so Wirthrystely
Ryzt a non they Welle tourne in hys ere
And sey if they aspyed Were
ayen Wolde shem ole by cause of hey ormad
To thys thus folke betrayen innocens
Passe ouer thys y go my tale to
Er thau rise pot be on the fuyre y do
Of metalls Wrth a certeyne quantite
ayy lorde shem temptacis and no mā hit se
Wolle he ys goon y day Welle saye boldely
ffor as mē sayn he can do jaffely
Algate y Woot Welle he hath cuelle a name
And zit fulle ofte he jeopeth in the blame
And Wyte ze Wolle fulle ofte hit happeth so
The pot to Wrekerh and fare Wolle alle ys go
These metals ben of so grete valence
Onye Walles may not make hem jesistence

The chanons

But yf they were wrought of shym and corn
The ycen go and thorug the walle they gon
And corn of hem crymben in ye grounde
Thus haue the lost by tymes many a pounde
And corn ar scatteyed aff ye flor a bouyte
Corn lepen in to the roof with oute doute
Thorug that ye fende in onje cyst not ochebe
I trowe that he aff vs be that ochi ebbe
In hello where that he ys lorde and cyfe
Se ys ther no more woo ne angry ne yre
Whan that onje pot ys broke as y haue seyde
Euery man thyrte and hakt hym euel payde
Corn seyde hit was longe in the fuyre makynge
Corn seyde nay hit was longe in the blowynge
Than was y afrade for that was myn office
Cryall sq the thydde ze ben kebbd and myed
Hit was not tempred as hit oght to be
Kay sq the ferthe sterte and hetkens me
Wy cause onje fuyre was not maad of beche
That ys the cause non other so thecch
I can not telle where on hit ys alonge
Hit wells y woot gleet ofyyf ys amonge
What sq my lorde there ys no more to done
Off these pels y wolle be way efte sone
I am zyzt ocker that the pot was qased
Be as be may be ze no thynge a mased
As vsage ys let ordeyne the flor a sweyche
Pluckes vp zonne hept and be glad and blythe
The mollok on an hecp y wrcpte was
And on the floor caste a canuas
And aff thys mollok ma sone y thrawe
And y susted and y plucked many a throwe
Pardo sq on corn what of ons metalle
Hit ys thay here thorug we haue not aff
And thorug thys thynge myschaped hath as nowe
A nother tyme hit may be wele y nowe
Vs moste pnt ons good mayntenyng
A wayche amut pasde may not ay endure
Dryfeth me wele in hys pstyte
Corn tyme hys good ys dronned in the se

Tenant

And yow tyme cometh that a man yo lorde
Pees qth my lorde the nexte tyme y will fonde
To bryngo onyo qualo aff my dutyo of pleyte
And but y do seye let me haue the wyte
Ther was defaute in owr wytt wolff y wot
And seyde the fuyl was duyll
But he that hath wytt to holde y day seye thus
That we conclude euery more a mys
We fuylen of that we thynke yt we wolde haue
And in one maduesse euery more we lyue
And wham we be to gedey euery yeson
Euery man semeth as wyse as salamon
But al thynge we thynke that semeth as golde
Is not golde as y haue seyde tolde
Se euery appelle that ys good at ye
Eyes not good we that go men clappe or nyce
Kyxte so law fayeth hit amongos vs
He that semeth the wyseste by ilte
Is moste fool we han hit cometh to the proef
And he that semeth trewest ys a thef
That schal ze knowe er that y from zow wende
By that y of my tale make an ende
Ther ys a chanon of religion
A monges vs wolde enfecte all a tonne
Thow hit as gyler wyle as was wynnyng
Konne all sotelte treye and ofey thre
Hys sleyztes and hys infinite falsenesse
Ther conde no man wryten as y gesse
Thow that he wyxte hym a thousande zere
In all thys worlde of falsheste ys non hys pere
ffor in hys termes he wolle hym so wynde.
And speke hys wordes in so sly a kynde
When he commune schal wyth eny wyzte
That he wolle make hym doun a non lyzte
But hit the feude be as hym self ys
ffulle many a man hath he begyled er thys
And yf that he may lyue a while
And zit nit zyde and gon fulle many a myle
Hym forto seke and haue a quyntaunce
Nor knowyng of hys falsse gouernaunce

The chanonus

And yf ze luste to zeue me audience
I wolle tell here a gentyll pleasaunce
Of a worshipfull chanoun religious
Se demeth not that I reclaundre youre hous
Al though my tale of a chanoun be
Of euery ordre som vnthryfftye ys payde
And god forbede that all a contrary
Schulde ben a synguleye maunces folye
To reclaundre youre hole that ys not myn entente
But to correccion that myn ys meeke
This tale was not onely told for youre
But eke for other mo ze wot well youre
That amonges apostles alle
Ther ne was no traytour but iudas lyam scarlot
Than wolde the peneaunt iangle blame
That giltyles deyde by youre enemy I the same
Saf onely this yf ze wolde herken me
If eny iudas in youre compaignye be
Remeue hym by tyme yf youre rede
If ought amende or lasse may cause eny drede
And bethe nothynge displesed yf I pray
But in this caas herkene what I eny
In london was a preest an annueller
That ther dwelled had many a zeer
And so longe was so plesaunt and so commyssable
That to the wyf was there that he was at table
That she wolde suffre hym no thynge for to paye
Ne borde ne clothynge ther went hertely yo gay
And spendynge parde was he wyt y trouth
Ther of no force I wolle procede as now
And telle forth my tale of the chanoun
That brought this pist to confusion
This false chanoun came vpon a day
Vnto the prestes chambre ther as he lay
Besechynge hym to lene hym a certayne
Of golde and he wolde quyte hym ageyne
Seuenty me a mayde as he tolde hem
And at ony day I wolde hem quyte the
And yf hit so be that thou fynde me fals
An other day hange me by the hals

Zenan.

Thys pste shym tokē a maspe and thatta sthythe
And thys thanonn shym thonked of grythe
And tooke shys leue and went forth shys way
And at the thyrde day bronxt shys monay
And to thys preste he tolde thys tydde a zeyn
They of thys preste was ful fayn
Certes sq̄ he no thynge a noyeth me
To leue a man a noble or two or thre
Or sthat thynge sceye in my possessiō
Sthan he so trewe ys of condicion
That in no wyse breke wolle shys day
To suche a man y am neuer wey nay
Sthat qd thys thanonn scholde y be vntrewe
Nay that sceye thynge fallen as of thre newe
Trouth ys a thynge that y wolle euer kepe
Vnto the day that y schalle depe
Vnto my shame and elles god for bede
Wy leueth thys as ofte as ys youre nede
God thanke I and in good tyme be shyt sayde
That ther was neuer mā yit euell payde
ffor golde ne scheer that herte me rente
Ne neuer falsshed in myn hert I myntē
And ov qd he nolle of my preuetes
Oethens ze doo goodlyche shame ben to me
And kythed to me so gret gentelnesse
Com sthat to quyten sceth youre kyndenesse
I wolle zolle ostheres yf zolle lefte to leye
I schalle shit ostheres to zolle a non yyrte seye
Wolle I am thoroughen in pshisopshye
Taketh good heed ze ostsunte se wolle at eye
That y wolle bon a mayshy or y goo
Ze qd the prest ze oy and wolle ze doo
Nay y pray zolle they of herowly
At youre comandement ov nedely
Qd thys thanonn and elles god for bede
So sholde thys theef wnde shys semes bede
ffulle sothly shit ys that suche profred semes
Stynketh as wetnesse those olde wyse
And that ful soucy wolle shit nemyshys
In this thanonn ys rote of alle tecchey ys

The chanons

That euery more desyre hath in gladnesse
Suche feendely thoughtes in hert enpresse
How wystes prysle he may to myschef bryngs
God kepe vs from hys fals dissemulyngs
Whan crist thys preste with shom that he dyde
So of hys harme comynge no thynge he fyde
O sely prest o sely innocent
With couetyse a non thou shalt be blent
O graceles blynde ys thy conseyt
So thynge art thou ware of the disceyte
Which that thys fey hath ben to the
Thys wyly wyles thou mayst not fle
Where fore to gon the conclusion
That repeyreth to thy confusion
Vnhappy man a no ye wolde me hyre
To tellen thyne vnwyt and thyne folly
And eke the falsnesse of that other wreeche
As ferforth as my conynge wolde streeche
Thys chanoun was my lorde ye woldo wene
Oy ese in feyth and by hevene quene
That was an notheer chanoun and not he
That can an hondred folde more coniecture
He hath betrayed folke many a tyme
Of hys falsnesse hit dulleth me to ryme
Euery whan y speke of hys falsehed
For shame of hym my chekes wexen reed
Algates they be gon forto glowe
For rednesse have y nolde vpon wolde y knowe
In my visage for sinne duste
Of metals whyche ye have sey me yshryue
Consumyd and wasted han my yeednesse
Wolde take hede of thys chanons cursednesse
Oy quod he to the preste lef sone man gon
For quyche echeer that wyl hit hadde a non
And lette hym bryngs coles tho or thre
And whan he cometh as faste ordevne ye so
A wondy thynge whyche he calle neuer eye or thys
Oy quod the preste hit shall be don y wys
He bad hys seruaunte feeche hym hys thynge
And he aft yede was nat hys bydynge

Chaucer.

And ꝑcent hym forth and cam a non a gayns
Fryth pys quyckes ꝺelucy ꝺchortely forto ꝺeyn
And to took these gnocos thre to the chanoñ
And he hit leyde fayre and ꝓckt a doun
And the ꝺeruaunt coles for to bryngo
That he a non nuyst goo to hys ꝓuchynge
The coles tyst a non ꝓcyen fetto
And thys chanonn took out a non a goselet
Of hys bosom and ꝺchekkod hit ye preste
Thys instrument qd he ꝓlyth that you ꝺeest
Take in thyn hondo and pitt yy ꝺelf ther ynno
Of thys quyckes ꝺeluer and here bygynno
In the name of gyste to ꝓwe a philꝺophre
They ben fulle feldo ꝓlyche that y ꝓholde profre
To ꝺchekken hem this muche of my ꝺcience
ffor to ꝺchuke ꝺen here by exꝑeryence
That thys quyckes ꝺelucy y ꝓol mortefye
Kyst in zonyo fyst a nõ ꝓrith outtõ lye
And make hit a non as good ꝺelucy and as fyn
As ther ys eny in zonyo pruſſe or inyn
Or elles ꝓheyo and make hit malliable
And elles holde me faste and ꝓuſtable
A monges folke euer to appeye
I haue a ponder here that toſte medes
Schall make al good for hit ys trauſe of all
yy cõuynge ꝓlyche that y ꝺchelle ꝺchall
Voyde zonre man and let hym be ther oute
And ꝺhytte the doy ꝓhyles ꝓheben a boute
Ware preuete ther no man vs a eſpye
Eſpyes that ꝓe ꝓyke in thys phyſſophye
Aſſ as he bad ffulfulld ꝓas in dede
Thys ilke ꝺeruaunt a non out zede
And hys mayſtey ouher the dore a non
And to hy labour ꝺpedly they gon
Thys preſt ter thys nuſſed chanons bydduge
Vppon the fuyre a non ſette ye the yynge
And bleſſ the fuyre and beſſyd hym ſtill faſte
And yys chanoñ into this goſelet caſte
A ponder not ynouey ꝓlyche of hit ꝓas
Of mad ouhey of chalke ouher of glnas

The chanons

Dom abbat elles that was not worth a flye
To blynd with this preest and bad hym hye
These coles forto couchen all aboue
The goselet for in tokens that y the lowe
Qd this chanouñ thyne shoudes two
Schalt wyschen all thynge whyche that schalt do
Grauint mercy qd the preste and was full glad
And couched coles as the chanon bad
And whyle he bessy was this fendely aweetche
This fals chanoun the foule fende hym fetche
Oute of hys bosom toke a beehen cole
Ju whych ful sotelly he maad an hole
And they yune pitt was of selwey hymayle
Au couert and stopped was with oute fayle
This sleole with keye to kepe the hymayle yn
And vndystondeth that this falsse gyn
Was not maad they but sitt was maad hy fore
And other thynge y schalt telle more
Here afterward wyche that he with hym brouzte
Ar he come they to be gyle hym he thouzte
And so he dude or they aweetten atwynne
Tylle he had turned hym coude he not blynne
Hit dulleth me wham that y of hym speke
On hys fals heed fayn wolde I me awreke
Iff y wyste holde bitt he ys here and there
He is so vaylaunt he bit nothing
Bitt taketh hede eyes nolde for godes lone
He toke hys tole of wyche he spak a lone
And in hys honde he bare hitt prewely
And whyles the preest couched besily
The coles as y tolde zou er this
The chanoun seyde fiende ze don amys
This ys not couched as hit oughte do
Bitt come y schall amende hitt qd he
Nolde let me meddle ther with bitt a whyle
For of zolde haue y pete by seynt Gyle
Ze ben wyst hart y se well he lyzt zo where
Haue here a cloth and wrytte a bey the beete
And whyles the preest hym whyted haas
This chanouñ took hys tole y schrewe hys face

And leyde hit a bowen the mydwaydo
Of the goselet and bleffe theff aftey ffaydo
Tyll that the tolles gonne faste bremo
Tolde zyno vs drynke qd the dyamon̄ themo
As ffaythfo al ffhall be theff y vndſtado
Sit the down and let vs mery mako
And the dyamons benyon tolo
Was bent aff the hymalo out of the hoolo
Un to the goselet a non felff a domo
And ſo hit moſte nedes by ieſoun
Seyens hit ſo euel a bowe touched was
Wit there of wyſte the preſto no thyngo allas
He demed aff the tolles hyche gad
Wit of the ſcripture no thyngo he vndſtod
And whanne theſe meſſanger ſaff hys tymo
Kyſeth vp ony preeſt and frondeth by mo
And for y whot weff Jugor haue y non
Goth walko forth and bryngo a thalfo ston
ffor y wiff make hit off the ſame effay
That ys an Jugor yf y may haue happo
And bryngo ffaith zoffe a boffo or a ydamo
And ſtiff of watur and ze ſchul ſe thamo
Holde that oure beſyneſſe ſchall happe and preno
And zit for ze ſchulle haue no myſbyleno
Se wronge conceyt of me in zoure abſenco
I ſchyll not be out of zoure preſenco
But go forth zolfe and come forth zolfe a gayno
The chamburer bare ſecretly to ſeyno
They opened and ſchette and wente forth ſwo wey
And forth with them pey cayyed the keyo
And comen a geyne with out eny deloy
That ſchulde y tarye aff the longe day
He toke the chalfe and ſchaxp in the keyſo
Of an Jugot as I ſchall zolfe deuyſe
I deye he tooke out of hys owne ſleue
A reyne of ſelner enelt meet he ſheue
Whyche that was but an vice of whyte
And taketh heede nolfe of hys curſed ſleyte
The ſchaxp his ingot in lengath and in bredo

The chanons

Of the teyne wych ouer euy dede
He sayh that the preste hit not assyed
And in hys sleue a gayne he gan to hyzd
And shou the fuyre took vp hys mantele
And in to the ingot hit put with mery chere
And in to the wat vessell he hit caste
Whan that hym lesto and baad the pyse as faste
Seke what there ys put in thyne houde and grope
Thou schalt synde ther selver as I hope
What deuell of helle other elles do
Thanynge of selver selver ys ydo
He put in hys houde and took vp a teyne
Of selver fyne and glad in euery veyne
Was thys preeste whan he sah that hit was so
Godes blessynge and hys modres also
And alle halwes have ze our chanoun
Seyde the preste and y hur mahsoun
Hit and ze vouchesaf to teche me
Thys noble craft and thys secrete
I schall be youre in alle that euer y may
Wo the chanoun zit schall y make assay
The seconde tyme that ze most take hede
And ben expert of thys and in youre nede
An other day in myn absence
Thys disciple and thys trusty scolere
Let take an other canon qd he thoo
Of quyche selver with out wordes moo
And don ther was ze schal don ze thys
With that other schyche that nolle selver ys
Thys preest hym besyeth in alle that he can
To don as vis chanoun this cursed man
Comaunded hym and faste bleth the fuyre
Forto come to the effecte of hys desyre
And thys chanoun tyzt in the mene whyle
Alle redy was this preest efte to begyle
And for a countenaunce in hys houde baar
An holowe stykke take hede and be ware
In the ende of whyche an ounce and no more
Of selver hym sayle put was alle by fore
Was in hys sole and stopped with wax wolle

Forto Repo

ffor to kepe in hys hymayle euery deel
And whyles this preest was in hys besynesse
This thanoun with hys otycke gan hym dresse
To hym anon and hys ponder tasse in
As he dud er the deuel oute of hys skyn
Hym turne y pray to god for hys falsshed
ffor he was euer fals in echo dede
And with his otycke a boue the crosset
That was ordeyned with that false gor
He stereth the coles tyll welcome gan
The way agayne the fuyre as euery man
Wist he a foole be wost welk and most nede
And al that mirthe hole was ouer zede
And into the cosset hastely hit sprang
The preest supposed nothyng but wel
Wist besyed hym fast and was wonder fayne
Supposyng not but trewthe soth to sayne
He was so glad y can not expresse
In no maner hys mirthe and hys gladnesse
And the thanoun he profred eftsone
Body and good ze qd the thanoun sone
Thowz y pore be q he thou schalte me fynde
Warne the ze ys ther more be hynde
Is ther eny wyn here ynne seyde he
Ze sir qd the preest y trowe ther be
Elles go bycome and that as swythe
Now sire go forth thy way and hythe
And absente hys way and fro thys wyfe he came
And the thanoun in hys houde hit nam
And of that wyne weyde ounce but fyue
Al to enuple ys my tonge to pronūce
Hys moste and hys wyt yo doublenesse
Of thys thanoun wote of ayfednesse
He semed ffendely to hym that fuelle hym nought
But he was fendely wode in woode and in thought
Hit aperyeth me to telle of hys falsnesse
And natheles zit wolly hit expresse
To the entente pitt me may be ware ther by
And for non other cause trewly
He put thys wyne of wyne in to ye gosset

And on the ffuyre as swythe he hath hit set
And taste in potkey and maad the prest to blowe
And in hys skymynge forth stompe lowe
As he bade erste and ak nas but a raye
Kyst as hym liste the preste he maad hys aye
And aftey kaste in to the pot he hit taste
And in the panne put hit at pe laste
Of wat and in he put hys owne honde
And in hys sleue as ze byforhande
He yede me telle he hadde a wehey tyme
He ofthy took hit ouwe this ayfed hyme
On skyrtynge pys preest of hys fast3 gaste
And in the pannes botme he hath hit faste
And in pe wat troubleth to and fro
And wonde precuely took hit vp also
The copuy teyne not knowynge thys pfte
And hudde hit and hent hym by the breste
And to hym spake and thus seyde in hys game
Stoupe adoun by god ze bith to blame
Hestreth me nowe as y bid zouz whyle ee
Put in thyne honde and loke what ys ther
The preste tok vp thys welthy teyne a non
And thanne seyde the chanoun lef os gon
With thys the teynes whythe that we hane wrouht
To son goldesmyth and wyte if hit be outh
ffor by my feyth y nolde for myn hedd
But yf they were seluer fyne and good
And that as wythe proued wthalle harde
Anon to the goldesmyth with these teynes thre
They went and put these teynes on a fuy
To fuyre and hamer myzte no man wey wily
But they were as they ouzt be
This yotted preste who was gladdey than he
Was neuer bydde gladder a zeuft the day
He myztingale in the seson of may
Was neu non that lufte bettey to synge
The lady lufteyer in her cagelynge
And forto speke of lone and wommā hed
He knyzt in armes don an hardy deds
To wonnen in grace of hys lady dey

Tenian.

Than had thys preest thys gaste to leye
And to the thanoun thus he spake and seyde
ffor the loue of god that for vs alle deyde
And as y may desyre hit vnto yolde
Wharr orthalle this yestreyne to me telleth nolde
By oure lady qth the thanoun hit ys deye
Thatte yolde for sothe y and a fiers
In engelonde ther can no man hit make
No force qth he nolde ony for godes sake
Whatt orthal y pay telle me y yolde pray
Thys qth he hit ys fulle derke y say
Ony att o worde yf thatt ye lusten hit haue
Ye orthul pay fourty pounde so god me saue
And nere the frendeschip thatt ye bude er thys
To me ye ortholde pay more y wys
Thys preest the som of fourty pounde a non
Of nobles fette and took hem enchyrchon
To thys thanoun ffor thys ilke yeryt
Alle hys wyrchynge was hende and discrete
Ony preste he seyde y kepe forto haue no lese
Of my gaste for y wolde hit wete y kepte eres
And as ye louetth me kepeth hit seke
ffor and men knewe alle myn sotelte
By god me wolde haue to gyest ywys
To me by cause of my philosophye
I orholde be ded ther wete non orthey wete
God hit for bede qth the preest what ye seye
Yit hadde y leuer expende alle the good
Whych that y haue elles wete wood
Than that ye orholde falle in suche mysthef
ffor youre good wyll ony haue ye yyt good preef
Qth the thanoun and ony welle graunt me ay
He went hys wey and nel ye preste hym eyr
After that day and the preste bythoghte
Hym eft assay as subtile tyme as he wolde
Of thys jeheryt fulle welle hit wolde not be
Ne thus by leyed and by gyled was he
Thys maketh he his medicinoun
To hungre folke to hys distruccion
Conssydereth eyes holde that in erthe straun

The chimonus

By tyme men and golde ther ys debate
So forth ȝ^e comethe ther ys con
Thys multiplyinge blyndeth many con
That in god fey y holde that hit be
The cause grettest of thys geet crafte
These philosophres speken so mistyly
In thys craste that we̅ konne not come ther by
For eny wyt that we̅ haue nolde a dayes
They may dele thatte and iangle as doth these iales
And in her termes set lustes and payne
But to hey purpos schulle they neuey entreyne
Aman may lyztely lerne yf he haue wytte
To multiplie and bringe hys gode to noughte
So suche a ligge ys in thys lusty game
Amannes myzthe hit wolde tuyne alle to grame
And empte also geet and heny pursses
And make folke to purchase curses
Of hem that han they to hey gode y lente
O fly for schame they that haue be brent
Alas can they not flee the fuyres hete
ze ȝit cosyn y rede that ze hit lete
Leste that ze lese alle for bete than neu ys hitte
Reuey to thryue wele to longe a date
Thouz that ze prolle ay ze schalle hit neuey fynde
ze ben as bolde as ys bayarde tho blynde
That blundreth forth and feleth tastoth he nou
The ys as bolde to renne azenste a stron
As forte go be gydes in the weye
So fare ze that mistreplye y seye
Yf that zuyde eyen can not sen a fyzte
Loke that zouze mynde lakke not hys syzt
For thouz ze loke neuey so brod and stape
ze schulle not wynne a myte in that chaffare
Hit waste alle that ze may zeppe and renne
With gladde the fuyre lefte hit so faste brenne
Medle with that are nomore y mene
For yf ze do zouze thryfte ys go fulle clene
And wyt as wyche y wolde zouz telle hope
Wete yat the philosophres seyn in thys matte
To thus seyth amolde of the nelle tonne

Ageman

As hys rosayry maketh menacoñ
he seyth syr thus with ourō eny hys
Ther may no man nigany mortshys
But yf hit be with hys brotheres knowleching
And that he wyche that fisto seyde yys thyng
Of philosophres fridy was hermos
He seyth how that the Dragoñ doutles
Ne dyeth not but yf he be slayne
With hys bro thes and thus ys forto sayne
By the Dragoñ merany and non other
He vndstood that bymston wexeth hys brothes
That ore of sol and luna wexeth y dalbe
And therfore he seyde take heed to my counsel
But no man besy hym thys art forto seche
But he that the entencion and the exechs
Of philosophres vndstondeth etin
And yf he do he ys A lessed man
ffor thys encres and thys comynge seyde
Is of ys eeye of the serpent paide
Also ther was a Disciple of plato
That on a tyme seyde hys mayst to
As hys book comer wold bere wytnesse
And thys was hys demaunde in sothfastnesse
Telle me that name of the preue ston
And plato answered vn to hym a non
Take the ston that tytanus me name
Wheche ys that qd he magnasya ys the same
Seyde hys Disciple ze sy and ys hit yne
Thys ys ignotum p ignocaus
What ys magnasya good sy y pray
Hit ys A watry that ys maad y seye
Of elementes sayde qd plato
Telle me the lych good sy qd he tho
Of that watry yf hit be zoure wyll
Nay nay qd plato tepsynes that y nelle
The philosophres wexe ourcome echon
That they schulde discouey hit to no man
Ne in no book hit write in no manere
forto write hit ys to leef and deere
That he wyst that hit discouered be

The prologe of yo Dcto of physyk

But where he syketh to to hys dignite
ayen to enspyre and eke forto defende
Wham that hym syketh lo thus ys hys ende
Than conclude y thus oethens that god of sceuene
Se wolde that the philosophres nemene
Wolde that a man oghalt come on thys stou
Jede as for the beste let hit goon
ffor who so mysketh god hys adusayye
As forto sleyghe eny thynge ī cōtrayre
Unto hys leyfull reytes ueuer oghalt he pfte
Thow that he multyplye teyme of alt hys lyf
And thei a poynt for endeth ys my tale
Here endeth yo chanoins zemans tale
And sweymoth the prologe of the dotour of physyk

Whenne thys zeman hys tale ended hadde
Of thys fals thanoñ Wyche that was so laddo
Oure oste gan sey truly and reytoyne
Thys preest was begyled gorthly forto sayne
he Weenynge forto be a philosophre
Tilt he wyst no golde lefte in hys coffre
And gorthly thys preste hadde a lytell rapo
Thys ayled thanoins pirt in hys hood in rapo
But alt thys passe y onely as nowe
Dy dotour of physyk y pray zowe
Telle vs a tale of oon honest matey
hit oghalt be don yf that ze Wolt hit ley
Sayde thys dotour and thus hys tale by gan a non
Lowe good men qth he herkeneth euerychon
Here endeth yo prologe of the dotour of physyk
and by gynneth the tale

Here was as telleth vs titus lemons
A knyzt that cleped was virgemous
ffulfulled of honour and Worthyness
and ouerouge of fiendes and of rychesse
A doughtey he hadde by hys wyf
and neuer hadde he moo in helle hys lyf
ffayze was thys mayde in excellent beltee
Above euery Wyzt that man may se
ffor nature hath Wrought in hyr diligence
Adorned hyr in so greet excellence

The doctor of physyke

As tholde3 ofte sholde gay lee y wrytte
Thus can y forme and peynte a creature
Be shame that me keste be who can me counterfete
Dignacioũ nought tholde he alleye forge and bete
Or grave or peynte for y day sholde dayne
Apollus zephirus ofholde be wyste who ne dayne
To grave or forge or peynte or bete
If they p'sumed me forto counterfete
For he that ys the former principall
Hath maad me hys vedy generall
To forme and peynte echo especiall creature
Ryght as me lyste for all thys ys in my cure
Vnder the moone that may be chaunge and chaye
And ffor my cheefe no thynge sholde ye
My forde and I ben fully at o corde
I maad her to the chrystyn of my lorde
So do I alle myn other creatures
Of what colour they be or figures
Thys seemeth me that nature sholde say
Thys may do chas of age thelde3 and thecy
In whyche that nature hath suche desire
For ryght as echo can payne as lily whyte
And rody as rose ryght with suche peynture
Ache peynted hath thys noble creature
Er echo was borne vppon hy hymes hye
Were asse bryght as suche colomes echolde be
And phebus dyed hadde hy tresse3e glory
Lyke to the rayenes of hys borned hede
And yf that excellent chas hy beautee
A thousand more vertuous chas ache
In hym ne lakkey no condicõn
That ys to prayse by discrecioun
As well in body as in goost chaste chas ache
For whyche ofte floryed in vyrgynite
With alle humilite and abstinence
With alle attemprenesse and pacience
With mesure eke and beynge of assay
Discreet ache was in answeryng alwey
Tholde3 echo seye whys as pallas y day sholde sayne
Here fauchon eke ffull resonably and playne

The Doctor

Non counterfeted termes hadde she
To sene wyse but aftir hy degre
She spake and alle hire wordes more and lesse
Sownynge in vertu and in gentilesse
Shamfaste she was in maydens shamefastnesse
Constraunt in herte and eke in besynesse
To dryue hy out of hy slogardye
Wachus hadde of hy nowzt no maystrye
ffor wyllo and thowzt don ueuus enclose
And men in fluyzo wolde taste oylo and rose
And of hy owne vertu vntoustraynod
She hath fulfult ofte tymo hur oylo fayned
ffor that she wolde fle the tyrannye
Whych lykly was to fretten of ffolye
As ys at ffestos reuels and daunces
That ben occasiouns of Dalliaunces
Suche thynges makon sorto to do
Chyldren sone wyzo and bolde as men may se
Whyche ys ffulfult perilous and hath ben zore
ffor alle to sone may she serue lore
Of boldenesse whan she ys a wyf
And ze maystresses in zouzo olde lyf
That lordes doughtres haue in gouernaunce
Sho taketh of my wordo no displesaunce
Thynges that ben set in gouernynges
Of lordes doughtres only for two thynges
Ou for ze han kepers zouo honeste
Otherwyse ze han ffalle in sclaudre
And knowen well y no we tho olde daunces
And sonne forsake fully mysthaunces
ffor eue no they fore for qystes sake
Kepeth well tho that ze vnderstake
A thef for ueny sonn that hath for lafte
Hys hy ouzsnesse and alle hys thewes qafte
Can kepe a forest best of eny man
Sone kepeth hem well for and ze wyllo ze can.
Loketh well to no wyse ze assurtor
Leste ze be dampned for zouo euell entente
ffor who so dothe a trayton ys repreuyne
And taketh hede of that that I schalle sayn

Of pestilence

Of all the sondry pestilence
Is ther non a wyght betrayeth innocence
ye fadres and eke ye modres also
Thow ye have children be hit on or mo
your is the charge of alle here ouffisaunce
Nedyles they ben vnd your gouernaunce
Beth ware that hit by ensample of youre lyuynge
Other by necligence in chastisynge
That they ne perysshe for yat ye wel say
Yf that they don ye ought fulle sore abye
Vndy a shepherd coste and necligent
The wolf hath many a shepe and lambe to rent
Sufficeth on ensample nowe as here
ffor yt mor tyme a yen to my matere
Thys mayde of Bethyne y telle my tale expresse
The kepte hure self fro vice ded no maystryas
ffor in hure lyuynge maydens myrr rede
As in a bok euery good wordes and dede
That longeth to a mayde vertuous
She was so prudent and so bountyous
ffor Bethyne vnto sprange on euery syde
Both of hyr beute and hyr bounte wyde
That thorw the londe they preysed hyr echone
That loued vertu saf envye allone
That sory ys of other men mow Bele
And glad ys of hys good and welthe
The doctor maketh thys Rehersaun
Thys mayde went on a day vnto the toun
To Beyde the temple as hyr mody deys
As ys of yonge maydens the maneys
Nowe was they a mong the route
That gon many was of that regyoun
And so by fell thys nige hys yen caste
vppon thys mayde auysynge hyr full faste
As she came forthe by theys as the nige stood
And hys hert chaunged al hys mood
So was he rauzt with beute of thys mayde
And to hym self full prevely he seyde
Thys mayde shall be myn for eny man
A non the fende vn to hys herte ran

And tanyte hym cordenly by the hart clyzth
The vi ayden to hys purpos wymmes he myzte
ffor ecpres by no forse ne by no mode
Hym thought he was not able forto expode
ffor he was oppongo of flendes and eke ocke
Confermed was in suche concepcyons bestes
That welle he crist he myzht her many wymmes
As forto make hym with hy body cymes
ffor whyche that with gret deliberacion
He went after a clerke into the tounes
The he knewe for subtill and for bolde
Thys unge vnto hys clerke hys tale tolde
In wego wyse and mad hym to assyse
The scholde telle hit to no creatures
And yf he dude he scholde lese hys hede
Whan assented was thys mysse dede
Glad was the unge and mad glad thoo
And zaf hym zistes precious and deo
Whan ordayned was all thys compassyse
ffro poynt to poynt how that hys purchasyse
Passed scholde be fulle forthy
As ze schulle here after wrayd openly
Hom garth thys clerke that hyzt standus
Thys false unge that hyzt arius
So was hys name for hit ys no fable
But knowen for an hystorial thynge notable
The sentence of hit ys sooth with outen doute
The false unge goth nowe fast about
To hasten hys desyre all that he may
And so by felle that one after on a day
Thys false unge as telle ys the storyes
As he was about out in hys consistory
And zaf hys domes upon sondry cais
Thys false clerke came forthe a wofull good pas
And seyde lorde yf that hit be youre wylle
As doth me wyt upon thys perilous bylle
Whyche y pleyne upon dysgenyous
And yf that he wolde sayn hit ys not thus
I wolde prove hit and fynde good wytnesse
That sooth ys that my bylle wolde expresse

The kynge answered of thys in his absence
I may not yeue diffinytyf sentence
Let vou hym calle and wolde hit gladly hey
Tholde eschaft hand ryzte and no wrongys heye
Ygeruous cam to wyte the kynges wylle
And ryzt anon was iad thys answere bylde
The sentence of thys was as zockynde heye
Thayolde my lorde oy apius so deye
Sachebech zouse pore seruaunt claudius
Holde that a knyzht called vergenous
Azenste the kalde azenste all equyte
Holde cyprelle azenst the wylle of me
thy seruaunt wbych that ys my seruaunt by ryzte
wbych from myn hous was stolen on a nyzte
wbyles echo was fulle zonge y wolde hit prove
By wytnesse lorde so that ze zolde not gyue
Echo ys not hys douzter what so he sey
wbych for my lorde the inge y zolde praye
zelde me my thralle yf hit be zouse wylle
So thys was all the sentence of thys bylle
Ygeruous gan vppon the cleyke beholde
But hastely ey he hys tale tolde
he wolde have defended hit as echolde a knyzte
And by wytnesse of many a true wyzte
That all was false that seyde hys aduersaye
Thys alsed inge wolde no lenger taye
Ne heye a worde more of vergerous
But zaf hys ingement and seyde thus
Sithens a non hys seruaunt hane
Thou schalt no lenger in thyne hous saue
Go bringe hym forth and put hym in ouse wayde
Thys cleyke schalle have hys thralle thus y awayde
And thys wortely knyzte vergerous
Thonk the assent of the inge apius
Agaste by force hys deye douzter zerion
Into the inge in lechaye to dyuen
he goth hym hom and sette hym in hys halle
And lette a non hys deye douzter calle
And wyth a face ded and apalled colde
Upon hys humble face he gan beholde

Ye ffadres yyre cryenge thorw hys hegte
Alle wolde he not flo hys puppos tornede
Dowtey qth he veygenia be thyne name
Ther ben tuo weyes or deth or schame
That thow most chuse alias that y was bore
ffor neuer thowe desyuedest whyle yore
To dyen with a swerde or with a knyf
O dere dowtey comfort of my lyf
Whyche y haue fostred vp with suche pleasaunce
That thou ne weyes ought of my remembraunce
O dowtey whyche that art my laste hew
And my lyf my laste ioy alsso
O gemme of chastite in pacience
Take thowe thy deth for thys ys my sentence
ffor lone and not for hate thowe moste dedde
Ay pitous houde moot emyed of thyne hedde
Alas that euer ayens thys day
Thys hath he falsely thought to day
And tolde hy alle the cas as ye beforne
Han hyde hit nedeth not to telle more
Ayeyn dere fadyr qth thys mayde
And with that worde both hy armes leyde
Abouten hys necke as eche was wonte to do
The teres braste out of hy eyzen two
And seyde good fadyr schalle y dye
Is there no grace ys ther no remedye
Ye certes dere dowter qth he
Than zyf me leue fadyr myn qth eche
Ay deth to complayne alyte whyle space
ffor pyne reffa zaf hys dowtey grace
ffor to complayne or he hy slouz alias
And god hit wot nothynge was hy trespas
But that eche zan hy fadyr fyrste to slo
To whom comes hym with grete solempnite
And with that worde eche felle on swowne a non
And after whan hem com her sorwynge was a gon
Eche wyste eyr a to hy fadyr seyde
Blessed be god that y schalle dye a mayde
Zyf me my deth er that y hange a schame
Both with zoure thyller zoure whyte a godes name

And with that word also prayeth fulle ofte
That with his wordes he withholde myne coste
And with that word on swoune ofte felle
His fadir with sorwefulle herte and felle
His hed of he smot and by the top hit hente
And to the mayde he zaf hit to presente
As he sat in his dom in cōsistorye
Whan the mayde hit say as eyther the storye
He bad take hym and hange hym also faste
But ryzt a non alle the prepose in thraste
To sauve the knyzte for zouthe and pore
For knowen was the fooles purpure
The people anon hadde suspecte in thys thynge
By mancy of thys clerkes chalangynge
That hit was by the assent of apus
They wiste well he was lechonys
For whyche in to thys apus they gan
And caston hym in preson ryzt anon
Whyle as he slouz hym self and claudius
That sequanit was nyce apius
Was demed forto hange on a tre
But virginius of hys gret pite
Preyde for hym that he was exyled
And elles trewe he hadde be bygyled
The jenenaire whyle honged more and lesse
That concented whyle to hys wyckednesse
Whyle may men se holde cyme hath hys mayne
Be ware for no man wot holde god wolle envye
In no degre ne in whyche mancy whyle
The whorme of conscience wolle a wyke
Of wycked lyf thouz hit to pryme be
That noman wot hit god and he
Whyle holde holde man or whyle
He not holde sone that he may be ayede
Thy fore y rede thys counceille take
For oath cyme or cyme tolle forsake
Here endeth the tale of the doctry of physike
And by gynneth the prologe of the pardoner
Oure ost he gan to whyle as he whyle wod
And saide as he by nayles and by blod

Thys was a fals cheld and a fals vntrue
As ech amvsit dedh as tonge can devise
Come to the vntrue and to heed adrecidse
Algate the ech chōman ys clayn allas
Alas dere bouzt crist hy/ bedde
Chelpe fore yee aff day that mē may see
That zystes of fortune or of natuy
Ben cause of dedh of many a creatuy
As bothe zystes as ypaks of nosse
ayen hym fulfft ofte more harme than profft
But nedely myn ofdne mayster deys
Thys ys a perous tale to heare
But natheles passeonej ys no forte
I pray to god sane thy garnade ans
And thy ordynals and thy ordanes
Thyn ypocras and thy galians
And euery boy fulfft of thy lecuays
God blesse hem and ouze lady seynt mary
So mote y the thou art a proper man
And lyke a prelate be seynt ronyan
Sane that y can not speke welle in tetyne
But wele y wote thou dost myn herte to eyne
That y shall aff moste y canze a tapstales
By corpus bones but I shall tyvacke
Or elles a dauzt of moyste corny ale
Or but y here a non a nuey tale
ayyn herte ys lofte for pete of thys mayde
Thouz belamy iohū ydoner he seyde
Telle vs sonn mirthe or iapes zyzt anon
hyt schalle be don be seynt ronyon
But fyrste qd he at the neyte ale crake
I wol bothe drynge and crie of a cake
But zyzt anon thesde gentelis can to eye
Pay lette hym telle vs of no rybaudry
Telle vs sonn myrthe thynge as he may leye
Sonn wyt and thou wolt the gladly heye
I graunte qd he y wys but y muste thynke
Tyffon sonn honeste thynge wolde thate y drynke
here endeth the prologe of the pardoner
and bygynneth the tale

Lordyngos all̄ he in chyche & pyne y preche
I preyne me to haue an haunte of eche
I tunge ful cured as ounde as doth a belle
for y can all by rote that y telle
my tetune ys al̄ abey on and euer was
Radix omn̄ malor̄ est auaricia
ffyrste y pronounce whens that y come
And than my bulles y eche be all and sum
Oure leege lordes seelle of my patente
That eche be y fyrste my body to warente
That noman be so bolde preest ne clerke
me to destourbe of goddes holy werke
And after that telle y forthe my tale
Bulles of popes and of cardinales
And patriarkes and bysshoppes y eche be
And in latyn sownde the wordes felle
To cause with my predicacion
And fonde to stuffe men to deuocion
Than eche be y forthe my longe ȳstalle crouche
I clothed fulle of clowtes and of bouche
Relyques they ben as they wene echone
Than haue y in latoun a childe bone
Of pyghes wan an holy iewes sheep
Good̄ me say y take at my wordes kepe
If that thys boon be washen in a well
If a cowe or calf or oy or sheep swelle
That ony worme hath eten or stunge
Anoynte the hede or tuppe the tunge
And hyt ys hool anon and fyrthwythe
Of pokkes and of scabbe and of euery vyce
Shall euery sheep be hool that of that well
Drynke a draught take good what y telle
If that the goodman that the beestes walketh
Wolde euery wyke or that the cocke crowe
fastynge drynke of thys well a draughte
As thilke holy iewe oure eldres taughte
Hys beestes and hys stoor shall multiplye
And syrres also hym lyketh iolyfye
And thow a man be fallen in ielous rage
Let make with thys warm thys pylgrage

Tho

And neuer ordaff he hys wyf my fayste
Thouz he the sooth of hy defaute wyste
Also hadde orthe taken prestes two or thre
Hepe ys a meteyne eke that ze may se
He that hys houde wolle putte in hys meteyne
He ordaff haue multyplyinge of hys goyne
Whenne he hath ouhon he fyt whote or cole
So that he bringe me good pens or grote
And men and wymmen o thynge y wayne wolde
If eny whyte hon in thys chyrche nolde
That hath don eyme or trespe that he
Day not for ordaine of fyt ordeyne he
Or eny womman he ordre zonge or olde
That hath maad hy housbonde cokewolde
Suche folke ordaff haue no power ne no grace
To offre to my relykes in thys place
And whoso so fyndeth hym outte of suche blame
They wylle come vp and offre in goddes name
And y assoyle hym by the auctorite
Suche as my bulle whas graunted me
By thys gaude haue y wonne enogh zet
An hondred mark sen y whas ydon
I stonde lyke a clerke in my pulpytte
And sen lesse peple sen y yette
I preche so as y haue leyed by fore
And telle an hondred lapes more
Thenne preyne y me to stretche forthe myn nekke
And loke and wreste a none ye people y bekke
As doth a dowue sittynge on a beme
Myn hondes and my tonge goth full zeme
That fyt ys ioye to se myn bessynes
Of auarice and of couetyse awaye dystresse
Ys al my prechynge for to make hem fle
To zeue hem pere and namely to me
For myn entente is nought ys but for to wynne
And nothynge for correccioun of synne
I recche neuer whan they ben buryed
Thouz that her soules goon a blakeberyed
For me reporte ys many a predicacion
Ne maketh of to my of ellyk entencion

Som for

Pardoncys

Com for plesaunce of folke and for flatcryye
To ben avaunced by ypocrysye
And com for veyn glorye and for heere
ffor whenne y day other heeres debate
Thēne whil y stynge hem with my tonge smerte
In prechynge so that he schall not sterte
To ben defamed falsly so that he
Hath trespassed or to my brethren or to me
ffor thouz y telle not hys propre name
Algen schulle wel knowe hit ys the same
By other signes and other circumstaunces
Thus glose y folke that doth us plesaunce
Thus put y oute my venym vnder hele
Of hoolynesse to semen holy and hele
But shortly myn entente y wolle declare
I preche of no thynge but of couetyse
Therefor my tyme ys ful and euer was
Radix omñ malorum est cupiditas
Thus can y preche agenst the same vice
Which that y vse and that ys auctorice
But thouz my self be gulty in that synne
ful wel can y make other folke to wynne
ffro auctorice and bere hem repente
But that ys not my principal entente
I preche nat but for couetyse
Of thys matere hit oughte y nowe suffise
Thēne telle hem ensamples many on
Of olde storyes longe tyme a gon
ffor lewed lewde lewen tales olde
Alle thynge thynges comun they reporte and holde
What wolde ye elles that y shulde preche
But of thynne golde and eek of stynkyng breche
That y shal leue me pouere and nedy
Nay seye nay y thoune hit nedy and wys
ffor y wil beg and borwe my lyflode
And wil do labour with myn handes
To wirke basketes and selle hem myn lyue
By mine y wil not lyue ydelly
I schal non of the apostles counterfete
I wolde haue mony mete clothes and fyere

Z

Tho

Aff thei sit zemen of the preest page
Other of the preest wedoes in a village
Aff wholde her children oregne for fauyn
And yf aff dyed her husbo the heyreest of the hyne
And haue a wife wedded in euery towne
But herkeneth lordes in conclusion
Zoure hykynge ys that y may telle a tale
Wolle y haue dronken a draught of towny ale
By god y hope telle zoffe a thynge
That othall be resoun be at zoure hykynge
ffor thouz my self be a shrewe vicious manne
A moralle tale yit zoffe telle y talle than
Whych iames wherof forto wryte
Zoffe holde zoure pes my tale y wol bigynne
In flaundres whylom was a compaygnye
Of zonge folkes that haunted folye
As hasarde ryot stewes and tauernes
Where ybibes lutes and gyternes
They dannce and pleyen at the dys bothe day and nyght
And eke also moche that hem myght myshap
Thorugh whych they do the deuelle sacrifice
Within yinne the deuels temple in sondry wyse
By ouerpasshynge abhominable
The othes bothe so grete and damnable
That hyt ys grete forto here hym swere
Oure blessed lordes body they to tere
Hem thought iewes rebelle to hym nought y nolle
And eke of hem of otheres crymes lolle
And yet a noon wone yn then doublenesse
ffeeres and manace and zonge fyne toppers
Syngers with harpes baudes and wafereres
Whych ben veray the deueles officers
To kendelen the and blowe the fuyr of lechery
That ys annexed to glotonye
The holy wryte take y to witnesse
That lechery ys in wyn and dronkennesse
Lo how that dronken lotte vnkyndely
Lay by his doughter to vn wytyngly
So dronken he was he nyste what he wrought
The holde wyf so sharp the storye sought

Nolite inebriari vino in quo est luxuria

Dasdonet

Senec

Sequ ꝯ ionunctiua
ruuauit adam
dis fuit cōmedit
nis est oratun.

Whan he of whym was repler at hys feste
Wyst at hys offens tables zaf hys heste
To olen iohñ the baptiste gultoles
Oncke seyth a gad wordo dourtoles
The seyth the can no defyence fynde
By whyche man that ys offers of hys moynde
As a man that ys dronkelesse
But that wodnesse ys fallen in a dronkesse
Pseneloth lengep than doth dronkenesse
O glotenye full of ayssednesse
O cause fyste of onys confusiom̄
Originall of ours dampnacion
Tylle cryste hadde bouzt vs with hys bloodazon
Ho holde dere ohorteli forto seyn
A bouzt was the aursed vilenye
Corrupte was all thys worlde thouzh glotenye
Adam̄ ourre fadyr and hys wyf also
Fro paradys to labom̄e and to wo
Were dryuen in that wyse hit ys no dede
For wyfyles that adam fasted as y rede
He was in paradys and whan that he
Ete of the fruyte defended on the
Anon he was ourt tastes to wo and to peyne
O glotenye on the welle ofte vs pleyne
O wyste a man holde many maladyes
Folweth of cyrosse and of glotonyes
He wolde ben the more mesiyable
Of hys dyet syttynge at hys table
Allas the schorte throte the rendey mouthe
Ayaketh that este and weste northe and southe
Thi eyen in eyre in watey men to synke
To geten a glotom̄ deynte mete and drynke
Of thys matey o foule wyll canste thou gete
Ayete onto wombe and wombe eke onto mete
Schalle god dystroy bothe as foule seythe
Allas a foule thynge hit ys by my feythe
To say thys wordo and foulely ys the dede
Whych men do drynkeith of the whyte and rede
That of hys throte he maketh hys prise
Thouz thylke ayssed surfluyte

Tho

The apostel seyth wepynge full pytously
The wanderen many of whych to wolde haue I
I sey it not now wepynge with petous voys
Ther ben enymyes of cristes croys
Of whych the ende ys deth wombe ys here god
O wombe o belly o stynkynge wode
Fulfulled of donge and of corrupcion
At eyther ende of the foule ys the sesoñ
Hold sleet coste and labour ys to fynde
These cokes holde they stampe sethe and grynde
And tryne substaunce into accident
To fulfulle all thy lykours talent.
Curte of the hayde bones knocke they
Whe may for they caste hit not away
That may goo thrugh the golet graf and carue
Of oxyeyen of kowes bayke and parue
Schal ben hys alle y maad by delyte
To maken hym a nobil apetyte
But certes he that haunteth suche delytes
Is ded while that he lyueth into vices
A lechours thynge ys wyn and dronkenesse
Hit ys full of stynkynge and of lecherednesse
O dronken man disfigured in thy face
Soule ys thy breth foule art thou to embrace
And thorugh thy dronken nose soune eth the soun
As thou seydest ay sampson sampson.
And yit god wot sampsoñ dronke nener no wyne
Thou falleste euery as a dronkē dogge
Thy tonge ys lost and all thy honeste eke
For dronkenesse ys verray sepulture
Of mannes wytte and hys discrecioñ
In whom that dronke hath dominacioñ
He can no conseyll kepe hit ys no drede
Sholde kepe sholde fro the wyne wede and flo the dede
Namly flo the wilde wyn of kepe
That ys to telle in fyne shyft and wepe
Thys wyn of spayne crepeth subtelly
In other wynes growynge faste by
Of whych ryseth suche fumosyte
That wel ye a man hath dronken a draught or thre

And kenetth that he be at hom in cheps
Than ys he in spayne zyit at the toun of leep
Nouzt at portsselle ne at bordelles toun
And than walk they ney oumpsoñ oumpsoñ
But herkeneth lordynges o word y zolle pray
That alle the concelyn actis day y ney
Of cristis in olde testament
That thorw veyy god that ys omñipotent
Were bon in abstinence and in prayer
Loketh the bibls and ther ze may hit leey
Loketh attyla the grett conqueroure
Bide in hys sleep wreth schame and dishonoure
Bledynge at hys nose in drounkenesse
A capreyne schulde hyne in gobynesse
And ouey alle these ayyse zolle yyit walk
What was comaunded vnto lamuell
Not samuell but lamuell ney y
Redeth the bible and fyndeth hit expressly
Of wyn zeuynge of hem that ben iustes
No more at yys for hit may suffice
And nolle that y haue spoken of glotteuye
Nolle walk y defende zolle hasardrye
Hasarde ys feyy mody of lesynges
And of disceyt and fals othes
Blasphemie of gystes manslaughter and waste also
Of bataylle and tynne and fetchenne
Hit ys repreef and contrary to honour
Forto beholde acōmune hasardour
And eueriy the heyzer he ys of estaat
The more he ys holden desolat
Jf that a pryntes vse hasardry
In alle gouernaunce and pollicye
He ys as by cōmune opynyoñ
Holde the lasse in reputacōn
Cyllebon that was holde a wyse bassatour
Was sente in to corynthe with grett honour
Flo tasidoyne to make hem alyaunce
And whanne he cam hapned thys chaunce
That alle the gretteste that were of that londe
Pleynge at the hasarde he hē fonde

Tho

For whyche as sone as hit myght be
The stale hym hom to hys conts
And seyde there y wolde not lese my name
I wolde not take on me so grete defaute
ffor to allye solk to non hasardors
Sendeth other kyssh embassators
ffor by my trouthe me thynk ley dye
Than y scholde solk to hasardors allye
ffor ze that ben so glorious in honours
Schalle not allye solk with hasardours
As my wyll ne as by my trete
These wyse philosophres wus seyde
Loke eke that the kynge Demetrius
The kynge of partes as the book seyth thus
Semte hym a peyne dyse of golde in sconse
ffor he hadde vsed hasardrye thre tymes
ffor whyche he helde hys glorye and hys renoun
ffor no valure of reputacion
Lordes myght fynde other maner pleye
honeste y nolde to dyne the day a whaye
Solk wolle y serke of other fals and gloste
A worde or two as other bokes entrete
Glette obeyynge ys a thynge abhominable
And false obeyynge ys a thynge reprouable
The hyz god forbad obeyynge at alle
Sothe of matheth but in spreaale
Of obeyynge the holy scripture
Tholk schalt obeye soth thyne other and not hys
And obeye in doom and eke in ryhtwesnesse
But vdelle obeyynge ys a wyldenesse
By holde and se that in the fyfte table
Of hyz godes hestes honourable
holk that two hestes of hym ys yus
Take not my tale in vdelnesse a nuys
lo the zacheu for bedeth suche obeyynge
Thenne houyade or eny other thynge
Sey as thus by order hit stondeth
Thys knoweth that thys hestes vnderstondeth
holk that the olde hestes of god ys that
And furthermore y wolle the tolle as plat

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Apardonere

That vemaunce schall not passe fro hys hous
That of hys hothes ys so outragous
By godes precious hert and hys uaylos
And by hys blod that ys un haylos
Seuene ys my chaunce and hys fyue and thre
By godes armes yf thou falsely pleys me
Thys dagger schall thorw thyne herte go
This fruyt cometh of thilke bones two
ffor Weyynge yre falsnesse homade
Lolle for the loue of qyche that for vs deyde
Leueth youre othes borse gret and smale
ffor y schall tellen zoll a mery tale
These wyttonyz of whyche y telle
Louge erste or prime songe cuy belle
Were sterte in a tauerne to dryngen
And as they sat they herde a belle clynke
Before a cors was brouzt to hys graue
That on of hem gan calle to hys knaue
Go wer qd he and aske redily
What cors ys that that passeth forth by
And loke that thou reporte hys name well
Sir qd he hit nedeth never a deel
Hit was me tolde er we came hey to bowes
He was pade an olde felawe of zowes
Allas qd he was he slayn so nyzte
ffor dronken as he sat in hys benche up ryzt
There com a preuey theef men calleth Deth
That in hys contre alle pepls sleeth
And seth hys stede he wot hys hedde where
And seweth hys wey he wot hem alle yfere
Beware therfore lyke as he dede er we
For sodeynly he wol vs alle slee
And seuene hys owne he wot well in hys throwe
Ful redy qd he and alle we hym knowe
He hath a thousand slayn this pestilence
And maysty er ze come in hys presence
Me thenketh that hit were necessarye
ffor to be ware of swiche an aduersarye
Seth redy for to meete hym euery morwe
Thus tauzte me my dame y sey no more
By seynt mary seyde this tauerner
The childe seyth soth for he hath slayn this zere
Hens ouer a myle with yrnes a grete village
Bothe man and wommon childe and page

I trowe thys habitacion be they
To ben avysed gret wysdom hit wol
Or that he bide a man dishonour
Ze godes ames yf thys tyrant
Is hit ouch pryse with hym forto mete
I schall hym sette by style and by stre
I make a vowe by godes dyne bones
He shall ouch felawes we thre be all ones
Sette ech of vs holde vp hys hondes to other
And ech of vs by tome otheys brother
And who wolde sle thys falss tyraunt deth
He schall be slayn that vn many sleth
By godes dyngnes er hit be nyzte
To geder han these thre here sherpes plyzte
To lyue and to dye ech of hem with other
As thouz he were hys owne brother
And vp they sterten and dronken ful thys zare
And forth they gon to ward that vilage
Of whyche the tauerner hath spoke by fore
And many a gryslych oth per han they sworen
And oystes blessed body they to rent
That deth schall be ded yf that we may hym hent
Whan they han gon not fully a myle
Ryzt as they wolde han troden ouer a style
An olde and pore man hem mette
Thys olde man full mekely hem gret
And seyde thus now lordes god zow see
The prowdest of these ryottes thre
Answered azen what thei with hardy grato
Why ape thou alt forwrapped ful thy face
Why lenest thou so longe in so grete age
Thys olde man gan look in hys visage
And seyde thus y can not fynde
A man thouz y walked in to inde
Neither in cete ne in no vyllage
That wolde chaunge hys youthe for myn age
And ther for wot y haue myn age ofte
As longe tyme as hit ys godes wylle
Ze derth alias nelle not han my lyf
Thys walke y hyder a jestelees tayrtyf

Pardoner

And on the grounde where ys my modyr gate
I knocke with my staf eyly and late
And say leue modyr let me in
lo holy y wany3th fleyseth blod and skyn
Alas when schal my bones lyen at reste
Modyr with 3ow schalt my chaunge my cheste
That in my chaumbyr longe tyme hath bo
3e for an hevy clowte to wrappe mo
But yit to me ech wolle not do that grace
For whych fullwelled ys my face
But cryes to 3ow hit ys no daynte
To speke vnto an olde man vylenye
But he trespace in worde or elles in dede
In holy writyt 3e may 3oure self wele rede
Azenst an olde man hore vppon hys heed
3e schulle a vyse ther for yzeue 3ow nede
3e doth vn to an olde man harme as now
3o more than 3e wolde a man ded 3ow
In age yf that 3e ow longe a byde
And god be with 3ow wherever 3e go or ryde
I must go thedyr as y have to go
Nay olde chyld by god thou schalt not so
Sayde these other harlotes a non
Thou pastest not so lyghtly be cryst iohn
Thou spak ryzt now of thilke traytour Death
That in thys contre alle our frendes sleth
Have here my trouthe as thou art hys a spye
Telle where he ys or elles thou schalt dye
Ye by god and by the holy sacrement
For sothe thou art of hys assent
To mocke vs 3onge folke thow falsse theef
Now cryes yf hit be to 3ow so leef
To fynde death renne ryzt hys wayes
For in that grove y lefte hym by my fay
Vnder a tre and ther he wolle abyde
Ne for 3oure boste he nelle hym nothynges hyde
Se ze that ok ryzt ther ze schulle hym fynde
God save 3ow that bouzt azen mankynde
And 3ow a mende thus sayde thys olde man
And eueryche of these ryotours ran.

Tho ran they vnto

Tyll they comd to the tre and there they fonnde
ffloreyns of golde fyne y coyned rollende
Abell nyr a senen bussheells as hem thoute
So lengely than after deth they soute
Yirt eche of hem so glad was of that syte
ffor that the floreyns so fayre ben and so bryte
Thau donn they gette by the preaous horde
The worste of hem he spake the firste worde
Berheyen qd he take hede what y saye
ayy wirt ys gleet thour y borde and pleye
Thys tresour hath fortune to vs zeuen
Jn mirthe and lolite oure lyf to lyuen
And lyztely as hit cometh so wolle we spende
By godes precaousshepe whyle we wende
To day that we orholde hane so fayre a grace
Yirt myzht this golde be cayyed fro thys place
Thau ni to myn hous or elles unto zoures
ffor welle y wot that allo the golde ys oures
Thau wege we be in hyr feliate
Yirt nethly by day hit may not be
ayen wolle seyn that we wege thenues erronge
And for oure offens tyefore fon vs honge
As wysely and as slyzly as hit myzte
Thys tresour moste y cayyed be by myzte
Wherefore y rede let loke amonge vs alle
To drawe lot and se whose the cutte wolle falle
he that hath the cutte with sheres blyche
Schalle renne to towne and that fulle swythe
To bryuge vs breed and drynge ful prively
And two of vs schalle kepen gobtelly
Thys tresour welle and yf he wyl not tayye
Whan hit ys uyte we wolle thys tresour cayye
Sy on assent whyche vs liste beste
That on of hem bioute gras in hys feste
And bad hem drawe and loke on whom hit wolde falle
And hit felle on the zongeste of hem alle
And forthe towardes the towne he wente anon
And also sone as he was gon
That on of hem spake unto that other
Thou wost welle thou art myn owne owenes brother

Pardoner

Thy profite wolle y telle the anon
Thoffe thoste welle that ouje felaffbe ys gon
And heje ys golde that myzt gjeett pleintee
That hyzt ordhalle de papied amonge vs thro
Bitt natheleles yf that y can ordhape hit so
That hit depaped heje amonge vs thbo
Had y not don a fiendes torne to thfo
That other auffheje y not hoffe that myzte be
I wolde wel the golde heje onjes thbo
What ordholde we do that hit myzt be so
Ordhalle hit be toumeft ceyd the fyfte ordhoffbe
And y ordhalle tellen in wordes flelle
What we ordhuffe don and bringe hit aboune
I graunte qd that ordhe offred of doune
That by my trouthe y wolle the not biebeyen
Hoffe qd the fyfte thoffe moft welle the be thbeyne
And thbo of vs ordhalle fyzten bo tham on
Hoffe thefenne he ys ded and that a non
A ryfe as thoffe thoffe wolde wrefte hym pleye
And y ordhalle zyuen hym thorowe the zydes thbeye
Thyfles that thoffe eroglofte wrefte hym as in gaule
And with thy dagge hoffe thoffe do the faune
And thanne ordhalle alle thys golde depaped be
Ay dere fiende by thbyne the and me
Thanne may we boffe onje lifte to fulffille
And pleye at the dys zyzt at onje offne thylle
And thus acorded ben the ordhrewes thbeye
To fle the thydde as ze heede me seye
Thys zongeft whyche that wente to the towne
Full ofte in hys herte hit rolled up and doune
The beautee of thafe floreyne feyre and bryzte
O lorde qd he yf hit so were y myzte
Have alle thys tresour to my self allone
There ys no man that lyueth vndir trone
Of golde that ordholde that ordholde hym as wey as I
And at the laste the fende ouje enemye
Put in hys thouzt that he ordholde wyffen hys
With whyche he myzt slen hys felawes tweye
For why the feende fonde hym in suche keruynge
That he hadde leeue hym to sorowe bringe

ffor thys was ottely hys entento
To ecken hem bothe and neuey to repento
And forthe he geeth no lengor wolde he tayo
Ju to the to the touu an to apotegayo
And preyde hym that he hym wolde gello
Som poyson that he myzt hys ratton quello
And eke there was apoket in hys halle
That as he seyde hys capouns hadde y slalle
And seyde he wolde wiche hym yf he myzto
Of venuyn that destoyed hym by nyzto
The potegary answeyed thow schalt hauo
A thyse that as god my soule sauo
In all thys worlde ther nys no goauo
What eteth or drynketh of thys confectio
Sauyr but the mountans of a tozue of wheto
That he ne schall hys lyf auon forletto
Ze etetue he schall and that in schort whyle
Than thow wolde gon a paas not but a myle
Thys poyson that ys so hayd and violento
Thys curset man hath in hys houde y hento
Thys poyson in a boyo and eschens ho ran
Into the noyto sqoero vnto a man
And borowed hym lytle botels thio
To hys felawes a zen repayreth ho
The thydde kepto clene for hys drynko
For alle the nyzto he schaop hym to swynko
In rayuyng of that golde out of that place
And whan thys ryottour with ory glato
Had fillid with hym hys gret botels thio
To hys felawes a zen repayreth ho
What nedeth hit to reuion they of muso
For zyzt as they hadde casto hys deth byforo
Ryzt so they haue hym slayno at that a non.
And whanno that thys was don than cpak that on
Now lette vs ete and drynke and make vs mery
And aftyl wayde the wolle hys body bury
And aftey that hit hayed hem yeas
To take a botell ther ynne the poyson was
And dranke and zaf hys felawes dryuge also
Thorug whyche they storuen both also

But certes y suppose that ayrysinn
Whan nede is no raison ne in no sen
yo wonder sothes of enpoysenyngs
Thus hadde these wrecches to hem endyngs
Thus ended be these homicides two
And eke thys false enpoysoner also
O cursed synne full of alle ayscdnesse
O traytours homicides o wyckednesse
O glotonys luxurys and hasardrys
Thoo blasphemor of gyftes wrth vnkyndys
And othes grete of vsage and of pryde
Allas mankynde howe may hit be tyde
That to thy creature wshych that the wrongt
And wrth hys precious blood the bought
Thow art so false and so vnkynde allas
Now god mē god for zoure zow zouys trespas
And bere zolle fro the synne of anayed
yyn holy pdon may zolle alle vnlysche
So that ze offre nobles or straylynges
Other elles gelte gownes brooches rynges
Sothely zouys heed vndthys bulle
Cometh nyr ze wymes offreth zouys wylle
Youre name y entre here in my rolle anon
In to the blysse of heuen owhuch ze alle goon
I zolle assoyle by myn hyzh powar
Ze that wolle offren as dews and eke askar
As ze were borne and newe synes thus y preche
And crist gyfte that ys oure soules leche
So graunte zolle hys pdonn to vsetoyne
For that ys best y wolle zolle not destroyne
But eyes o word for zet in my tale
I hane ysclysed and pdonn in my male
As fayre as eny man in engelonde
Whych wele zeue me by the popes honde
If eny of zolle wolle of deuocioun
Offren and han myn absolucionn
Cometh forth a non and knelleth hyr adoune
And ze may haue partes of the pdon
Or elles taketh pdonn as ze wende
All nelles and sheweth at eny tounes ende

So that ze offren alle they neyb and neyhe
Nobles and paus whyche that ben gode and neyhe
That ys grete honour to encrease that ys hye
That ze may have a gracious ydoncye
To assoyle zoure in contrey there ze ryde
For aventures whyche that may be tyde
For pauentus they may falle on or tyde
Down of hys hors and breke hys neke a tyde
Loke whyche a cure that ys to zoure alle
That y am in zoure felaschyp falle
That may assoyle zoure bodie more and lesse
When that the soule schalle fro the body passe
I rede that ony oste schalle be gynne
For he ys moste conynge of gynne
Come forth cry oste and offreth forth a nō
And thoue schalt kysse the relykes euery chon
Ze for a grote vnbokled a non thy purse
Nay nay than qth he thane y wyste nere
Ler be qth he that schalt not be so theche
Thou woldest make me cusse thyne olde breche
And where that they a relyke of a seynt
Thoughe that they were with thy fondement peynt
But by the rode whyche seynt elene fonde
I wolde y had thy coylons in myn honde
In stede of relykes or seyntuarye
Set ante hem of and y wolde lette hem carye
They scholde be schouyd in an hogges torde
Thys ydoncy answered not a worde
So wroth he was he wolde no worde saye
Forth qth oure hoste y wole no lenger playe
With the ne with non other angry nianne
But wyte a non the worthy kuyght be gan
Whenne that he sawe that all the pryse lyth
To more of thys for hit ys wyste y nowth
Sir ydoncy be merry and glad of chere
And ze oure oste that lyth to me so dere
I pray zowe that ze kysse the ydoncye
And ydoncy y pray zowe drawe zowe nere
And as he dede lette vs laughe and playe
A non they kyssed and lyden forth her waye

Sir Thopas

Here endeth the tale of the yeoneq
And begynneth the prologe of sir Thopas

Whan seyde was this tale euery man
As sobre was as wonder was to doo
Tyll that ouer ofte wan they gan
And thenne at erste he loked vpon me
And seyde thus what man art thow quod he
Thow lokest as thow tholdest fynde an hare
For euer vpon the grounde I se thee stare
Approche neer and looke merily
Now war zowre zowrs and let this man have place
He in the route ys oghap as well as I.
This were apoynt in armes to endure
For euy whomma smale and fayre of face
Me semeth elvyssh by his contenaunce
For vnto no wyght doth he daliaunce
Sey now sumwhat sith other folke han seyde
Telle vs a tale of myrthe and that anon.
Hoste quod he ne be not euell payde
For other tale certes can I non
But of a rym I lerned longe a goo
Ze that ys good quod he or elles nought
Com neyhe thy rym me thenketh by his thought
Here endeth the prologe of sir thopas
And here begynneth his tale.

Listeneth lordynges in good entente
And I wyll zou telle verrament
Of myrthe and of solas
All of a knyght was fayre and gent
In batayle and in turnement
His name was sir thopas
I borne he was in fer contre
In flaundres all be zonde the see
At poperynge in the place
His fadir was a man full free
A lorde he was of that contre
As lyth was goddes grace
Sir thopas was a doughty swayne
Whyte was his face as payndemayne
His lippes rede as rose.

Syr thopas

Hys hecy hys hede was hyke saffron
That to hys gyldeñ cantyd adoun
Hys eyen of cristalle eyne
Of bruggis was hys hosen broun
Hys robe was of cyclatoun
That coste many a rayne
He conde hunte at the wylde dere
And ryde an hauked for the ryuere
With grey goshauk on honde
Therto he was a good archere
Of wrastelynge was there noon hys pere
Ther any man schulde stonde
Ffull many a mayde bryght in bowre
They mornd for hys paramoure
Whan they wyst wer to pleye
But he was chast and no lechere
And sweete as ys the brembul flowre
That bereth the redde hepe
And so by fell upon a day
For sothe as I you telle may
Syr thopas wolde out ryde
He spurred owre hys stede
And in hys honde a launce gode
A long swerde by hys syde
He pricketh thorw a fayre forest
Therin ys many a wylde beste
Ye horse bukke and hare
And as he prickyth northe and este
I telle you hym hadde almoste
Be tyde a sory care
There sprynge hebes grete and smale
The lycorys and the cetewale
And many a clowe gylofre
And note mugge to putte in ale
Whether hyt be moyste or stale
Or for to ley in cofre
The bryddes synge hyt ys nyce may
The sparhauke and the popynay
That ioy hyt was to here
The thrustelcok made eke hys lay

Tho wordes

Sir thopas

The wedde vppon the spray
Of love songe full lowde and cleer
Sir thopas felle in love longyng
And when he herde the threstelle cry
And preked as he wel cowde
His fayre stede in his prikyng
So wel him thought men myght him wrye
His sydes were all blood
Sir thopas eke so wel cowde ride
For pryckyng on that coste paas
So fers was his corage
That doun he leyde him in that place
To maken his stede som solas
For he was so savage
A seynt mary benedicite
What eyleth this love at me
To bynde me so sore
Me dremed all this nyght pardee
An elfe quene schall my lemman be
And slepe vndir my gore
An elf quene wolle I love ywys
For in this worlde no woman is
Worthy to be my make in towne
All other wymmen I forsake
And to an elf quene I me take
By dale and eke by downe
Into his sadel he clam anon
And pryckth over stile and ston
An elfe quene for to spye
Till he so longe had ridden and gon
That he fonde in a prive mon
The contre of fayrye wel wyde
For in that contre was there non
That dorste wyf ne childe
Ylle him ther cam a grym geaunte
His name was hight sir olifaunte
A perilous man of dede
He seyde childe by termagaunte
But yf thou prike out of my haunte
Anon ye shalt be dede

Sir thopas

Here ys the quens of feyrye
Wyth harpe and pype and symphonye
Dwellynge in thys place
The childe seyde so mote y the
To morowe wolly meten the
Whan y have myn armoure
And zit y hope pmasay
That thowz schalle wyth thys launcegay
A beyen hit fulle wele thorwz thy mayle
Schalle y pre yf y may
Or hit be fully prime of daye
ffor hege thou schalt be slayne
Sir thopas dreste a bat fulle faste
Thys geaunt at hym stones caste
Oute at a felle braydeth
Hit fayre astrypeth chylde thopas
And alle hit was thowz godes grace
And thorwz hys fayre berynge
zit kaughte he lordynges to my tale
Anyntyl then the myrrynge
ffor nolle y wolle zolle pawse
Now sir thopas wyth eyen sklo
Prikynge ouer bonke and dale
Is come azen to tolkyne
Thys merry men comaunded he
To make hym bothe game and gle
ffor nedes moste he fyzte
Wyth a geaunt wyth hedes three
ffor payneryns and tolrees
Of on that schon so bryzte
Do comes he seyde my mynstralles
And gestours for to telle me tales
Anon in myrth and game
Of romaunces that ben alle
Of fayrye and of cupides
And eke of lovedronkynge
They sette hym fyfteze the sothe to saye
And hyzeys and eke comyn
Wyth sugre that ys fyne
He rydes nexte hys owne lyne

Sy thopas

Of clothis of blake fyne and cleyr
A bleche and eke a schyete
And neyte hys schyete an Arbotoñ
And ouey that an habeyioñ
ffor pryssyngis of hys heyte
And ouey that a fyn halberke
Was all y wrought of ryngis werke
ffull strongis hit was of plate
And ouey that hys tore aryonys
As rede as ys ally flone
In wrythis he bolde bedawe
hys schelde was all of gold so reed
And that yune was a bores heed
A chaybolis by hys syde
And they he fought on ale and bred
Off hym that he grauut schulde be ded
Be tyde what be tyde
hys tambr rege of rouncyboyle
hys basenet schechis of ynoys
hys helme of latoñ bryzte
hys sadell was of rosett bon
hys brydell as the sonne in hon
Or as the mone lyzte
hys spere was of fyne cypresse
That bodes warre and no thynge pees
The hedde full fetously y grounde
hys stede was all grene gray
He garte an ambusshe lye by the way
ffull prestely and rounde in stonde
To lordes myn herre ys a fote
If ze wolle env more of hit
To telle hit wolle fondis
Now holde zoure mouthis for evyr
Both lordis knyzte and lady fre
And herkenyth to my spelle
Of batayle and of chyualrye
And of ladyes bone drurye
Anon y wolle zow telle
eyen stepen of romaunce of pryse
Of hornothilde and ypotyse

Sir thopas

Of bevys and of sy gye
Of sy le beauy and pleyndamony
But sy thopas he beyth the flouys
Of yalle thevalrys
hys good stede he by star
And forth vpon hys wey glad
As spayke out of the broude
Vpon hys crest he bar a tokle
And there vnus stryked a lily flouy
So god schelde hys cors fro schonde
And ffor he was a kuyzt auntrous
he nolde slepen in non hous
But lygge in hys wede
hys buzt helme was hys wanger
And by hym batte hys dyzt ere
Of herbes fyne and good
hym self drouge wat of the well
As the kuyzt sy pcuelle
So wozthely vnder wede
O more of thys forgodes deyne
Ah oure lefte fir thou makest me
To wery of thy vevy lewdenesse
That alle wyth god my soule blysse
Ayyn eyes ake of thy drasty speche
Nou cuche a vyne the deuell y becche
Thys may well be cleped vyne doggerell ah he
Why so ah he why wolt thou lette me
Ayze of my tale than eny other man
Certen nit ys the best vyne that y can
By god ah he for pleynly at o word
Thy drasty vynynge ys not worth a cord
Thou dost not elles but ouerdest vyne
Cy at o word thou schalt no lenger vyne
Let se where thou canst tellen ouht in gest
Or telle in prose somwhat where pou lest
Ihu wyth thee be myn muche ordeyne
Gladly ah he by godes moder vyne
I wolle zou telle a ryzt merye thyng in prose
That schall lyke zou as y suppose
Or elles redes ze be to dainegerous

Thy thopas

~shyt ys a moeff tale, veyrous
Al be shee tolde som tyme in sondry wyse
Of sondry folke as y ochalle yow devyse
As thus ye wheer of every evangeliste
That telleth vs the payne of ihū cryste
Ne seyth alle thynge as hys felawes doth
But nathelees hyer sentence ys alle soth
And alle a corden as in hyer sentence
Alle be they in hyer tellynge diffyence
For som of hem seyn more and som lesse
Wham they hys pevous wryne expresse
I mene of mark marchalle luke & ihoñ
But doutelees hyer sentence is alle on
Therfore lordynges alle yow to beseche
If that y varye as in my speche
As thus thynk that y telle somwhat more
Of proverbes than ye han herde by fore
Comprehended in this lytell tretys here
To enforsen with the effecte of my matere
And thynk y nowt the same wordes seye
As ye han herde yit to yow alle y praye
Blameth me not for in my sentence
Schulle ye not fynde diffyence
Fro the sentence of this tretys here
After the whyche this my tale y wrye
And therfore herkeneth what y schalle saye
And lete me telle alle my tale y praye
Here endeth the tale of sir thopas
And here bygynneth the tale of melybe and p̄dence

A yonge man called melybeus myghty and
riche bygat vppon his wyf that cleped
was prudence a doughter whyche that
alle good thewes hadde. Upon a day befelle
that he for his disport is wente into
the feldes hym to pleye. his wyf and eke
his doughter hath he lafte with hym his hous of whyche
the doores were faste y schet. Thenne his olde foos han aspyed
and setten laddres to the walles of his hous and
by the windowes ben entred and betten his wyf and
wounded his doughter with fyve mortale woundes in

Aye kyds

fyne sondre plaues thys ys to seys in steep feet in heyhon
des. in here heres in here nose and in hens mouthes and
lesten hy for ded and wanten here play. thyan meste
byus petowned was in to hys hous and sithy aft hys
mysthseef. he lyke a madman rendyngo hys clothes
gan to wepe and cye. Prudence hys wyf as feythfulle
as ene Dorste by coupte hym of hys wepyngs forto
stynte But not for thy he can wepe and cye euer le
ger the more Thys noble wyf prudence remembred
here vpon the sentence of ouide in hys bouke that
sayed the remedye of loue Obydius de remedio amo
ris Desiere as he seyth. Lye ys a fool that distoubleth
the medcy to wepe in the dethe of hy thylde tylle ene
shame wepyng hy stylle as for a certeyne tyme / and
than schall sen hys diligence wethe auayable there
here to seruanforto and preys here of here wepyngo
forto cesse. ffor whyche reson thys noble wyf pru
dence suffred here housbonde ffor to wepe and cye
ffor a certeyne space, and whan sche sawe her tyme
sche sayde hym in thys wyse. Alas my lord quod sche
why make ze zouse self forto ben lyke a fool. ffor wyth
hir pteyneth not vnto a wyse man to make suche
a sorowe. zouse douzety wethe the grace of god schall
warisshe and clene hur all wepe hit so that ene nyte
nor wepe ded. ze ne ouzhte not as for hy dethe zouse
self to destroye Sende sayth the wyse man schall
not take to greet distruccion for the dethe of hys chyl
dren but certes he schulde suffre hit in patience as
well as he abydeth the dethe of hys propre persone Thys
meschyus answered a non and seyde. Whan man
ne he schulde of hys wepyng cesse that hath no
greet a cause as y haue. whi ouse bidde hym self wepe
ffor the dethe of lazare hys brother Qualitey ihc ysc
fleurt propter mortem lazari. Prudence answered
certes well y wot certeynly wepyngo ys no thyngo
defended to hym that sorowfull ys amonge folke in
sorowe but hit rathely graunted hym to wepe. The
wyfleff poule vnto the romayns Lyblis as Romanos
wryteth man schulde remoyse with hem that mek
loye and wepe with suche folke as weren. But pouz

Ayenbite

a temptre wepnge be graunted ageins outrage the
pynge ys defended. ayeine of wepnge oghte be con
sidered after the lore that techeth vs ofte. whan yf
thy fiende ys ded ag he lette not thyne eyen to moyst
be of teres comynge to thyne eyen lette hem not falle
and whan thou hast forgo thy fiende. do diligence to
geten an other. and thys ys more wysdom than wepe
for thy fiende wisshe that thou hast lorne ffor ther
ynne ys no bote. and therfore yf ze gouerne zoure
wiues by sa
piences putte away orolbz oute of zoure herte. remem
breth zoure that ilke oriak seyth a man that ys ioyous
and glad in hepte hit shyn consequeth florysshynge in
hys age. But sorisshe sorowfulnesse sleeth many a
Salomon seyth zyzt as that moughtes in the erthe
flees anoyeth to the clothes and the smale wormes
to the tre zyzt so anoyeth sorowe to ye herte. wherfo
fore vs ouzte as well in the dethe of oure chyldren as in
ye losse of oure goodes temporalles haue pacience remē
breth zoure agayn pacient iob whan he hadde loste hys
chyldren and hys temporale substance. and in hys body
enduyed many agreuous tribulacō. ȝit seyde he thus.
Oure lord hath be taste hit me ȝyt so as oure lordes wolde
ȝyt so hit ys don y blessed be the name of oure lorde
To these forsayde thynges. ayelleth eus anuto hys wyse
prudence. Aff these wordes ag he ben tellde and they
to profitable But tellesh myn herte ys troubled so ffor
thys sorowe so gretly that y not what to do. lette calle
ag prudence thy twelue sendes alle and thy lenage wh
the that ben wyse telleth youre caas and herkeneth what
they seye in counsellynge and zoure gouerne after her
rence Salomon seyth wryte all thy thynges by counsell
of folke as surgyens physicens olde folke a zonge
and com of hys olde enemyes reconsiled as by her con
tenaunce to hys lone and in to hys grace And they ffor
all other women com of hys neyzbors that doden hym pene
peine more for dede than for lone as hit happeth ofte
They comen also ffull many subtyl ffaire ways and wyse
aduocates lerned in the lawe and when these folke
to gedre assembled aboue thys ayelleth in grete peine
full wyse ordeined hem hys caas. and by the manye

Anecdotes

of hys sprche hit seined that in hys hert he hadd a gret
no ieby to don ꝑuenances ayen hys foes and ordenly
ꝑpayne desyred that the kyng schulde bygynne but
natheles zit ayed he here counsell vppon this matyr
a surgean by hymself and assent by suche as the kyng
kepte ap pos and seyde vn to medicinus as zo schulle-
hepe. Sue qd he as to vs surgeans appendeth that we
do to euery kyng the beste that we can wh ap as we be
werth holden and to oure patientes that we do no dama
ge where for hit happeth many tymes and ofte that wh
that two men shall euelyche wounded oth ꝙ this
surgean helpeth hem bothe where fore vnto oure ap
hit ys not pruident to norysshe keyes ne partyes to suppose
Bute reples as to the kayysthynge of zoure bowels all be
hit so that ꝓpelous ache be wounded we schull do the
tentyf besynes he day to myte that wepth the grace of god
eche schall ben hole as sone as ys possible. All moste ꝑyt
in the same kyse the physician answered sayd that they
seyden a felse wordes mord. Ryzt as maladyes ben by ther
contrayes caused. Ryzt so schall man kayysshe keyes by
ꝑuentaines hys neyzbors flesh of enuye hys feyned spekes
yat sayed retroussed hys slaroyes maden scablaunces of
kepynge and enpeyred and engendred mischef of thys ma
ter. in preysynge gretly mekyle of myzt of power of ryches
and of frendes distrysynge hys power of hys adherentes.
And seyde openly that he a non schulde kepes hym of hys
foes and by gynne keyse. Up zour thanne an aduocate that
was keys hy saue and hy counceill of other yat kepe keys
And seyde the nede for the kyngis ben assembled in yys
place ys full heuy thynge and a gret mater by cause of
the kepynge and of the sykednesse that hath be don
and ofte by ieson of that gret damage that in tyme to
myngs ben possible to fallen for the same and also by ie
lousy of the gret rychesse and power of the partyes bo
the ffor the kingis resons hit kepe a full gret peyll to
sessen in thys mater. Wherefore meekyliens thys ys oure ꝑ
tenance the counsayle zoure a bouen all thynge that myzt a
non thanke do thy diligence in kepynge of thy myzt ty
sone in suche a wyse that the wante non espye ne

Thou hast

hy gyne they to xyse forto breken hys talo and beden hym
fulle ofte hys wordes to a pregge ffor oothly he that pre
chith to hem that kept not to kepe hys wordes hys gemmō
avayleth not. ffor ihc̄ crist seyth ytt nnuyst in wepynge
ys a noyes thynge Thys ys to seye as muche avayley
to spekke hy fore folke to wepche hys speche avayleth
not as hit ys to sygne bifore hym that wepeth And
thys wyse man calle that hym wanted audience al cesse
mefaste he set hym doffn a geyne. ffor salomon seyth thi
se as thow mayste not have audience enfore tho not to
speke yf se wolt as thys wyse man that the seconde pro
uerbe ys seith ytt good counsell wilon ther ys moste nede
yt had thys mellibeus in his counsell meche folke that
pryuely in hys ere counselled hym tepteyne thynge and
counceled hym the contrarye in generall audience wha
mellibeus hadde y herde the grettest partyes of hys cou
sell were a wrothe that they schulde make wepe and a
non he consented to here counsellynge and fulle affeymed
hey sentence. thanne dame prudence wbanne that she
syze sholde that hy housbonde schop forto do wrekke
hym of hys foos and bygynne wepe // Sche ni fulle hymuls
wyse wisenne sche herde hey tyme seyde hym thes wor
des. ay lorde qd sche y prye by sethe as herely as y day and
can ne haste yowe not to faste And for alle grucche as sore
ne mo audience ffor pryous alsone seyth thus. Wise ge
that doth the good or thynne haysten tho not to quyeten hit
ffor in thys wyse thy frendes wolle a byde and thyne enemy
schalle the lenger hyde in drede. The proverbe seyth he hastey
wepe that wysely can a byde And in wycked haste ys no
profite Thys mellibe answered to hys wyf prudence. I p
pose not qd he to wirken by thy counsell ffor many causes
and resons for certes euery wyse wolde holde me then
a fool. Thys ys to seyn yf y for thy counsellynge sholde
chaunge thynges that am affermed by so many wyse
men certeynely certeynly y sey that alle wymmē be
wycked and non good of hem alle. ffor of a thousande mē
seyth salomon y founde o good man But certes of alle
wymmē good womman founde y neuer non And also
certes yf y governed me by thy counsell hit schulde
seme that y hadde zeue the the ouer mayster y as

Tyellibus

godes for bede that hyr co ueys. ffor syrah seyth that
yf thy wyf haue mayst reye ocle ys wordayons to hey
housbonde and salomon seyth. Neuer in thy hyf to thy
wyf ne to thy chylde ne to thy fiende ne zeue no power
ney thy self. ffor better hit weys that thy children ayen
of thy ysene thynges that hem nedeth then thow wese
thy self in the houdes of thyn chyldren. And also yf y
wolde weyke by thy wordly thynge. reders my wordes
moste nom tyme be seye tylle hit weye tyme that
hit moste be knowe and thys may not be whenne Dame
prudence fulfe debonayly and with gret pacyence had
heyde all that hir housbonde lyked for to seye. Whenne
ayed other of hym lyckenes forto seye. and seyde in thys
wyse. ayr lord qd ocle as in zonge fyste reysun hit may
fyzrely be answered ffor y seye hit ys no folye to chaun
ge wordes whenne the thynge ys chaunged. ffor elles
whan the thynge semeth other wyse thenne hit was
by fore zonge enpayse and nowt elles ze wayne to fore
me thilke Dame enpayse by wyfe reysun. ayen other
not sey that ze weye a fyeye ne forswore for the booke
seyth the wyse man maketh no lesynge whan he tur
neth hys wrage to the better and al be hit so that zonge
enpayse be estableed and ordeyned by gret multitude
of folke. zet day ze not autorupise thilke Dames ordina
unce but zolde lyke ffor the youthe of thynge and the
profites ben rathey founden in fewe folke that ben wyse
and fulle of resoun then by gret multitude of folke.
there euery man eyeth and chateyeth what hem lyketh
Oothly ouche multitude ys not honeste. and to these dem
de resoun whereye as ze sayde that alle wymmen be whyc
ked. Nay zonge grete ensres ze dispise alle whymmen in pys
wyse and that alle dispyseth as seyth the booke. And se
nek seyth who so wolde haue ordeynce ochalle no man
dispreyse but he ochalle gladly teche that he can with
presumpcon or pryde and ouche thynges that he
nowgt ne can he ochalle not ben a ordained to lerne
hem and enquiere of alle folke then hym selfe and
that there hath ben fulle many good wymmen yf alle
wymmen had ben wycked. but for that gret bounte
that ys in wymmen oure lorde fyste wyste when he

Ayenbo

Was lyfen from deth to lyue ayenes rather to a woman
then to hys apostes And thouzh that salomon seyth that
he ne founde neuer good woman hit folweth not thei
for that alle wymmen ben wycked for thouzh that he
ne founde non good textes many an other good man hath
founde many a woman full good and trewe. Or elles
Peraventure the entente of salomon was thus as in
comparyne bounte he seyde no woman This ys to
seyn that there ys no wyzt that hath comparyne
bounte vnto god alle wone. for he hym self recordeth
in hys euangelye for there ys no creature so good per
hym ne wanteth somwhat of the perfeccion of god yf
ys hys. youre thryfte resoun ys yus ze seyn that ze ge
ueyned zoll by counceil of me hit semed that ze hadde
zeue the mayster and the lordshyp ouer zoure persone
Sire saue zoure grace hit ys not so for yf hit so were
that man ozhelde be counceyled but only of them that
hadde maysterye and lordshyp ouer hys persone men
sholde not be counceiled so ofte. for oftyly thilke man
that ayeth counceil of a nyppes. zet hath he fle leyes
whether he wolle wyrke by that counceil or non. And
as to zoure forthe resoun there as ze seyne that the
aungelerye of woman can hyde thynges that they ther
noure as who sayth that a woumman can nourshe hyde
Sire these wordes ben vndryfonde of woman that
ben aungelers and wycked of whyche wymmen men
seyn that the thynges dyuerth a man oute of hys hous
That ys to seye ouerlo. Droppynge of rayne and wycked
wynes. And suche wymmen seyth salomon that hit
were betto in desert than with a woman that ys ry
ottous And sey by zoure leue that am not I for ze shame
full ofte assayed my grete offenses and my grete pauores
and eke good wyll y can hyde and shele thynges that
men ozhten secrely to hyde And oftyly as to zoure
fyrste resoun where as ze seyne that in wycked coun
cell wymmen ouerhuyssh me god wot thilke resoun
nis no stede for vndryfonde ze seyen counsell forto fou
wyckednesse And yf ze wyll wrye wycktednesse and
zoure wyf restreyne thilke wyckednesse and ouercometh
zoure wyf by resonn and by good counceyle. certes zoure wyf

Achitobel

ouzte rather to be preysed thenne y blamed thus ocholde
ze vndystonde the philosophre that seyth in Abycked
counceth Abynnē veuquysche here housbondes and
there as ze blamen alle Abynnē and heye resons y ochal
ochewe by many ensamples that many a Abomman
hath be full good and zit ben and here counceth holsom
and profitable eke ouer men han seyde that the
counceth of Abommā ys to dere otsey to hyrself of prys
but alle be hit so that full many a Abommā ys badde
and here counceth and not Abozthe zit haue men fom
den full many a good Abommau and full discret and
Abyse in counsethynge. lo iacob by counceth of hys modyr re
bekka Aban the benysōn of ysaac hys fadyr and the lord
schep of alle hys londe Judith by here good counceth delyue
red the cyteye of bethulye in Abhyche ache Abelled out of
the handes of olyfern that hadde hyt by sech and ekolde
hit destroye. Abygayle delyuered nabal hyr housbonde
fro dauid the kynge by here Abyt and by here good com
sethynge. hester by hyr good counceth enhanused greatly ys
reyle god in the regne of kynge assuerus and the same
bounte in good counsethynge of many a good Abommā
may men telle and more ouer Aban ones hadde qeet
adam oute forme fadyr he seyde in thys Abyse. hit ys
not good man to be allone ayake Abe to hym and helpe
semblable to hym selfe. here may ze se that yf Abym
nē Abere not good and here counceth good and profita
ble oure lorde god of heuene Abolde neyther haue Abroust
hem ne called hem helpe of man but rauisshe confusion
to man and that seyde ones a deyle unto eye. Abhat
ys bet than golde Jassey and Abhat ys bet than rasse
Abysdom. and Abhat ys bet that Abysdom. Abommon
and Abhat ys bet than good Abynnē nothynge. and
ey by many other resons may ze sen that Abynnē
ben good profitable and therefor yf ze Abolle thyster to
my counceth y schalle restore zolle zoure dowtey hool
and sounde and eke y Abolde to zolle so muche that
ze haue honour in thys caas. Abhenne ayellubi heyde
the Abordes of hys Abyf prudens he seyde thus I se Abelle
that the Aborde of salomon ys sooth. he seyth the Abor
des that ben spoken distatly by ordinaunce beth hony

combes ffor they zeue ensample to the soule and holsom
nesse to the body and enfyght by cause of thy swete wordes
and eke for y haue assayed and eke proued thy grete
pacience and thy grete trouthe / wolde gouerne me by
thy counceile in alle thynge. Wolde ony qd dame prudence
and sethen ze soughe staf to be gouerned by my counceile
I wolde enforme zolle wolde ze schulde gouerne zouse selfe
in chesynge of zoure counceile ze schulde fyrste in alle
zoure werkes meekely by seche to the hyz god that he
wolde be zoure counceller / and schapeth as to suche
entente that he zeue zolle counsaile and comfort as
thouzt thee be hys sone and at alle tymes tholle schalle
blesse god and preye hym dresse thy weyes and loke
alle thy counceils ben in hym for euer more. Certes
iame eke seyth yf eny of zolle haue nede of sapience
aske hit of god and aftere bide thame schalle ze take
counceile of zouse selfe and examene wele zouse thouzt
of suche thynges as zolle assenteth that ys best for zouse
profite and thenne schalle ze dryue fro zoure herte thes
that ben contrarious to good counceile that ys to seye
ze couetyse and hastynesse ffirst he that ayeth counsaile
of hym selfe he moste ben wyth outen vys for many tym
ses the fyrst ys thys he that hath grete ye and wyat hys
in hym selfe he weneth alle wey that he may do not
and secondly he that ys vyous and wyot he ne may not
wele demo ne not wele counceile. The thyrdde ys this
that he that ys vyous and wyot as seyth seneke ne may
not speke but blamefulle thynges and wyth hys vnay
wordes he greeth other folke to angre / and to vyce and
eke ze ze moste dryue couetyse outen of zouse herte. ffor
the apostele seyth that couetyse ys rote of alle harmes
and thystreth wele that a couetous man ne can not de
me but ouly fulfulle the ende of hys couetyse and wytes
yat ne may neuer be accomplysshed. ffor euer the more abū
dance that he hath of rychesse the more he desyreth.
And ze ze moste also dryue outen of zouse herte hastynesse
ffor certes ze may not demo for the beste a sodeyne
vouzt that falleth in zoure herte but ze moste alwyse zolle
on lette fulofte for as ze herde er by forne the comune pro
uerbe hit ys thus. he that soone demeth soone schalle re

prince Sye ze be aff Key ni lyke disposicõu ffor reples
some thynge that some tyme that semeth to zow that
ye gaf to zow to do an nothey tyme hit semeth to zow
the courtazye Shan ze haue taken tonnecte ni zouo
self and do haue demed by gaf desibeyacõun suche
thynge as ze semeth beste thenne rede yzow that ze ke
pe hit secre and bywreye not zoure connecte to no psone
but yf so be that ze Shenen sykerly that thorw zouo by
wrynge zouo condicõu schalt be the more profitable
ffor thẽ symak seyth nethey to thy foo nethey to thy frende
Disseuey not thy connecte:/ Se thy folly for they wolt
zeue the audience and lokynge and supportacõn ni thy
presence and storne the ni thyne absence. An othey eke
seyth that grayuely schalt thou fynde eny psone that may
kepen connecte seyeth the book seyth whyles thou kepest
thy connecte ni thyne herte thou kepest hit ni thy psõn
and whenne thow bewreyest thy connecte to eny wyght
he holdeth the ese ni hys snayo and therfor hit ys betto hyde
thy connecte ni thyne herte thenne preyen hym to whõ
ze shame be wreyen zouze connecte that he wolt kepe hit
close and stylle ffor seuele seyth yf so be thow mayst
not thyne owne connecte hyde thow dayste thow prayẽ
eny othey wyght thy connecte secre to kepe but natheles
yf thow shene sykerly that thy be wrynge of thy com
cte to a psone wyll make thy condicõn stonde ni the
better pwyt Thanne schalt thou tell hym thy connecte
ou thys wyse fyrste thou schalt make no semblaunt
wherthey the wyse seuey pces or wyse or thys that thow
schewe hym not hys wyll and thyne entente for tyrste
wyll that comenly these councelours ben flatteys and
the conncelonys of gret lordes ffor they enformen hem
alwey to speke plesaunt wordes ni kenynge to the lordes
taste hem wordes that ben or profytable and therfore
men seyn that the wyse man hath selde good connecte
but yf he haue hit of hym self. And after that thou
schalt consydre and thyne enemyes and as touchynge
thy frendes thou schalt consydre whyche of hem ben
most faythfull and most wyse and eldest and most exno
uced ni connechynge of hem schalt thow aye thy comm
cte as the cas requyreth. I say that fyrste ze schull

Slepe to youre counsell youre frendes that ben welle // ffor
Salomon seyth ryzt as the hert of a man desyreth mor
nour that ys wrote ryzt so the counsell of welle frendes ze
neth swetnesse to the soule. he seyth alle so that they may
no thynge be lyknede to the welle frende ffor reytes golde
ne seluer ne ben not so muche worthe as the good wyl
of a welle frende and eke he seyth that a welle frende ys
a stronge defence who so that hyt fyndeth reytes he
fyndeth a gret tresore. Thenne oughte ze eke consydere
yf that youre welle frendes ben discreet and ffor the book
seyth aye alle wey thy counsell of hem that ben wyse and
by thys same resonn oughte ze depen to youre counsell of
youre frendes that ben of age ouche as haue seyn muche
and ben expt in many thynges and ben approued in counsel
lynge ffor the book seyth that in olde men ys the sapien
ce. And tollious seyth that gret thynges ne ben not ac
complysshed by strengethe ne by delyuernesse of body but
by good counsell By auctorites of pseues and by resons
the wyche thre thynges ne ben not febles by age but
reytes they enforcen and enwexen day by day and then
thoughte ze kepe thys for a generall rule. ffyfthe oughte ze eke
pe to wrire counsell a felle of youre frendes that stra
alle ben for. // Salomon seyth many frendes haue thow
but amonge a thousand chese the on to be thy counsel
lour ffor alle be hit so that thou fyndes ne telle thy coun
telle but to a felle thow maystes after wards telle hyt
to more folke yf hit be need but lobe alle they that thy
counselle haue thilke three condicions that y haue seyd
byfore that ys to seye that they ben welle and wyse
and of olde experience and wexen not alle they in euery
nede by on counsellour allone ffor sothe hit by honesth
to be counceled by many. ffor Salomon seyth of thynges
ys wheye as there ben many counsellours. Nowe sey that
y haue tolde zowe of whyche folke ze oughte be coun
celed nowe wolle y telle zowe whyche counselle ze ought
to eschewe ffyfthe ze oughte eschewe the counsell of
fooles so seyth Salomon take no counsell of a fool ffor
he can no counselle but after hys owne folye and hys
affection. the book seyth that the propryte of a fool y this
he nolle esh hyrsely haue of euery wyzte and hyrsely

Tullius

tho wolde all bounde vn hym self tho the schalde eschewe eke
the counsell of all flatereres suche as enforsen hem alday
to preysen zoure psone by flatery thenne forto telle zou
the sothfastnesse of thynges wherefore Tullius seyth
amonge all the pestilences that ben vn frendeshyp the
grettest ys flatery and therfore ys hit more nede that
thou eschewe and drede and fle fro the wikked wordes
of flatiers thenne of eny other pyple. The book seyth y"
othalde zathey fle fro the wikked wordes of flatiers and
preysers thau fro the egre wordes of thy frende that seyth
the thy sothes. Salomon seyth that the wordes of a
flatereere ys a snare to cacche innocentes withe. he seyth
also that he that spekith to hys frende wordes of wikked
nesse and of plesaunce setteth a nette by fore hys feet to
chacchen hym. And therefore seyth tullius suffre not
thyne eyes to flatereres ne take no counsell of wordes of
of flatery. And caton seyth avyse the well and eschewe
wordes of wikednesse and of plesaunce and eke thou
othalt eschewe the counsellynge of thyne olde enemyes
and rede seyth ne tryste not to hem to the whiche thou
hast hadde sumtyme werre or enemyte ne telle not
hym thy counsell and seneck telleth the cause why hit
may not be. he seyth wheye as sheep flyen harde longe
enduyed that there wexeth vnwholsom vapour of warme
nesse and therefore seyth salomon Ju thyne olde foo tryst
tethe neuer. ffor sykenesse thouz thyne enemye be restreyned
led and maketh the there of humble and lowteth to ye
hys heed ne tryste hym neuer for teres he maketh shulde
feyned humblesse more for hys profite then for eny love
of thy psone by suche feyned countenaunce the whiche
victorye he may not have withe sorwe or wepyng. And petre
alfons seyth maketh no felawshyp withe thyne olde enemyes
ffor yf thou do hem bounte they wolde pruette
hit vn to wyckednesse and eke thou moste eschewe the
counsell of hem that hurte thy vertuouste and beren the
grete reuerences ffor paciently they seyn hit more for
drede then for love And therefore seyth a philosophre vn
thys wyse Thyne ys no wyght profitably to speke to hym that
he ne forbedeth And Tullius seyth ther ys no myght so
grete of non empyre that longe may endure but hit have

Tayelibo

more lons of the peple than drede thou shalt also
eschewe the counselle of folks that ben dronke lelles
for they ne can no counselle hyde for salomon seyth
there ys no counselle there to as regneth dronkenesse
ze schalt hane also in suspecte the counselle of such
folks as counceleth zou thynges prevely and the con
trarye openly for cassyodorus seyth that hit auaye doth
to hyndre thenne he schelpeth to don thynges openly
and deyleth the contrarye prevely // Thou schalt hane
also in suspecte the counselynges of wycked folks
for the bokes seyth the counselynges of wycked folke
ys all they fulle of hande. and dauid seyth blessed ys
that man that hath not folwed the counselle of wycked
men. or schreth // Thou schalt also eschewe the coun
selle of zouge folks for her counselle ys not ripe. Nou
sey seth y haue schewed zou of suche folks ze schalle
take zoure counselle and of whyche folks ze schulle
folwe the counselle. Nou schalt y telle zou how ze
schulle examine zoure counselle after the doctrine of Tullius
In examenynge than of zoure counselley ze schalle con
sidre many thynges. Alther fyrste ze schalle considre that
in thilke thynge that thou purposest and vpon what
thynge thou purposest and vpon what thynge thou
shalt hane counselle that verry ponthe be sayde and
considred thys ys to seyne tells wherby thy tale for he
that seyth falsse may not wel be counseled in that caas
whyche and after thys thou schalt considre the thynges
that acorden to that thou purposest for to do by thy coun
cellours yf reson acorde therto and eke yf thy myzte may
atteyne therto and yf the more part and the better
part of thy counsellours acorde therto or non. Then
schalt thou wyte what thynge schalle folwe of the
counselynge as pees welle grace profite or damage
and many other thynges thou schalt chese the beste
and wayve all other. Then schalt thou considre of what
zere ys engendred thy matey of thy counselle and of
what fruyt may conceyue and engendre thou schalt
eke considre all the caas from whennes they ben
sprongen and whenne ze hane examined zoure

counsell as y haue seyde wherfore pardre ys the better
and more profitable and haue approued hit by many
wyse folke and olde than schall thou wnderstonde yf
thou hast pforme hit and make they of a good ende
ffor reson wolde not that eny man schulde bygynne
a thynge but yf he myght pforme hit as hym lefte or elles
sle no wyzte schulde take vppon hym so heuy a charge
that he myzt not bere hit for thepronerbe seyth he
that to muche embraceth distreyneth hymself // And eftsoon
seyth assay to do suche thynges as thou hast power to
do leste thy charge oppresse the so sore that the by shonde
to wayme thynge that thou shalte begynne and yf so
be that thou ben in doute whether thou then thou
mayst pforme a thynge or non these rather to counsell
therme by gynne and petre alfons seyth yf thou hast
myzt to do a thynge of wherby thou most repente
hit ys better nay then to This ys to seye that the
ys better to holde thy tonge stylle therme forto speke
then may ze vnderstonde by ensample reson that zyf
that thou power to pforme a wycke of wherby thou
shalt repente therme ys hit better that thou cesse
therme by gynne wolde seyn they yat defendeth euery
wyzt to assay a thynge in wherby he ys in doute wherby
he may pforme hit or non And after wherin ze haue
examened zoure counsell as y haue seyde by fore and
and knowen wele ze may pforme zoure emprise comfort
me hit therme gladly tylle hit ben at an ende. Forth ys
it reson and tyme that y write wherme and wherfore
that ze may chaunge zoure counsellours wherby
erre repreef worldly a man may chaunche hys counsell
and hys purpos yf the cause aske or wherme a nede
rise by tydeth for the lakke seyth that vppon thynge
that nedly betydeth by honorly nede counsell and
seuerde seyth yf thy counsell ys comen to the eres
of thyne enemys chaunge thy counsell thou myzt
also chaunge thy counsell yf so be that thou fynde
that by essoyn or by other cause shame or damage
may be tyde Also yf thy counsell be dishoneste or
elles cometh of dishoneste cause chaunge thy counsell
ffor the lakkes seyn that alle dishoneste that ben dis-

neste bene of no valew and eke yf hit so be that hit be
impossible or may not goodly be performed or kepte and
take this for a generall rule that every counsell that
ys affermed so stronge ly that hit may not be chaunged
ffor no condicõn that may be tyde y pray that this
counsell ys wycked. These mellibius when he had
herde the doctrine of his wyf dame prudence and
seyed in this wyse Dame quod he as zit in to this
tyme ze have welle and conenably taught me as
in generall hole y schall governe me as in chesynge
and in werkynge of my counsellours zit nolde
wolde y fayne that ze wolde condescende in ese and
telle me hole ze lyketh or what semeth zouz by
zouze counsell that we have chosen in ouze presente
nede ay lorde quod sche y be seche zoure in alle thys inbles
that ze wille not wylfully replye azenst my resons ne
dispreyse not zouze herte thouz y seye or speke thynge
that zoure displeseth for god woot that as my entente
I speke hit as for zouze beste for zouze honoure and
zouze profite and godly y hope that zouze benignite
will taken in pacience. Tho seyde me wolle quod sche y
zouze counsell as in this cas ne schulde not a sorte
speke propurly be called a counsellynge but a moeuñ
or a mouthynge of folly in wyche counsell ze have
ellis in the assemblynge of zouze counsellours ffor ze
schulde fyrste have ekyed a fewe folke yf hit hadde
be need. Zit ekes ze have ekyed codenly to zouze cõ
seyle a grete multitude of peple fulle chargaunt and fulle
noyous forto here also ze have ellis for this cas ze schuld
have ekyed only to zouze counsell zouze olde sires
des olde and wyse ze have ekyed ouzange folke. zouze
folke false flateyers and enemyes I counseilers and
folke that don zoure profite wyth oute hope also
ze have ellis for ze have bouzt wyth zoure to zouze cõ
seyle yre coueytise and hastynesse. yse wyche thre
thynges ze have not a myrour ed or destroyed thenne
neth ay in zouze self ne in zouze counsellours ze ze
owte. ze have ellis also for ze have eschuwed to
zouze counsellours zouze talente and zouze affyre
noñ to make wrong a noñ and forto do your enemyes

They haue assyed by zoure Wordes to wete what thynge
ze ben enclined and therfore haue they counceled zoure
lordshep to zome taleut thau to zoure profite. ze haue
eyed alsoo for hit seemed that ze suffised to haue
ben counseyled by these counceloures only amonge
hymself aloyse where as m so greet and m so hyz a
nede hit had ben gret nede mo counseloures and mo
ye deliberacōun do ꝑforme zoure enpryse. // ze ha
ue eyed also for ze haue not expressed zoure con
seyle in the forsayde mistrep ne in due manep as the
cas requyreth. ze haue eyed also for ze haue ma
ked no benefiaunce by wheyche zoure counceloures
This ys to seye by wheyche zoure frendes and zoure
fayned counceloures. ne ze haue not knowe who wille
of zoure owne frendes olde and wyse but ze haue taste
alle here wordes in an hotchepot and enclined zoure hert
to the more part and to the gretter nombre and they by
ze vnderstonde. And certis ze wot wele that men ofhal
fynde a gretter multitude of foles than of wyse mē
and therfor the counseloures that ben of congregacōus
and multitude of folke there as men taken more tellyng
with nombre than to the sapience of ꝑsons. ze schal
that in suche counceilynge foles haue the mayster
ajelle hus answeyed azen and seyde I shamme wele ꝑ
y haue eyed but there as thow sayst me seye byforne
that he nys not to blame that chaungeth hys counceilors
in tertayne cases and for tertayne juste causes I am alle
redy to chaunche my counceilours ryzt as thow wilt de
vyse Tho proueyde seyth that forto do eynne ys man
nyssh castes forto ꝑseuer longe in eynne ys wheyche of
the deuelle. To thys reuerence answeyde a non dame pru
dence and seyde Examenetis yen qd she zoure counceil
and let vs se wheyche of hem hath spoken moste reso
nables and tauzt zow best counceil and for as much
as that the examinacōun ys necessayre lette vs by
gynne at sururgens and at the fisicians that first
spake in thys matere I sey tho that the sururgens and
that the physicions haue seyde zow in zoure counceil
discretly as hem auzt and in heye speche seyden suffi
sayly as to the office that hem appendeth to done to

Thelliby

euery wyzt honours and profits and no wyzt to anoys
and after her qasts to done greet diligence on to the
aye of hem whyche that they haue in gouernaunces
and ay wyzt as they haue auowed wysely and dispos
ly wyzt so rede / that they be wyzly and gouerneyngly
gouerned for here noble exees and eke for they
schulde do ye more ententif besynesse in ye aya
cõmn of zoure douzty ffor all be sit so that they
be zoure frendes therfor ofsuffre ze not cuffe so that they
seyne zoure for nouzt But ze ouzte the zattiey to gyden
hem and schewe hem zoure layes and as touchyng
the ꝓpositiõn whyche the physicions enquesten in yys
caas thys ys to sayen that in maladyes yat on cont̃
we ys wayssched by an other contrayre y wolde fayn
knowe how they vndystonde pitte wyzte and whyat
ys hey ocurente ceptes qd ascelibius vndystonden
tt ys in thys wyse that wyzt as they haue venged
hem on me and don me wrongo wyzt ossalle y
vengo me vppon hem and don hem wrongo and
thenne haue y auised on contrarye by an nothey lo
lo qd dame prudence how wyzte hy ys euery man
enclined to hys owne desyre and to hys owne ple
saunce ceptes qd she the wordes of the physicions ne
schulde not haue ben vndystonde in that wyse
ffor ceptes wrecchednesse ys not contrarye to wycked
nesse ne venyaunce to venyaunce ne wrongo to
wrongo but they be semblable and they fore on vẽ
iaunce ys not wayssched by an other venyaunce ne o
wrongo by an other wrongo but euery che of hem
enquesth and angieth greggeth other but ceptes the
wordes of the physicions schulde ben vndystonde in
thys wyse for gadnesse and wyckednesse ben two
contrayous and twee and wrongo and venyaunce and
suffisaunce discorde and cõcorde and many other thyn
ges But ceptes wyckednesse ossalle by wayssched
by gadnesse discorde by concorde wrongo by twee and
so forth of other thynges and all hey to a wordes the
postelle in many places. Ho seyth ne zeldeth not hay
ne for hayne ne wycked eyeche for wycked eyethe
but doth welle to hym that doth zoure hayne and

In many other places he admonesheth yees and a
corde But nowe wolly speke to yow of ye comune-
dyshyche that was yeuen yow by the men of lawe
and the wyse folke that seyde all by on a worde as
ye shall heyde byfore that ouer all thynge ye shall
do youre diligence to kepe youre p̄sone and to wayme
store youre hous and seyde also in thys ye shulden
ffortho weyken stiff agyselly and with gret deliberacon
and eyes as to the fyfte poynte that tucheth to the
keppynge of youre p̄sons ye shulle vnderstonde that
he that hath weyes shall euermore deuoutly and
meekly and mebely prayen byfore all thynges that
is̄ gyste of hys mercy wolle hem shyne in hys protec-
cioun and ben hys conueyne helpynge at hys nede
ffor certes in thys worlde there ys no weyt that may
be conueyled or kepte suffisaunthy with out the ke
pynge of oure lorde ihū gyste To thys acordeth a
wordeth ye profite daund that seyth But yf god ne ke
pe the cetey3 in ydelt waketh he that hyt kepeth, wolle
eschulle zerheune comunte of youre p̄sons to youre nelle
fiendes that ben apreued and y knowe and of hem
eschulle ye ayen helpe youre body forto kepe ffor certa
seyth yf thowe hem nede of helpe aye hit of thy fien
des for thes nys non so good a fisicioū as thy goode
fiendes d after thys thenne eschulle ze kepe zowe ffō
alle straunge folke and flo hyes and hem alle weye
in ostreres heye companye ffor peyes alsone seyth
yus ne take no compaunye by the weyes of a straunge
man But yf so be that thowe knowe hym of a lenge
tyme and yf so be that he falle to thy companye pa
cientlys werth onto thynne assent enquere thenne
as subtylly as thou cāste and of hys comuersacōn
and of hys lyf byfore and fayne thy weye and sey
thou wolt goo thedey as thou woldest goo and yf he be
le a goode holde the on the ryzte syde and yf he
beo a wikked holde the on the lyfte syde and so
aftey hys thenne eschalle ze kepe zowe wysshly flo al
euche maney peple as y haue seyde byfore and
heer and hey comune-lyth-olde and aftey thys thenne
eschulle ze kepe zowe in euche a manere yat for eny

presumpcõn of zoure cryeugeth that ze ne dispris
not the myzt of zoure kind of zoure aduersayes so
fyre that ze kepe the keppynge of zoure ysoue for zoure
presumpsioun for euery wyse man dredeth hys ene
mye Salomon seyth wyllfull ys he that of hardy de
de for eyres he thorw hardynesse of hys herte and
thorw the hardynesse of hys herte and thorw the
hardynesse of hym self hath to greet presumpsiõ hym
schall euell betyde thanne fulfull ze euery more
tournoyed enbustymentes and alle esperaft for
euell seyth that the wyse man that dredeth harmes
he ne fallith not in to perils that peryllous esthonyth
and alle be hit so that thow arte in ryght place zit
schalt thow do alle dbey thy diligence in keppynge
of thy ysoue thys ys to sey ne be no negligent in
keppynge of thy ysoue not only fro thy gretest enemyes
but fro thy leste enemyes. Euell seyth a man that
ys wyll a wysed he dredeth hys leste enemye. Ouide
seyth that ys hytell wyll wole ete ys gret bole
and the wylde herte and thys bookes seyth that a hy
telle thorne may pryche a kynge fulle sore. I sey not that
thow schalt be so muche a cowarde that thow doute
thise as hit ys no drede. the booke seyth that comun
folke haue gret liste to discryue but zit they dede
hem to be distroyned zit schalt thow dede to be en
poysened and kepe the fro the compayne of such wyll
for the booke seyth wyll wymen make no compayne
but the hem and hey wordes as verryn. forth as to
the secunde poynt wh hese as zoure wyse counsaylers
counseled zow to wayntyse zoure hous wh gret
diligence I wolde fayne knowen howe that ze
vnderstonde thilke wordes and what ys zoure sentẽ
arbitrij auysed and seyde seres y vnderstonde in
thys wyse that y schalt waxmestren myn howse wt
townes suche as hauen castelles and other many edifices
and armure and artelyes by suche thynges as y may
my ysone and myn hous kepe and defende that myn
enemyes schulle be in drede myn hous to aproche To
thys sentence auysed a non prudences. wayntyse my go
as other of thyz townes and of gret edifices wh gret

Jayelliabo

costages and with great trauayle and displeasure that
they ben atoomplysshed yet ben they not worth a grote
but yf they ben defended by tweye frendes that ben
olde and wyse and vndyrstonde well that the grot
test and po weyghtest and the orgeugest gayndom that
po wyche man may haue ys well to kepe hys ysbonde
as hys gooddes ys that he be by loued with hys sub
iettes and with hys neyzbors for thus seyth tullius
that there ys a maneto gayndom that no man may
vengwysh ne distonifte and that ys a londe to be by
loued of hys tenteyues and of hys peple. Lo we sye as
to the thyrdde poynte where as zoure olde and wyse
counceloure seyden that ze ought not so duly ne haste
ly pceden in thys nede but that zo ought pmpely
and appayayden zolle in thys caas with great diss
gence and with great deliberacōun tweshy y trowe
that they seyden wyt wysely and wyt sooth for tul
lius seyth in euery nede ey thou begynne hit ap
payayle the with great diligence than seye that
in veramies tabynge in weye in batayle and in
wanestorynge ey thenne thou begynne spede that
thou appayele the they to and do hit with great delib
eracōn for tullius seyth longe appayslynge to fore the
batayle maketh ofte victorye and so cassiodorus
seyth the gazyndom ys oftenges wheune hit ys longe
tyme auoyded. Wit we lette you ofte more of the
tale that was acorded by zoure neyzbors suche as don
zolle reuerence with ours lorde zoure oldes enemyes
reconsiled zoure flatters that counceled zolle repreue
thynges prively and openly counceled zolle the con
trayre The zonge folke also that counceled zolle
to wenge zolle and make we yse a non. and repreue
hym as y shall seyde by fore ze haue gretly eyed
to haue kepte suche many folke to zoure counsell
wherfore counsellours ben wolle repreued by the iewis
by fore seyde but natheles let zolle desende to the
vtterall zo thynke fyrste procede after the doctryne
of tulliue where the worthe of thys or thys counsell
ye dorst not diligently enquere for hit ys well wyste
wherfore they ben that don to zon thys trespas and

velanye and hoss many tyespassers they be and in what
maney they hand to zoss don ast thys desponge and al
thys velanye and after thys ordinall zo examens the
scaunde condicon whyche that the same tullius ad
deth in hys matey ffor tullius putte a thynge the
whyche he dispeth consentynge this ys to sey what
beth they and whyche ben they and hoss many con
sente to thy commeth in thy wilfulnesse ffor tyesthy
althe that councelden zoss to make sodeyn desse
ne ben not zouse fiendes as to zouse psone for ast
be hertes that ze ben myzty and zyche tepros zo ben
but allon for tepros ze ne haue no chyldre but a douzd
ne ze hand no brethezen cossyns remaynes ne non
other nyz kynede where fore that zouse enemyes
ffor dede schulde seynge to pleds with zoss ne destroy
zouse psones ze knoss and that zouse zyches mosto
in diuerse partyes and dissenns that euery whyzt
hath hys partye they ne whoss not take but hymself
self and to venge thy deth but thyne enemyes be
thze and they hand many children brethezen cossyns
and other nyze kynede and thouzh so whose thou
haddest slayne of hem two or thre zit whellen they
y noss to whicke hese deth and to old thy psones and
thou so whese that zouse kynede whes more oy key
and studfaste thenns the kynede of zouse aduersayes
zit natheles zouse kynede nys but kynede kynede and
kynede sybbe to zoss and the kynne of zouse enemyes
ben nyz sybbe to hem and tepros as nu that hese condi
cion ys betre then zouses. Thenne lette vs considey
also yf the counce kynges of hem that councelled zoss
to take sodeyne vengaunce whether hit accorde to
resoun tepros ze knoss whelk nay for as by zyzt and
resoun yeue nay no man take vengaunce on no whyzt
but the juge that hath iurisdiccion of hym whenne
hit ys y graunted hym to take thylke vengaunce
hastely or attourpartly as the lawe requyreth and
zit more ouer of thylke worde that Tullius sayeth
consentynge thoss schalt considere yf that thy myzt
and thy powey nay concente and suffise to thy wil
fulnesse and to thy counceilloure and tepros thou nayst

Tyellibe

wbell ꝯayo nay for ockeply as forto ꝺpelle propurly wbo
may do no thyngo but only thyngo ouche as wbo may
do ryztfully ne mowbe ze take no vengaunco as of zouꝛ
propze auctorito thenne mowbe zo ꝺen that zouꝛo polbey
contentoth not ne acozdeth not to zowbe wbylfulnoꝛꝺ
let vs nowbe exaꝛnene the thyngbe ꝓpunto. That tul
lius ꝺepeth consequent and ther of folowbeth an othey
vengaunce perell and wbeyo and othey damages the
owbo nombze of wbyche wbe ben hytell wbaty and
at thys tyme and as wbe thyngo the fourthe ꝓpunt
that tullius ꝺepoth engenꝺyngo thowbe owhalt to
ſyꝺeyo thus wbyngo and with that ys ꝺo to the
ys engenꝺred of the hato of thyno enemyes and of
the vengaunco takyngo vppon that wbolde engenꝺuꝛo
a nothey vengaunco and unwhelk oꝛꝛowbe and wbastyngo
of rychesſo as seyde erſte. Nowbe seyo as thythyngo to
the ꝓpunt that tullius causes wbyche that ys the laſte
ꝓpunt thowbe owhalt vndyſtonde that the wbyngo that
thowbe hath reſteyned hath reteyne causes wbyche that dey
bos ꝺepen ozdyenco and officento and causa longuqua and
causa ꝓpopynqua thys ys to seyn the fey cause and the nye
cause pe feyze cause ys almyzty god that ys cause of al thyngo
the ney cause ys the thze enemyes the cause accidentall was
hate the cauꝛo mathalt be the .v. wbounꝺes of thy bouzto
the cause formall ys the maney of hey wbyzkyngo that
bzouzten baddeyes and clomben in at thy wbyndowbe the
cause fynall was forto hane slayne thy bouzto hyt
letted nouzt in as in hem was but thenne to speke
of the feyzhe cause as to wbat ende they owhalt comme
oꝛ wbat owhalt fynally be tyde of hem in thys caas
ne can y not ꝺeme but by countynge and by supposyngo
ffoꝛ wbe owhulk suppose that they owhulk comme to a wbic
bed ende by cause that the bost of degrees of wbyche oel
den oꝛ wbith greet ꝓpne ben causes y thouzt to good ende
wbenne they ben bodely by gomme sowbe ofte yf me wbolde
ayen me wbyly that ze ouhlden me to be zowbe that wbiꝯf
and velanys retes y can not wbell ausbeyo as forto with
fastenesſo for the exposicion oeych that the owhenes and the
iugementes of oure lordes god almyzty ben full deep yet
may no man comprehende ne oeyche in hem ouffia

Thyollibo

cirtly. Nathcles by repreyne presumpsious and comes
pynges ỳ holde and by leue that god wbyche that ys
ful of iustice and of zyztwesse hy suffred thys by ty
de by iuste cause resonable. Thys naus ys mellibo
thys ys to seyne a man that drynketh hony. you
hasto y drouke to muche hony of suche swete tem
porel ỳchesse and delicious honours of thys worlde
that thoue art drouken and hasto forzeten ihū cryste
thy creatuze thou ne hasto dou to hym such honoure
& reuerence as the ouzte ne thou ne hasto well taken
kepe to thy wordes of ouide that seyth vnder the hony
of thy gaudes of thy body ys hydde the venym that
sleeh thy soule and salomon seyth yf thou hasto founde
hony ete of hit that suffiseth the for yf thou ete of hit
ouere of mesure thou schalt spewe and be nedy and pore
and paciently cryste haue the in disporte and hath turned
a wey fro the his face and hys eyen of mercyde and also
he hap suffred that thou hasto y trespassed thou hast ydon
synne a gaynste oure lord cryste for certes the thre ene
myes of mankynde that ys to sey the fleysth ye fendes
and the worlde thou hasto suffred hem entren in to thy
hert wylfully by the wyndowes of thy body and hasto not
defended thy selfe sufficiently agaynst hey assautes and
hey temptacions so that they haue wounded thy soule
in 5 places thys ys to seyne the dedly synnes that be en
tred in to thyne herte by thy 5. wyndowes and in the same
maniere oure lorde cryste hath suffred and abyden that
thy thre enemyes ben entred in to thy hous by thy 5
doores and haue y wounded thy douzter in the forseyde
maner certes as mellibeus y se wel that ze enforce zow
muche by wordes to ouercome me in ourthe a maner ỳ
y schall not venge me on myn enemyes schelbynge
me the pelles and the cueles that myzten falle of thys
venymous bitt also so wolde consey in alle venim
tes the pelles and the cueles that myzten ous of venim
tes takynge ben the wycked men dissamed fro the good
men and they that haue wylle to do wyckednesse
restreyne hey wyckednesse and hey prayers when they
sen the punysthynge and chastysynge of goddes
and zit dey more that pyzt as he ymagined pseus synneth

in tabyuge venianuce of an otlyer man zyzt so synneth
the uge yf he do no venianuce on hem that hit hane
desqued ffor veneks veyth yus That mayst ys he veyth
he ys good that representh ethselfes and as cassiodory
veyth a man diedeth to do outeyage whyen he wot and
knowyeth that hit displeseth to the uges and the cou
seynes and an otlyer veyth the uge that diedeth to do
zyzte maketh men ethselfes and seynt poule the apos
telle veyth in hys pystelle abstenne the wyfeth to the
lomaynes that ye uge bremte not the eyre deth onte
cause but they beren hit to punysshe the ethselfes and
the mysdoers and forto defende the goddnū yf ze wolle
thenne take venianuce of zouye enemyes ze ethulle
setynne or hane zouye seruye to the uge that hath yo
unduccion vpon hym and he ethall punnysh hem as the
lawe asketh and requeryeth And ayenbi thys venianuce
lyeth me no thynge y betheneke me nolle and take hede
how fortune hath noryshed me he my childe hede and hath
holpe me to passe many a stronge paas. Nolle wolle y assay
en hy tholynge with godes helpe that he ethall helpe
me my ethame forto venge trēs ad prudentes yf ze wolle
wyfe by my counceyll ze ethulle not assayen fortune by
no wey ne ze ethulle not lene ne bolde vnto hy after
yo wordes of veneke ffor thynges that ben folily don and
that ben in hope of fortune ethulle neuey come to good
ende And as the same veneks veyth the more eley and
the more ethynynge that fortune ys the more thorlle
and the sonney vieketh ethe tyfleth not on hy for ethe
ys not stedfaste ffor whyen thole wenest or tholdest to
be moste ethewe or eskey of here helpe ethe wolle fayle
the and there as ze ouyn that fortune hath noryshed zolle
slo zouye childe hede y ey that in so marueyle ethulle ze the
lasse tryste in hy and in shy wyre for veneke veyth whan
man ys noryshed by fortune ethe maketh hym to sheet
a fayle. Nolle thenne veth zedelyne and aske venianuce
and ye venianuce that ys don in hope of fortune ys
perilous and vncertayne thenne hane ze non eskey re
medye but forto hane zouye toun on to the vengeyne
uge that vengeth alle velanyes and wronges and
he ethall venge zolle after hym self wytnesseth whyen

as she ocyttse seuetsh tlse venaunco to me and y ochalk
do shit ayellise aussbeyed yf y ne venge me not of the ve
lanye that mẽ shaue don to me y ochsalk ouyme shem
or sbarne shem that shaue don to me that velenyes and
alk otsey to do me an otsey velanye for shit adyeten yf
thosk take no venaunco of an olds velanye thonsh
vonuest thyne aduersanye do the velanys and alk so
for my ouffisannce men sbolde do me so muchs vela
nye that y myzt nethey bego shit ne oustoyne shit and
so theune be put ouerdobs ffor mẽ ocyn in muchs
ouffsyuge ochulk uony thynges unto ys sbshyebs yn
ochalk not mobe ouffso tepos qe prudence y gyannto
zoxe that ouey muche ouffsannce ys not good but ne
ne fosbberth shit not they of that eney ysono to sbsho
nien do velanye take of shit venaunco for that ap
pteynetsh and longetsh alk only to the nuges for they
ochulk venge the velanys and injuyes and they
for the sbo aunoyntes that ze shaue ocyde a vono be on
ly vndyfsondo in the nuges for sbsten they suffsen ouey
muchs ys sbsonges and the velanyes to be don sbuth
unto punysshyngo they vonne not amã only forto do
tuchs sbsonges but they vomaunden shit Also a veyse
man veyth that the nuge that tozentsh not the vynay
vomaundetsh and byddetsh shyni to vynne and the nuges
and ye vouseynes myzten in they loudes so muche ek suf
fre of the ochrewbes and myssoeys that they ocholdein
by ouchs sufffaunce by processe of tyme sbozen of
ouche polsey and myzt that they ocholdo put unto ys
uuges and vouseynes from they pluces and into ys laste
don shem flefs heye lordshippes. Ynto tabs iyzt nobe
ze shadde to venge zobe I seye ze be not of myzto ne
of polsey as nobe to venge zobe for yf ze sbobe ma
ke compisom unto the myzto of zouso adressayes
ze ochulk synde in many thynges that y shaue ochewed
zobe ex thys that they condicion ys bettey thon zouses
and therfore say I that shit ys good as nobe that ze
suffso and be patient ffurthermoro ze knowebe that
after the vommune lawe shit ys a sbardnesse amo
to seyne sbeth amors myny mã thenne he ys and
forto seyne sbeth a man of euon vsenyeth pat ys

Tyellike

to ony wyth as ytronge a man as he ist ys yelle and
ferde ontyne dreth weyster ist ys folys And therfore
ochde a man fle ontynynge as muche as he may
ffor Salomon seyth ist ys a greet wysship a man to
kepen shym fro noyse and ontyf and yf ist co befalle
or happe that ama of greet myzte and ordenge then
thow3 are de the greuannce studye and belye the ra
they to ordelle ye same greuannce then ferde wenge
the for wenck seyth that he pitteth shym in greet pelle
yat ontynely dreth a greetey man than he ys shym self
and taken seyth yf a man of heyzhey astaat ordeyne
or more myzty yen thow3 de the an other greuannce
ouffre shym for he that ones hath the may an other
tyme releue the and helpe the. zit set y as ze shall
bothe myzt and hyenes ferde wenge zow3 y ney that
they be stuff manly thynge3 that ordinit restreyne of
venjaunce taknynge and make zow3 ferde endure to
ouffre and ferde shall patience in the dezonges that
hath be don to zow3 fyrste and forthayde yf that ze wolle
consideze the defautes that ben in zoure pysone for whyy
the defautes god hath ouffred zow3 to shall tribula
cõn as I shall seyde by fore ffor the poer seyth the
ouzten patiently the tribulacõn to take that comen to
vs dresen that we thenke and consideren that we
shenken and consideren that we shall desyred to
shall shem and seynt gregori seyth that a man cõ
sidreth well ye nombey of hys defautes and of hys
synnes the peynes the tribulacõus that he ouffreth re
nuen the lasse vnto hym and in as muche as hym
thenketh hys synnes more cuene and greuous in
so muche hys peyne ys the hyzter and the hyzter vn
to hym also ze ought to endure and holden zoure hert
to take ye patacnce of oure lorde ihũ cryste as seynt
seynt petey in hys epistle ihũ cryste he seyth hath ouffred
for vs and zeuen vs ensample to enjoy wyzt to folowe
and to sue hym for he sayd nenej synne ne nenej
guile a vyelcens word out of hys mouthe when
men cursed hym he cursed hem not a zen also the
gloreo patacnce whyche the seruantes bon in para

Ayellibo

Dys shall shall in tybulacons that ycy shall suffred eff
ore sen shey desepe or gust ouzt mucho otepo zoss to pacens
ffupsscruore ze ordnuff exforce zoss to shall pacens cons
deyyngs that the tybulacons of thys shorldo but shtell
eshyld endupeth and gone ben y passed and geou and sho
we that amau ocheth to shall by pacence in tybulacon
pduyable after that the apostell oeyth in hys pystoll the
ioy of god he oeyth ys pduyable that ys to oeye euesla
tynge also tpoupe and by lenod studfastly that he nys
not Reell norysthed ne Reell tauzto that can not shaue
pacence ffor salomon oeyth that ye Dooupne and ye Rott
of a man ys knowe by pacence and in an other place
he oeyth yat he that sqeth hym by pacence gouepneth
hym by giet prudence and the same salomō oeyth the
angey and the shzathfull man maketh noyses and the pa
cient man attempzeth and stylleth hym he oeyth also hee
ys more Worth to be pacent then sorto be hyze ostrouge
And he that may shaue lordshyp of hys owene shepe ys nuo
re to preyse then he that by hys force rasteth giet tewes
and tobbues therfore seynt iames oeyth in hys pistoll
that pacence ys a giet oeptu of pfection but euesyna
may not shaue ye pfeacon that he oeseu ne I am not of
the nombey of zyze pfite men for myn shepe may neuey be
in pees vnto ye tyme that hit be venged and all he hit
go y hit Was giet pell to myn enemyes to do me a vo
lanye in takynge vengaunce vppon me hit taken they
nor shede oup the speell but fulfulled hem oeyded deyl
and shepe oorage and therefore me thenketh men ouzte
not to repzene me thouh y pnt me in adzoell pell sorto
venge me and thouh y do agieet eyuesse that ys to oey
that y do venge ou outyage by a notfiey a as Dauid pru
dente ze oey zouze deyles and as ze eyseth hit in no
taas of the Worlde a man ocholde not do outyage ne
eyuesse sorto venge hym by outyage as he that dothe
the outyage and also yf ze Wolde venge of the outyage
of zouze aduersayyes in other maney than zyze sonde in
Deth ze eyuneth and therfore oeyth venge that a man
ochalde neuey venge oruengeaunesse by oruengeaunesse
and yf ze oeye that zyze apperth a man to defende ayo
lence by prosent and hyttynge by hyttynge repos ze

Dayn Deeth

Aayn sodi dhenne ye defence ys don a non dreth out
tterpuasse or dreth outo tarrynge or delay forto defendē
hym and not forto vengē hym and her he shoueth that
a mā putte ouche attempeyaunce in hys defence that
men shaue no cause ne matey to reprouen hym that
defendeth hym of exresse and of outrage Wayde ze
knowe well ze maken no defence as nowe forto desse
den zolle but forto vengē zolle and do outreth her that
ze shaue no wyll to do zonge attornyeally and therfor
me thenketh that patience is good. ffor salomon seyth
he that ys not patient schalle shaue greet harme Cepos
qd ayellibs y gramme zolle that dhan a man ys impa
cient and dreth of that that tucheth hym not of that
that peyneth nouzt to hym thouz her harme hym her
ys no wonder. ffor the kalde seyth that he ys compable
that entremetth hym or medleth with ouche thynge
as appeyneth not to hym and salomon seyth he that
entremeteth hym of the noyse or of the cryf of an other
man ys like to hym that taketh ye houndes by the eris
is other dogges bytyth with ye houndes wyt the owne
wyse is her reson that he haue harme that by hys im
pacience medley hym of the noyse of an other man dreth
that her appeyned not to hym but zeknowe well
that thys dedes and thys greef and thys disese tucheth
me wyt nyzhe and therfor thouz y be wroth and impa
cient her ys no mervayle and sauynge zoure grace I
can not see that her myzte gretliche harme me thouzh
y take vengaunce for y am wyche and more myzty the
myn enemyes ben and dreth knowe ze that by money
and by hauynge gret possessiōns ben alle thynges of thys
worlde y gouerned and salomon seyth that alle thynge
obeyeth to moneye dispreysynge the pore of hys adioy
zyes. Tho ocke spak and seyde in thys wyse. Ceyrus deye
ouo qgraunte zolle that ze ben wyse and myzty and that
wychesses ben goode to shewe that haue dreth gereu her and
that dreth can vsen hem. ffor wyt as the body of a man
may not lyue dreth outo the soule no more may her ly
ue dreth outo temporalle goodes and by rychesse may a
man gereu hym greet worshipp and therfore seyth pam
philles yf a net heede no doubte he seyth he wyche ocke

A

Tayellibo

may chese of a thousand mē on tholl not forsake thu
ne refuse hy and thys pamphillos seyth also yf tholl
be syre happy that ys to sey if tholl be syre rych thou
schalt fynde a grett nombre of felaschos and frendes
and yf thy fortune thanngo that tholl keys pore
frys thell frendshyp and felaschyp for tholl schalt
ben allone refoute eny compayny bitt yf thre be the
company of pore folke and syr seyth thys pamphillos
more ouey that they that ben thralle and bonde of lynage
schullen be maad worthy and noble by the rychesse
and syr so as by rychesses they conuen many rychesses syr
so by power they conuoth many frayndes and enemys for
grett power constrayneth amā to do many euelos and
therfore seyth catilodorus power ys nedy ruyne put
ys to sey the more of ouerthrowynge or fallynge down
and therfore peryls alone seyth on of the grettest ad
uersites of thys worlde ys whan a frende by kynde ys
constrayned by power to eten ys almosse of hys enemye
and the same seyth innocent in on of hys bokes he sey
the y sorufull and my schappy ys the condicōn of a pore begg
gere for yf he aye not hys mete he dyeth for hungey and
yf he aye he dyeth for schame and algate necessite to
theyneth hym to aske and therfore seyth salomon yat
better ys to dye then forto haue suche power and as the
same salomon seyth better ys to dye on on better deth
theme forto lyue in suche wyse wy thesous resons
yat y haue seyde vnto zowe and by many resons that y
coude sey y graunte zowe that rychesses ben good to hem
that geten hem well and to hem that well vsen the ryches
and therefore wolly schewe zowe howe ze schulle haue zowe
and howe ze schulle beye zowe in gedeynge of rychesse and
in what maner ze schullen vsen hem fyrste ze schulle
geten hem with oute grett desyre by good weyse conseyuge
hy and not ouey hastyly for a man that ys to desyrynge to
geten rychesse abyndeth hym to thefte and to alle othey euel
les and therfore seyth salomō he that hasteth to be ryche
to wreye ynche schall ben non innocent he seyth also that
the rychesse that hastely cometh to a man gone and fyre
ly passeth fro a man bitt that rychesse yat cometh alle
hyrell and hyrell wreyeth alle wey and multeplyeth and

Mayestbe

eye ze orshuld gete ryches by zoure dede and by zoure na
uayle ynto zoure profite and that dreth onto pertonge or
harme belonge to eny other pson ffor the salbe seyth
he ne maketh not hym gelt ryche yf he do harme to an
other seyst thus ye to seye that nature defendeth and
forbedeth by ryst that no man maketh hym gelt ryche
wrell the harme of an other pson and tullius seyth that
no gode ne no dede of dede ne of thoust that may falle
to a man ys so muche a gayntte nature as a man to en
qeten hys owne profite to the harme of an other man
and thoughe the gyder me and the ryche men geten ryches
more lyghtly yen thou ne ochalt thou not be yelde ne
clothe to thy pfite ffor thou ochalt in alle ynge and in alle
thynge fle yelnesse ffor salomon seyth that ydelnesse techeth
a man to be many euelles and the same salomo seyth he
that trauayleth and beseyeth hym to tyrthe hys londe ochal
ete ye bred but he that ys ydell and reseyeth hym to no be
synesse ne occupacion ochalt falle into pouerte and dye for
hunger and he that ys ydell and clothe can neuer fynde
conuenable tyme to do hys profite ffor they ys a couetous
seyth the ydelle man eyuelich hym in wynter by cause
of the colde and in somer by occasion of the grete heet for
these causes seyth caton abedeth and eschuyeth not to
muche to sleep ffor ouer muche slepe norysheth and can
seth many euyles and therfore seyth ouyde remedies
com gode dedes that the deuell the thy foe that ys ouyr
enemye ne fynde the occupyed ffor the deuell taketh
not lyghtly ouer thyn dwellynge ouerse as he fyndeth oc
cupyed in goode dedes. Therfore thus in gouernge thy
selffe dere sone ze shalle geten by zoure wyt and by zoure
trauayle in suche a maner that me holde zoure nouzt to
grutz ne to grayynge ne to foule thyge that ye to seyn
ouerlonge a slendor ffor ryst as men blamen an ouerlong
man by cause of hys ouerlonge and thynne as ye sa
me maner ys he blamed that spendeth ouerlonge
and therfore seyth catoñ ose the shalt ye ryche be pat pou
hast y geten in suche maner that they be no thynge ne
cause to calle the nedely dispende ne thynche for that a
grete ordinaunce to a man to shape a yonge sherewe a ryche
pusse the seyth also the goodes that thou hast geten

Wyllibe

vse them by mesure that ys to seye grounde mesurable
for they that foolysly wasten and dispenden ye goodes þ
yat they haue ysheme they haue no more ypreyse of
heye offene they ochaye hem to taste the goodes of an
other man Joey thenne ze ochulle fle auoyde vsynge
zoure ryches as in ouche auauncey þ men say not
that zoure goodes ben y bizyed but that ze haue sho
in zoure myzt and in zoure weldynge ffor the wyse
reprenerh the auaryous man and seyth in wbo veys wbey
to and wby beyeth aman hys goodes by hys auoys and
knoweth welle that ne des muste he dye ffor deth ys the
ende of euery man as in thys present lyf And for what
cause or reson seyth he thym or sayntieth he thym so
faste vnto hys goodes and knoweth welle or wbere
knowe that wbenne he dyeth he ochalle no thynge
beye with thym oute of thys worlde and therfore seyth
seynt austyn that the auaryous man ys lyknyed vnto
helle that the more hit swolweth the more desyre
hit hath to swolwe and deuoure and as welle as he
wolde esthue to be cleped an auoys mā or thynche as
welle ochulde he leye yolde and gouerne zolde so and in
suche a wyse that me cleped zolde frolo layge they sno
seyth tullius the goodes he seyth of thyne hous ochulle
not be hedde ne kepte no des but that they myzt be
spended by yefte and by honeste that ys to seye in seue the
part that haue gyeet nede ne thy goodes ne ochulde
be so vpon to be euery mannes goodes aftey wbat in
getynge of zolde ryches and in vsynge hem ze ochulle
alwey haue in thynges in zoure hepte that ys to seyn
oure lorde god wusteuee and good name ffirst ze ochal
haue god in zoure hepte and for no ryches ze ochalle do no
thynge wbyche in ay in eny maney dysplese qyrus that
ys zoure yeatrye and zoure makere. ffor after the wolde
of salomon hit ys beter haue a lyttel good wyth the lo
ue of god than fore haue muche good and tresore and
lese the lone of hys lorde god And the prophete seyth yat
bency hit is to be a good man and haue a lyttel good
and yesne than to be holde a richeche and haue
gyeet ryches and zet ney stynkyeth that ochulden
alwey don zoure besynesse to getyn zolde ryches so þ

f

Tayelibo

ȝe geten hem wyth gode conſcience and the ryȝhteouſnes wyth
thy ȝe no thynge in thys worlde of wyche ȝe ſchulde
haue ſo grete ioye as ȝe haue of youre conſcience beyng
wytneſſe of god and the holy ghoſt that is
ſtamed of a man ȝe ſhulle gode wherme ȝe not
in thys conſcience aſkyng and in ȝeuynge of youre ryches
and in vſynge of hem thoſe moſt haue grete beſynneſſe
and grete diligence that youre gode name be alwey preyſed
and worſchiped ffor ſalomon ſeyth that beuteouſnes is and
more ryȝtfulleth a man to haue gode name then to haue
grete ryches and therfore he ſeyth in an other plas do
grete diligence ſeyth ſalomon in kepynge of that that
ben alſo thynges that ben neceſſaryes and nedfulle and
pat ys gode conſcience to thyne euene pſone in deade and
gode lyf for thy neyȝbor ouȝte haue and he that tryſteth
hym ſo muche in hys gode conſcience pat he diſpleſeth
and ſerueth at nouȝt hys gode name or lyf and ſelfneſſe
nouȝt thoſe he kepe hys gode name he wyl ſette a queſte
theyle ony wolde haue y ſchelled youre goodes ȝe ſchalle do
in kepynge ryches and thoſe ȝe ſchulde eſen hem. Loo
wel for the tryſte that ȝe haue in youre ryches ȝe ſchul
moven weyes and baraylle y trouweth that ȝe by ȝyuyng no
weyes in tryſte of youre ryches for they ne ſuffiſen noo
weyes to merreyng and therfore the ſcripture ſeyth that
man that deſyreth and wolle allyaunce haue weyes ſchalle
neuer haue ſuffiſaunce ffor the wyche that he ys the gret
ley diſceuſes moſte he make yf he be of haue deſyre
or ryeworye and ſalomon ſeyth that the grete ryches y
auaun lyeth the grette diſtreſſes he lyeth and deye ryȝt
alſo ryȝt ſo that for youre ryches ȝe may haue muche
folke ryȝt is ryȝt not gode to by ȝyuyng weyes they as ȝe
may in other maner haue ryȝt vnto youre lordſchip and
profyte for the victorye of baraylles that ben in thys worlde
lyeth not in grete noumbre or multytude of peple ne in bey
tue of man but ryȝt lyeth in the wylle and in the honde
of oure lorde god almyȝty and they for vndas machabeus
the ſcripture was gadres buyȝt hem ſo he ſchulde fyȝte agayn
hys aduerſaryes that hadde a grette noumbre and a grette
multytude of folke and ryeungey then was hys peple of
machabe ȝit he confortede hys lytell compayny and ſeyde

Explicit

yere in thys boyse alle hyrthy ge be may onye lorde god al
myzty zeue entraye to feede folke as to many for the yer
way of honeyde cometh not by the grace nombey but hyt
cometh fro onye lorde of heuene And beyng yre for as
muche as thy ys nomen trespays yf hyt be wortthy that
god zeue thym entraye or nom. after that salomon
sayth therfore euery man schalle gyeth hede & eyes to
bygynne and by cause that batayles many pelle and
happeth other thyng as done ys the grete man slayn
as the lyzte man and as hit ys wryte in the seconde
book of kynges the dedes of batayles ben auentures
and no thynge certeyne for as lyztly ys on hyze aborth
a fleey as an other and therfor hit ys grete pell in hesse
Therfore eschalde aman fle and eschewe hesse in ag manere
as he may godly ffor salomon seyth he that louyth peryll
schalle falle in peryll. After that Dame prudence hadde
spoken in yys maner meklie answered and seyde I se well
Dame that by zoure fayre wordes and by zoure reasons y
ze haue ordeyned me that the beye liketh zolle no thynge
but y shame not hasde yit zoure commaundement wolle I schalle do
in thys nede certes god forbede y commaundement zolle put ze awey
do aborth zoure aduersayres and that ze shame pees &
hem ffor certeyn same seyth in thys prouerbes that by
discorde and pees the ryale rychesses & eyen greteste
and by debate and discorde the grete rychesses fallen
doun and ze knowen well that on of the grettest
and most conuenyent thynge that ys in thys worlde
ys vnite and pees and therfor seyth oure lord ihū gyfte to
hys apostles in thys wyse well happe and blessed be they
that louen and purchasen pees for they ben called the
children of god. & yf ye wolle nowe y se well that ze
loue not myn honour ne my aduysshyp ze knowe well
that myn aduersaryes shall by gonne thys debate and
bygge by hey⁹ outrage and ze se well that they ne
requyren ne preyen me not of pees ne they ayen not
to be reconsylled aboute ze therfore that y go meke and
obeye me to hem and aye hem mercy for god yit wol
ze not my aduysshyp for syzt as men seyn that ouer gret
hunmeblenesse engendreth dispysynge so fareth hit by
the grete humylite or meknesse. Than by gan dame

prudence to make resemblaunt of wrathfye and seyde
certes sire sauns zoure grace I lone zoure honour and
zoure profite as y do myn owne and euer haue y don ne
ze mowe not say the contrarye and zit yf ze hadde
seyde yat ze scholde haue purchased ye tres and the
reconsiliacon y ne shadde not muche mystake me ne
seyde auys for the wyse sayth the distencion bygyn
neth by a norisey ayan and ye reconsylyngs by thy self
and the prophet seyth fle flyenge deuesse and do good
nesse seke pees and folowe hit in as muche as in the
is zet sayth he not ȳ ze seke yathey to zoure
aduersaryes for pees themne they schulle to zolde for
y knowe wele ze be so hasdy herfore yat ze wolde do
no thynge for me and salomon seyth that he that
hatith onely hasdy answere at ye laste he schalle myss
hap and mystrye wherfore ayellide hadde seye Da
me prudence make resemblaunce of wyrthye he sey
de in wys wyse Dame y praye zolde yat ze be not disple
sed of thynges that y seye for zo knowe wele yat
y am angry and wroth and that ys no wonder and
they that ben wroth wyte not wele what they doth
ne what they seyn and therfore the prophete seyth
that troubled eyzen haue no clere syzt But say thou
and counseleth me as ze lyketh for y am redy to do ryzt
as ze wolle desire and yf ze reproue me of my folye y
am ye more holden to zolde and to preyse zolde ffor sa
lomon seyth he that reprouyth hym that doth folye he
schalle fynde grettere grace yen he that disceyueth hym
with gyleet wordes. Themne seyde Dame prudence y
make no resemblaunce of wrathe ne of angre but for
zoure goode profite. ffor salomon seyth he ys more worth
that chydeth or reproueth a fool for hys folye ethe wynge
hym resemblaunce of wyrth themne he that supporteth
hym or praysseth hym in hys mysdoynge and lawheth
at hys folye And thus sayne salomon seyth after
ward yat by the sorouffulle voys of Amam y ys to seye
by the sory and heuy countenaunce of a man ye folye
correcteth and amendeth hym selfe. Themne seyde
ayellide y schalle not trowe anywhy wyse to many
lessons as ze putte to me and schewen seyth schorthly

Tyrelle

zoure thyst and zours wyuesse and y am all redy to fulfille and performe thy Dame prudence dysoneyed all thyse wordes vnto hym and seyde I commesse zoure grace ouer alle thynges for to maken pees bytwene god and zou and bene reconsiled vnto hym and vnto hys grace ffor y hane seyde zou hertofore god hath suffred zou to hane this tribulacion in and dessese for zours synnes and yf ze do as y hane seyd zou god wolle sende zours aduersaryes vn to zou and make hem falle at zours feet redy to do zours wylles and zoure commaundemente ffor salomon seyth whan pe condicion of amen ys plesaunt and hy hynge to god he chaungeth pe hertes of his enemyes aduersaryes and constreyneth hem to by sekon hym of pees and of grace and y preye zou let me speke to zours aduersaryes in preue place for they schall not knowe that by zours wylle ne zours assent and pen whan y knowe hey wylle and hertes assent y may con clude zou pe more surely. Dame quod melibe doth zours wylle and zoure hykynge for yt pleseth me fully in zours disposicion and in zours ordinaunce. Whanne Dame prudence sawe melibe wel disposed and enclyned and hadde hym so greet ioye of hym that scarsely she was to telle. A lady quod she ze haue declared vnto vs the holy sayinges of auc tores as ofte as pe hath of Dauyd pe prophete ffor pe counsaylynge wherby he be not worth to haue in no mayere but whe ordeyn to acquyte hym whan greef

Tryelliche

cõtricõn and humilitee ȝe of ȝoure gret goodnesse ha
ue presented vn to vs sholde ne the effect the cruelte
and the cominge of salomõ ys full nedes for he
seyth that where ebrides multiplyen and encresen ffe
des and maken ochreches to be deboney/ and nicke
nesses qd they be punte oure dedes and all oure mark
and caas all holy in ȝoure goode wylle and ben redy
to obeye to the speche and cõmaundement of my
lordes ayelibe and theye fore deye and benigne lady
we pray ȝowe and beseche ȝowe as meekely as we
wonde or moten that ȝif hit lyke vn to ȝoure grete
gadnesse to fulfille in dede ȝoure goodly wordes
for we cõsideren and knowleechen that we haue of
fended my lordes mercibe oute of mesure so forthe
that we be not of power to make hys amendes and
perfore we obeye and bynde vs and oure frendes for
to don all hys wylle and hys comaundementes but
pacientye he hath suche heuynesse and suche wyath
to vs be cause of oure offence that he wolde en
joyne vs suche peyne as we mowe not beye ne suffey
ne and therfore noble lady we beseken to ȝoure wom
manly pete taken suche avyse ſement in hys nede
that we ne oure frendes ne be not dissheryted thorw oure
ffrendes ne be not dissheryted thorw oure folye certes qd
prudence hit ys an hasty pynge and perilous that cã
hym pert all vttrely to aventure and ingement and
in pe myȝt and power of hys enemyes ffor salomon
seyth kenneth and ȝeueth credence to that that y shall
say vnto pe ye peple and gouernours of holy chirche to pe
comune to thy welfe and thy frendes as to thy brotherly ne ȝeue
thowe neuer myȝte ne maystery of thy body wherby thowe
kenestowe knowe that he forfendeth yat man owhowe
not ȝeue to hys brotherly ne to hys frendes pe myȝt of hys
body Wherno by a sqengor resonn he defendeth and for
beedeth a man to ȝeue hym self to hys enemyes and
nathelees y commaunde ȝowe yat ȝe ne mysthynke not my
lordes for y wot wel and knowe verily yat he ys de
debonayre and nicke lorde and aiseth vs and nothynge
desyrous ne coueitous of good ne ryches ffor pey
nys nothynge in pys worlde yat he desyreth but

Knyghthyp and honour ffurthermore I knowe well and
y am ryght sure that he wolde nothynge do in pys ne
de werch outes counceyll of me and y schall do wh̄ĩ
in pys thing that by the grace of owr lordes god so
schall be reconsiled vn to vs therin seyde they yf
o woys worschipfull lady we putten vs and owr
goodes affully in youre wille and in youre disposicõn
and ben redy to come what day that ze lyke vnto zou
re nobleese to sende or assigne vs forto make owr
obligacõn and be bounde as ostrongo as hit lykith
vnto youre goodnesse yat we may folwe ye will of
zowr and of my lorde michaell and when dame prudẽ
ce hadde herde the answeres of these men echo bad
hem goo ageyn preechy and othe retorned to hey lorde
michaell and tolde howe othe fondo hys adversayres
ful repentaunt knowlechynge full lowly heys synnes
and trespas and howe they were redy to suffre alle
peyne requyrynge hym and preynge hym of mercy
and pees Therin seyde michaell he ys wordie to have
pardon and for zeuenesse of hys synne that exalseth
not hys synne but knowlechey hym and repentoth
hym and axeth indulgence ffor sothe sayth thee ys
ye remission and for zeuenesse whych as ye confessi
oun ys ffor confessioun ys neyzbor to innocence and
seyth an othey place that he that hath schame of hys
synne and knowlechith hit and therfore y assent and
conseyne me to have pees but hit ys good yat we do
not wrath owre adversarie of owre frendes. yan was prudẽs
zyt glad and ioyfull and seyde oure lordes ze may well
and godly answer for zyt as by yo counceyll assent and
helpe of zowre frendes ze have be stuyed to vengen zowr
and make peyse zyt so wrath outẽ hey counceyll schuld
ze nowzt accorde me have pees with zowre adversayres
ffor the lawe sayth they nys no thynge so good by wey
of kynde as thynge to ben vnbounde by hym that hit was
vnbounde And therfore dame prudence with owtyn eny
delay or taryinge sent a non messyngers for hey hymself
and for hey olde frendes and whyche yat were trewe and wyse
and tolde hem by ordey n the presence of michaell alle
pys matey as hit ys a bove expressed and declayed and

Tyellibe

preyde hem that they sholde zeue heyo adnyso and counsell
what beste sheye to do in yys nede And whan mellibe hede
this hadde taken hey aduys and deliberacõn of the forseyde
matey and hadde examined bysyeer besynesse and grete
diligence they zaue full counsell to hans pres and yesto
and that mellibe scholde yesoynen with gode heyre hys
aduersaryes to forzeuenesse and mercy and whan dame
prudence has herde ye assent of hey lorde tyellibe and
ye counsell of hys frendes accorde with heyo will and
heyre entencion ose was wondyly glad in hert and
seyde these ys an holde prouerbe qd she that seyth
ye goodnesse that thow mayst do thys day do it and
abyde not tylle to morowe and pey for y counsell that
ze haue zouen messyngeis whyche that ben discreet and
wyse vnto zouze aduersaryes tellynge hem on zouze by shal
ne that yf they wolle trete of a pees that they schape hem
with out delay or tarynge to come to vs whyche thyng
has pformed in dede and whenne these trespassors
and wrongdoynge folke of theye foluyes that ys to sey the
aduersaryes of mellibe hadde herde that ye messyngers
of mellibe were come hem they deeyen wyt glad and ioyfull and
assembled full mekely and benygly zeldynge grace and
thonkis to hey lorde mellibe and to alle hys compayne
and echoyen hem out delaye to go with the
massangers and obeye to the comaundement of hey lord
mellibe and wyt a non they token heye way to the court
of mellibe and token to hem som of hey trewe frendes to
maken seyth for hem and forto ben heye borowes and
whan they were come to the presence of mellibe he seyde
hem these wordes he seyde thus qd mellibe sothly
sire ys that causeles and sothly sire with owte resyst
sesoun haue ben gret wronges and trespasses to me
and to my wyf prudence and to my doughter also forzes
hane entred into myn hous by violence and hane
don suche outrage that all men knowe well that ze
hane beseged beth and this for wolly knowe and ofte
of wole wel ze wolle put the punissement and ye
chastisement and the ordenance of thys outrage in ye
wyll of me and of my wyf dame prudence and ze shal
nat nor whan the tryste of the tyme ansoeres forsit

Tyellibe

alle and seyde on qth he the knowe well that ye ben
vnwoorthy to come vnto the court of so greet and so
woorthy as ye be ffor ye haue so greetly mystaken vs
and haue offended and gulted in suche wyse agayn
youre hyz lordeshyp that rytwisly ye haue deserued
the deth but zit for the greet goodnesse and debonayre
that alle they testifieth of youre psone we submitted
vs to thyne excellence and benignite of youre gracious
lordshyp for we be redy to abeye to alle youre comaun
dementes by sekhynge zolle of youre mercable pite ze
sholde consydre oure greet repentaunce and lowe sub
iection and graunte vs forzeuenesse of oure outrageo
trespass and offenes for the whiche we knowe wel youre
hyeghe grace and mercy entendeth feythfully vn to good
nesse thenden oure outrageous trespas vn to goodnesse
alle be it neuerthe and damnable we haue
a gelt a gayns youre hyz lordshyp whan maistre wolle
shewn vp the grounde of our beynghe and resteynde
thes obligacons and thes bondes by the whiche we
thes pleggis and borowes and assigned them a certayne
day to retorne vnto thys towne forto accepte and to fol
owe the sentence and ordenaunce of that maistre
wolle comaunde to by don to them for these causes
a forsayde thynges whyche whan they were
retorned hom to thys hous. and whan they were
alle thy tyme ethe seyned and ayed thy lorde wolsey
counsailed the thouste to take on thys aduenture
To the whiche maistre wolle they assented and graunte
the y thynke and purpose vnd fully to restreyne them
of alle y they they haue and here vsed them in eyle
forenen mene. whyche alle same pretended thys wolsey
a tyme pretended and mused of a gayns ye comm. ffor
ye be wyse y wote and haue non nede of other men
neg good and ye may hyghly gouerne a comune nenne
Whyche ye a couenous thynge nile entre to be affected
of euery man ffor after ye callen of the wolle of the
most the conclusyon ye lorde of alle thynges and therfor
hit shal better for youre to lete go muche good of
youre owne than forto take of other good in thys maner ffor: and
ys to lese good with worshyp than hit ys to obteyne

Anyelibe

good dyrlyckynge and gchaune and euery man ought
to don hys diligence and hys besynesse to geten hym
a good name and yt gchalle he not only besye hym
in kepynge of hys good name but he gchall also also
enforcen hym alwey to don som thynge by the wch
she he may ienelh hys name. ffor hit ys wryten the
olde good lawe or good name of a man ys gone done
gon and passed wch hen hit ys not nowhed ne knowelled
and as tychynge yat ze goyng ze wolle erle some
adnersaryes that thynken me imche agayns ihesu and
out of mesure considered the power that they haue ze
yen upon hem self and hit ys wryte that he ys redy
to helpen hys frendes that myshen seke yo myght and yo
power that ye yeuen hym and ysene cause yat ze myse
enterprise from yat tyme by nyght and the dyscyplis
ze moche not be gethered not pat hit to occasion ze
mannys and blame wherfor hit lyke to fauore to ye
dede as hit was by fore and therfore yf ze blame
sholde that men do yelde obeysaunce ze moste blame
more namyssly thyse ye to comyng ze moste yeue more
esy entrances and ingeancres ffor hit ys wryte that
moste namyssly wan amidell to hym yat moste obeye
and therfore y pray yolle yf in thys nauyssaye and in
yys nede ye wolle some ouer come some lyche for
euer seyth he that ouer cometh thys hope he only
wynneth thynges. and in thise comyn thyngs ze no thynges
ze commende als to an agyer lorde as wysen he ye helpe
wayne and make and behouelyche ayeyslath hym self
hyrmly and y pray yen that ze wolle vouche sauf hyges
to be examined in ouche a maner that yenge good
name may be kepte and conseruede and that men
mo3t haue cause and to yeue yolle of pese and
of mercy and that ze haue cause to repente yolle
of thynges yat ze don. ffor euerth seyth he ouer cometh
in an euell maner yatt repenteth hym of hys wyckednesse
Therfore y pray yolle sone mercy be in yenge hertes
to the effecte and the entente yat god alle myght haue
mercy on yolle in hys laste iugement ffor seynt iames
seyth in hys apostell iugement shall euer mercy schalle
be do to hym that hath no mercy on an ouhel dyzte

Mellibe

Whan melibe hadde herde the grete ekyles and resons
of dame prudence and hir doyse informacion and te
chynge. thys herde gan cudine to the counsille of hys doyse
consydeyinge hem hadde entende conformed hym a
non and consented fully to whyche after hem commeth
and thanky god of whom procedeth alle goodnesse
that hym sente a doyse of so grete discrecion and
ye day come that hys aduersaryes ostholde appere in
hys presence he spake to hem full gaddly and doysely
in thys doyse alle ha hem so that of youre pryde and
hyr presumpcion and folly and of youre vnstedfastnesse and
vnkindnesse ye haue myshaue youre selfe and trespassed
vnto me. Nat for as muche as y se and by holde youre
grete humilite and that ye hen sory and repentaunt
of youre gultes hym confortyng me to do you grace
and mercy and obeye forto y restreyne you to my gra
ce and for zeue you alle youre offenses vnkyndes and displeas
ans that ye haue don to me and myne and to thys estate
to gadd to thys ende that god of hys endeles mercy
wolde ete the tyme of oure dampnage forzeue vs
oure gultes that we haue trespassed vnto hym in
thys behalfe and for doubtles yf we be sory
and repentaunt of the synnes and gultes wherin
we haue trespassed in ye syght of oure lorde god
he yf so the ende so mercyable that he wolde forzeue
vs alle gultes and bryngo vs to ye blysse that ne
ver shall ende Amen Here endeth ye tale of melibe
and begynneth the tale of ye Manciple

I Fayth quod he now hast thou thyself ypryue
And gretely I preyse the for it
And alle thise wise clerkes counsaylen the thy
Of me thou hast no thyng to done
So fellyngly thou spekest in ev'y manere
As to my dom there is non that is here
Of sadnesse ne of wysdom that hath the thy pere
For that thonke lorde god I take the good tydynge
And am redy to make alle the amendement
For of thy speche I haue right wynel
I haue a wyf and by the rode
I shalle haue right ynowe therof bedene
Thogh alle my neighebores crye on me

The ffranklevn

he seyd anū of suche discressiōn
As that ze ben fy on possessioun
But yf a man be verrayes wyght aff
I shall my sone myght and zit y sch aff
for he to verray hystory not to endende
But forto pley at dys and forto spende
And lese all that he hath ys hys vsage
And he had leuer talken with a page
Then to comune with any gentell wyzt
Whych hermyzt lerue gentelnesse al zyzte
Wyght for zoure gentelnesse qd ouyr oste
What frankeleyn qd he wolle thow3 rvoste
That cthow3 of zoll moste telle at ys leste
A tale or two or breken hys heste
That knowe y wolle qd ye frankeleyn
I pray zoll hauoth not me mis dyscreyn
Thow3 y to thys man spoke a word or two
Telle on thy tale with outte wordes mo
Gladly sy qd he y wolle obeye
And told zoure wyll now3 shall not varye
As fer as that my wyttes wolle suffise
I pray to god that it may plesse zoll
Thenne wyll y wel yat it ys good y nowe
Here endeth ye prologe // And begynneth the tale of the ffranklevn

Thise olde gentell bretons in hyre dayes
Of diuerse auentures maden layes
Rymed in hyre fyrste modyr tonge
Whyche layes with instrumentes they songe
Or elles redden hem for hem for hyr plesaunce
And o lay shall y nat varye in my remembraunce
Wyche y wyll say with good wyll as y can
And my bygynnyng fyrste y wolle beseche
That ye wol holde me excused of my rude speche
I lerned neuer retorykes trewely
But that y spoke it moot be bay and playne
I slepte neuer on the mounte of pyne
Ne lerned neuer marcus tullius cithero
Colours ne knowe y nor with outte drede

The ffranklevn

But hit be suche as glysseth in pe mede
Or suche as men dyen or peynte
Colouzes of zetorykes ben to me queynte
Myy spyryte feleth not of suche mateze
Thys ys my tale yf ze leste to heze
Yn armonyke that called ys bretayne
Ther was a kuyzte pat loued ar manner in mayne
A lordes douzhe in hys beste wyse
And many a sabouns and many a gloss emprysse
He for hys lady wyzte or ethe wel wonne
Ethe was on the fayreste vnder sonne
And eke therto connen of hyz kynred
That wel vnethe dyste pys kuyzt for dedes
Telle hym hys wo hys peyne and hys distresse
But at pe laste ethe for hyz worthynesse
And namly for hys meke obeysaunce
Hath suche apayzed eauzte of hys penaunce
That prevely ethe felt of hys accorde
To take hym for hyz housbonde and hyz lorde
Of suche lordeshyp as me ouzte to haue of hyz wyfes
And forto lede in blysse the more hyz lyfes
Of hys fyn wylle he swore hem as a kuyzte
That neuer in alle hys lyf uethez day ne nyzt
Ne sholde he take vppon hym no mayshyze
Agayne hyz wyll ne kepe hyz ialousye
But hyz obeye and folwen hyz wyll in alle
As eny louez to a lady shalle
Save that pe name of soueynete
That wolde he haue for shame of hys degre.
Ethe thonked hym and ek ful gret humblesse
Ethe seyde ser of zoure gentilnesse
Ze profred me to haue do longe a jayne
Ne wolde neuer god hyrafyxte os atweyne
As in my gyft weye (weyue or eyre
But y wolde be zoure trewe humble wyfe
Haue here my trouthe tyll alle myn lyfe dayes
Thus ben they bothe in quyet and in pese
For ethynges eyes sayth pat y seyne
That fyndes euery ethez moste obeyne
If he wollen longe holde compayne

Lono Ryll

The ffrankleyns

Loue Aſſk not be conſtreyned to mayſtrys
Ne lowe mayſtrys toucheth ys god of loue a non
Betrich hys Aſſsynges and Aeckt ho ys gon
Loue ys a thyng as any Spyryt ſho
Hymm of kynde deſyreth lyberte
And not to be conſtreyned as a thral
And ſo don many yf y ſeyd ſchall
Lok ho moſt pacyent ys in loue
He hys at hys avauntage all a boue
Patiente ys an hyz vertus trego
For hit venquyſſheth as theſe clerkes ſeyn
Thynges that mayſtrys ſtrongeſt vencuſſh attymes
Lo the yat Dalfen of Aedlokes in the dſeyns
Lerneth to ſuffre or elles go mote y gon
Ze ſchulleth hit leyne Aſſkeſt no ſo Aoft or non
Alle thouze ze ſcrapyn as doth hyngo hepandos
Vppon a ſcaffolde Aſſhyle that he maketh gaudes
Ze moten ſuffre elſe of zoure of other
God helpe me ſo y ſeyde neuer ſothe
For in thys Aorlde trego ne Ayzte thei ys
That he ne Dorſte or ſayde ſom tyme amys
Ire ſykenesſe or conſtellacon
Lyne Aſſho or thamugynge of complexion
Cauſen ſuffe ofte to don a myſſe or ſpeke
In euery Aſſrong a man may not be Aſſroken
After the tyme muſt be temperaunce
To euery Aſſyzte that can on gouernaunce
And yet for hatth dyſcrecion Aorthy Aſſyſe Anyzte
To hym in eſſy ſuffiſaunce he hy be hyzte
And ſcho to hym ſuffe Aſſyſſy gan Aſſoke
That neuer ſcholde be falſe in hyre
Here may men ſe in hymble Aſſyſe accorde
Thus hath eche take hy ſeruaunte and hy lorde
Seruaunte in loue and lorde in maryage
Thei Aſſas he bocho in ſeruage and in mayſtrage
Seruage nay hit in lordſchip abouo
Seth he hath bocho hys lady and hys loue
Hys lady ſeruen and hys Aſſyf alſo
The Aſſhycho laſſo of loue acordeth to
And Aſſaune that ho Aſſas in hys prouerbe.

The ffraunkleyns

Hom wyth hys wyf he goth un to hys tourne
Sonyt fey fio demnayes thes hys wellyngs was
Where as he hueth un ioye and un solas
Who coude telle but yf he wedded hadde be
The ioy the ese and the plente
That ys by twyxte an housbond and hys wyf
Euey more lasted thys blessed lyf
Tylle pat thys knyzt of whych y spekke yus
That of caes inda was dyght ayne pagus
Schop hym to dwelle a zeys ontwynne
Yn engelonde pat dyght eke was bretaynne
To reken un aynes worysship and honour
ffor aff hys liste he sente un suche labour
And dwelled thes two zere ye boke seyth thus
Stille wolly etynt of thys myrpagus
And spekke y wolle of dorpagyne hys wyf
That loued hym housbonde as hertes lyf
ffor hys absence weyth sche and syketh
And don these noble wyfes welcomme hem lyketh
Sche mourneth waketh fastyth pleyneth
Desyre of hys presence hym so constreyneth
And aff thys wyde wolde sette sche nought
Hey fiendes whych that knette hym hevy thought
Enforsen hym un aff that euey he may
They preyen hym nyzt and day
ffor cauffes sche sleth hym self alias
And euenes comforte possible un thys cas
They don to hym wetyn alle hes besynesse
Aff forto maken lese hey heuynesse
By processe as ze knowen euerychone
Ayen may no longe gyans ma crou
Tylle som figrys there ynne prentyd be
So longe hans they comforted hym that sche
Restreyned hath by hoope and by ieson
The emprentynge of hey consolacion
Thorw whych hey gyet sorouz gan aswage
Sche may not alwey dure un suche a rage
And eke ayrigayns un aff thys tayle
Hath sent hys lettres hom of hys counsayle
And that he wolde come hastely agayns

talo

Gale

Or elles hadde thys coruz hy hepe slaynes
hy fiendes calle hyr coroun gan to slake
And preyden hy on knees for godes sake
To come and come in heye compayne
And a bey to dryen heye deyke fannasye
And hyngilly ochse graunted yat requeste
ffor weel ochse coy hyr was for the beste
Lord stood hy castell faste by the see
And often abrud heye fiendes abasshed ochse
hey to distorte on ye banke hyze
Beheye as ochse may ochip and bayge se
seylynge heye coys Beheye hem lufte gre
But zit was that a peell of hy leo
ffor to hy self ofte alias seyde ochse
tys no ochip so many as y see.
Wolff bynge home my lorde then beye myn hert
abaysshed of these bytter peynes cruele
An ochey tynne sholde eche ortto and thenke
And caste her do bulwarde fro the bynge
But sesanus ochse calle ye giefly lokes blake
ffor verily seye thenne sholde hy hepe quake
That on hy feet ochse myzt not hy sustayne
Then wolde ochse ortto adoun vppon the grene
And petously unto ye se by holde
And seyde nyzt thus with coroun and sybes colde
Stepne god that thonu thy prayeyannce
Beest thys sholde by tetrayne gouernaunce
Jn ydelf as me sayn dest pelle norshynge make
But lorde yese gresly fendly lokes blake
That semen latlich a foule confusioun
Of wheke thanne a fnyse ceasedun
Of suche aspyre god keys and flitt stalle
Alshy hane ze keponzt thys wheke vnresonable
ffor by thys weyke northe south este and weste
Thee nys fosted man bzyd ne beste
hyr doth no good to my wytte but anoyeth
Se ze not lord god howe mankynde perdestroyeth
An hondred thousand bodyes of mankynde
thane lokes y seeyne alle be they nouze in mynde
Alshyche mankynde ys so yfyr of thy keyke

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The ffrankleyns

That thou hit madest lyke to thyne owne werke
Then neuer hit so hadde grace therto
To hyde mankynde hit thou thennes may hit do
That suche menes makyn to destroyen
Whyche menes Jou no good hit euer noyen
Jabot Welle clerkes thou seyne as hem listo
By argument that alle ys for the beste
Thonz y ne can not the cause knowe
But thilke god yt made the kynde to flowe
as keepe my lorde thys ys my conclusion
To clerkes lente y alle yys disputacon
And wolde god that alle thoo iolyf blake
Abeye coukou in to helle for hys sake
Heye fiendes say that hit was for hy ne disporte
To romen by the erthe eistonisort
And echoppen forto pleyen comune hay alloz
They ledde huy by ryuage and by valeye
And eke in other places delytables
They Dannsen and eke pleyen at yo tables
So on a day ryzt in ye morowe tyde
Vnto againdeyn that was they by gyde
Jn whyche that they hadde made hy ordinaunce
Of victayle and of other purueyaunce
They goon and pleyn hem alle the longe Day
And thys was on the eyzte morne of may
Whyche may had peynted with hys softe showes
Thys gaydyne full of leues and of flowes
And thafte of maunes honde so coryously
Arrayed hadde thys gaydyne richely
That ye neuer gaydyne nas of suche prysse
But yf hit eke the verily paradysse
The odour of the flowres and the fresshe syzte
Sholde haue made euery hert lyzte
That euer was born but yf to grete sykenesse
Or to grete sorowe hedde in distresse
So ful was hit full of beaute and pleasaunce
And after dyner gon they Dannce
And synge also eke virelayes and layes

The Tale

Whan ze in to hy[s] oeff made hy[s] mone
ffor oche ne oeyz hym on the daunce goo
That was hy[s] fonsfonde and hey[e] loue oo
Yit nathel[es] oche moste a tyme a byde
And fonde good hoope fette hy[s] oorour sliyde
vppon thys daunce amonge othe[r] men
Daunced hy[m] oquyer by fore doregeno
That fleschey was and lothey of assay
as to my dome thenne ys the monthe of may
Whe oyngeth Daunceth passyngo euy man
That ys or was oeth the worlde by gan
And they[e] doeth all and nie[m] ochulde disshyne
Ou of the best fazyngo man a lyne
zonge oyonge queynous zyche and ryche
And well by loued and holde at gret pryse
And ochortely yf y the oeth telle ochall
Vnkeynge of dozzygone at all
Thys lusty oquyer dequanne to pen[e]
Whyche that herde was angely
Hadde loued hy[m] best of euy qeatinge
Whe zeue and more as was hys auentinge
Yit neuey dorste he telle hey[e] hys grenannce
Deeth ontten toppe ho dourste all hys penaunce
he was distreynynge no thynge duyste he seye
Saue in hys songes somwhat wolde he wreye
hys wo as in greuaunce complenynge
he seyde he loued and was by loued nothynge
Of whyche matere made he many layes
Songes complaynte rondelle vyllayes
how that he duyste not hys sorour telle
Yit languyshe as doth a fuyle in helle
And dye he moste he seyde as dude ekko
ffor narcisus that duste not telle hys wo
In oche[r] maner than ze hey[e] me seye
he dorste he not to hy[m] hys wo bewreye
Saue that paunsingly sonetymes at daunces
Whey[e] songe folke dede hy[m] obsequiaunces
yit may well be loked in hy[m] face
In ouche a wyse as men that ayen grace
Yit nothynge wyste oche of hys entente

Nethelesse hit happed ey they themmes dwelle
By cause that he was hy neyzbore
And was aman of worthip and honour
And hadde knowen hym of tymes zore
They felle in speche more and more
Tyrre hys pupps thyen dede anselmus
And he syze hys tyme he seyde thus
Madame qd he by god that pys world made
So that y wyste that y myzte zoure hestes gladde
I wolde that day that zoure aduocatrye
Were onez the see that anyelis
Hadde wente they nolde he schulde come a geyne
For wele y ware my seruyse ys in veyne
Ay gladeden nys hirt hyderynge of myn hestes hestes
Madame telleth vppon my peynes smerte
For verth o worde ze may me ble or wane
Heye at zoure feet god wolde y were in graue
Ne haue as nowe no leyser forto seye
Haue merey swete or ze wolle do me deye
Sche gan to loke vppon anselmus
Is thys zoure wylle qd sche and seye zo thus
Nay est qd sche ne seyste y wel zo mente
But nowe y knowe anselmus zoure entente
By thilke god yat zaf me soule and lyf
No schalle y neuer ben vntrewe wyf
In worde ne in weyke as fere as y haue power
I wolle be thys to whom y am y knytte
Take thys for a fynalle answere as of me
But haste nu hyt pley thus seyde sche
Anselius qd scho by god above
Zit wolde y gladly zowe to lone zoure loue
Sethen y se zowe so preuely toplesyne
Loke what day that euel lodge by stesyne
Ze lemue alle the zolkes oron by oron
That they lette no schip ne bote to gon
Ney swemme zo haue made the tofte so clene
Of zolkes yat they nys no stron y sene
Themme wolde loue zowe best of eny marine
Hem haue nuy tornthe nu alle that euer y kan
Is they non other gyfte nu zowe qd he

Tale

Tho by that lorde qd oche that maked me
Alsow was anyght Wher that he thys hedde
And Wrth a sorouzfull chere he thus anSwered
Adam qd he thys Were impossible
Theune mote y dye sodeyne Deth orible
And Wrth that Word he turned hym anon
Tho tomen hey sheldes enery chon
That in the aleyes romed vp and Donne
And nothyng Wyste of thys tonclusion
But sodeynly by gynne to reuerse nerre
Tylle that the byrde sonne lyste hys hedde
ffor the orisonte hath reste the sonne hys lyhte
This ys as muche to sey as hit Wexe nyhte
And they gonne in ioy and solas
Saue only Wepyng Anyght alias
She to hys hous ys gon Wrth sorouzfull chere
She seyde she myhte not from hys Deth stere
Hym semed that he felle hys herte colde
vpto sheuene hys handes gan he holde
And on hys knes bare he sette hym Doune
And in hys Armyng seyde hys orysonne
ffor Wo sorte of hys Wrt he brayde
He ne Wyste What he spake but yvs he seyde
Wrth pitous herte thus hath he bygonne
Vnto ys goddes and hyhe vnto the sonne
He seyde god appollo and gouernour
And euery eyhe the a flour
That zeuest after thy declinacion
To echo of hyre tyme and hys seson
As thyne herbergage chaungeth fro the or thyne
lorde phebus caste thy mercyable eye
On Wrecched Anyght Wythe the sen but lorne
ayy lorde my lady that hath my day sworne
Wrth othes grete but thy Wrongnesse
Vppon my Dedly herte haue routhe
But Wreche y Wrot lorde phebus yf the Wolde leste
ze myhty mechte saue my lady beste
Sende Counsayl yf y may zoure Wylle
Howe that y may be holpe and ri What Wyle

Youre bleffuff ouftey hand the ochens
That of the see ys goddess and quens
Thou neptunus blessedest of allo qh he
Hir empryesse a boueu hem ys oche
Ie knoff well lorde yyt as hey dessyo
ys to be quycked and lyzchted of youo fuyzo
ffor whych that oche folkeo fulf bessyly
yyt so ze dessyeth naturelly
To follwen heyo that ys goddesso
Yoche of the ge and zyueys moso and lesso
Wherfore lordo ysebus thus ys my requesto
Do thys unjacke or do myn hesto brest
That noff ueyto at thys appostoun
Whyche in the orgus ochalf bo the the hyon
As preyeth hyso gyeet a flod bryngo
That .b. fathenye at thso lesto hit ouerspryngo
The heyzest rokko in armony bo bretoyno
And that thys flod lady dure zyues alwayno
Thenne ceptos to my hedo may y say
holdeth youo hesto yo lokkoo bou alkay
Thys thyngo may zedo hyzroly yf that zo
Prey hym to gro no fastey tours then oche
I oey thus prey youre fustey or ochco go
So fastey tous thenne ze thys zeyes two
Thenne ochalf gche bo at yo fuff alkay
And springo flod hastyngo also zeq nyzt and day
And but yf whe fouchesaf in ouche maneyo
To graunto me my doneeyno lady deyo
Prey hym to gyuken eueyy rokko a doun
Jn to heq olbus deyko segyonn
Vnd tho gromde that plato dwelleth ynno
Or noneq mois ochalf y my lady deyuno
Thy temply in delphos wolly bassiot gerko
lord phebus see ys reyos ou my hecko
And on my payne haue com compassionn
And wrath that worde she felle on whom adoun
And songo tyuno she lay forth in traunco
Hys brodeq wyth that knelbe of hys tyrannyeo
Vp raupt hym and to bedde hath hym browyto

Talk

Dissayed in thys torment and pys thouzte
Lette y thys woofull geaturs hys
Chese he for mo whether he woll hys ordys
Aymagnus verth hele and zet honoure
As he that was of chenalye ys flowe
Is comē home and otha worthy men
O bleffull art thou noll dorzogen
That hafte thy lufty housbonde in thyne armes
That flesthe knyzt that worthy man of armes
That louetth the as hys owne hertes lyf
So thynge lufte hym to be ymagynatyf
Yf euy wyzt hadde spoken whyle he was oute
To hege of lous thege of hadde he no doute
He entendeth not to fuche matege
But daunceth uifteth and makeh hym gode chere
And ynis in ioy and blysse y lette hem dwelle
And of thys anyelik wolly telle
In langour and in torment dispytous
Two zere and more lay wrecched anoll
Or eny fart on erthe he myzte goon
So comforte in the tyme hadde he non
Saf hys brothez whych that was a clerke
He knewe of all thys wo and of all pys werke
For to no creature refrayne
Of thys matez but he no worde ofsayne
Vndyr hys breste he bar hit more ofte
Then euer bede pampilius for malache
Hys breste was hoolt with in forto ben
But in hys herte ay was that anoyous pene
And well ze knowen that of a nygramy
In ouydeys ys plonte to lye
But men myzt muche the more or come they by
Hys bzothez wrecche and wayled pitously
Tyll at the laste he felle in trenebraunce
That whyle he was in oblyaunce in fraunce
As these clerkes zonge that ben lyfterous
To reden ar they ben curyous
Seken in euery halke and in euery hepne
Straunge faeries forto lepne

The ffranklevnis

The sqyre remembred that vppon a day
At orisyannce in study a bookis he say
Of magyk naturell wherin his natyf
That was in that tyme a bachelar of laffe
Aff wheye he there for an nothey gaste
Hadde prevely vppon his deyte faste
Wherin bookis spake of suche operacions
Touchynge the xxviij mansions
That longen to the mone and suche folye
As in ouse dayes ye not seeth a flye
ffor holy chirches fayth in oure bylene
Ne suffreth non illusion vs to gione
And whan this book was thus in remembrance
And non forwoye his sleep gan daunce
And to hym self seyde prevely
Ay brothey schall be wayted wykkedly
ffor yann eekey yat they ben enemys
By whiche men maken diuerse experiences
Suche as these subtyle tregetours pleye
ffor ofte at festes haue y seyde weell seye
That tregetours werth in an halle large
Haue maad comen in water in a barge
And in the halle stonden vpp and doune
Com tyme hath semed a grym leon
And com tyme floryes springe as in a mede
Com tyme a vyne and grapes whyte and rede
Com tyme a castell all of lym and stoon
And when hym lyst voyde hem anon
Thus semed hit to every mannes eyze
Lolk thanne conclude y yf that y myzte
At orisyannce com oght felawes synde
That hadde these monthe mansions in mynde
Or ops magyk naturell abouse
The sothsode wolde make my hertes hawe hys lowe
ffor werth ymus apryannce a clerke may make
To amannes eyzt that all the feldes blake
Of hertezne wheye avoyded entyrchon
And schyftes by ys bryngs to come and gon

A Tale

And in suche forme to endure dayes two
Algates to wyte hit scholde seme tho so
And whan som clerke hath y do pys alle hy caste
Ethe that hath my brotheres hepe slo hym faste
Thenne most ethe nedes holde hy by hefte
Or elles he schalle schame hey at pe leste
What scholde y make a lenger tale of thys
Unto hys brotheres bed he comen ys
And suche comforte he zaf hym fatte gon
To or lyttunes pat he upstynte a non
And on hys wey panne forthe ys he fare
In hope to ben hyssed of hys care
Whenne they were comen almoste to ȳ corte
But yf hit were a two fyelonge or thre
A zonge clerke ycomynge by hym self they mette
Whyche that in latyn thryftely hem gretto
And aftey wald he seyde a wondy thynge
I knowe the tauste of zoure comynge
And or they forthey eny fecte weende
He tolde hem alle that was in heye entente
Thys bretun clerke ayed hym of felawes
The whyche he hadde knowe in oldo dawes
He answeyed hym that they ded wel
For whyche he wep fulle ofte fulle many a tere
Down of hys hors anekis hyze anon
With these magyaan forthe ys he gon
Hom to hys hous and mad hym wolle at ese
Hem lakked no wyrtayle that myzte hem plese
Do welle ayayed an hous as they was oon
Anyenus in hys hyf oulde he neuey non
He ne schelde hym or he were wente to slepe
Forestes pastes fulle of wylde dere
He calle theye heretes with hey hornes heye
The grettest pat euey were seyn with eye
He syze of hom an houndred of slawe with honndes
And som of wolues blodde of byttey wounded
He oyz wham voyded was pe wylde dere
Thys fayconeys upon a fayre pleyn
That with ys fawkes fleu pe fyzelon slayne
Tho oyz hey huyzede upstyngo upon the playne

And after they dide hym suche plesaunce
That he hem schelved hys lady on the daunce
Du Ayghte hym self daunced as hym thought
And Ayhaune that hys ymage hadde Ayboure
Scyth hyt was tyme and lokkz and cleped hys hounde Alle
And fast Ayett alle ouys jenett was gon
And jenecid neuey ostod of hys hous
Ayhy lo they calle al ye cyte meyolous
But nu hys studye they as hys bokes ben
They sitten stylle no Ayhyte but pey thynke
To hym hys mayster called hys squyey
And seyde hym thus ys jedy ouys sopey
Alle nyste an ouys hit ys y vndrake
Sechen y zolle bad ouys sopey for to make
Ayhenne that thoste Ayorthy mē Ayonte Ayith me
Ju to my studye they as my bokes be
Qy qd the squyey Ayhen hit hystoy zolle
Hit ys alle jedy yonz zeAyolle tyte nolle
Go Ayhe qd he then forthe beste
These anegous folke com tyme mot shame jeste
And after sopey felle pey m thete
Ayhat come scholde thys mayster pryde bo
To jenone alle ye lokkes of bretayne
And eke fromgeonde to the mounte of cayne
She made hit squanuge and Ayore so god me sauf
Lasse thanne yj thowsande yonde he Aholde not haue
So gladly for that comune Ayolde he hit not don
Anyly Ayith a blessfulle hert a non
Answeyed thus fyz on thre thousande ponde
Thys Ayyde Ayorlde Ayhyche that me sey ys jonde
Jcholde the zeue yf that y Ayere lorde of hit
That bargayne ys fulle dryne for Ayo be tuyne
Hit schalle be payde tytyly and by my youthe
Ywr lokke nolle for no vnclugonce me for youthe
Ze tayon ys here no lenger then to morowe
Say qd the clerke here my youthe to borowe
To bydde ys gon aurelius Ayhom hym lefte
And Ayell nyz alle nyzt he hadde hys sighte
Ayhat for ys talons and hys harpe of thynne
Hys Ayoxfulle herte of penaunce hadde a lynne

Ashe tale

Upon ye morowe whan hit was day
To bretayne wt they ye wyr way
Aurelius and theso magracus hy syde
Vndestended theyo yey wolden abyde
And yus was as my bokes me ramembyo
The tolde forsty cesoun of scrambre
Thebz way olde and hedded lyke saturn
That in hys hoot declinacion
Ochon as the bremmynge gledo with stremes bryzte
But nowe in capricornus a doun he hyzte
Where as oche ochon fulle pale y day with cold crayne
The bytter frosto wt ye slydy rayne
Distroyed hadde ye gren in eucy zerde
And he p̄ out by the fluzo with ye doubly berde
And drynketh of hys bugle horne the wyne
Wyterne hyn crudeth the bra[illegible] of ye tustied olde
And nowell cryeth eucy lusty man
Aurelius in alle p̄ euer he can
Wolde to hys mayst chef and pensyue
And prayeth hym to do hys diligence
To bringe him oute of hys penyos owete
Or elles a sherefe pat he wolde shytte hys herte
Thys ouerelf thenke suche jurise hadde on thys man
That nyzt and day he oppeden hym that he can
To wayte attyme of hys conclusion
Or ellis on apayamte or gogelyye
Ine can no tetrues of astrologye
That ochc and eucy wyzt ochulde wende and wayte
That of bytwyne ye lokes wege as obeye
Or elles they wege conke and gronde
Tyllo at the laste he hadde hys tyme fownde
hys talkā tables hadde he bzoute
So redy persaued that hym lakked nowte
Clerely hys colecte nedely hys expans notes
hys agumentes hys tounes and hys motes
And hys ex̄acions for eucy thynge
And by hys kalendes in hys wrytynge
He knewe fulle wel how hoole fey hys almanake was ochone
In diverse fyre of ares alone
Whereinne he hadde formed hys forsty mansyon

ffranckeleyns

The ffrankleyns

The knyght ye ientilmann by ffortun
And knyght ye tyrynge of ye mone wett
And in ouche facon and tayne enepy dett
And knyght alsso hys orthey obseruannoys
ffor ouche illusions and ouche meschannoys
As hethen folkes vsseden in thylke dayes
ffor wthyche ne makid ho no lenger delayes
But thorw hys magyke for a wtyke or wheyle
Hit semed that alle ye lothes wheyle a wheyle
Angelik wthyche that disseyued ys
Orthey he schalle hane hys lond or fayo amys
A wtayroth nyzt and day thys myracle
And wthannys he knewe they was obstacle
That voyded wheyle ye lothes encyrchon
Down to hys maystres feet he fell a non
And seyde y wtofull wtrecche angelle
Thonke zolle lord and lady myn verry
That me hath holpe fro my cayes colde
And to the temple hys wheyes forthe hath he holde
Wheyle as he knewe he orholde hys lady se
And wthanne he eyz hys tyme a non pyzt ho
Wtith hedfull hert and wt full hymble thoz
Callid hath hys conueyne lady deyo
Ayy zyzt lady qd thys wofull man
wthom y serue and lone as y beste can
And lothest deyo of alle thys worlde dissese
Seyo hit nat yat y for zolle hane ouche disese
That y most dyo sleyo at zoure fest a non
Nouzt wolde y telle zolle hold; wtho me ys thy gon
But certes eyther most I dyo or pleyne
Ze ofte me gulteles for verry peyne
But of my deth thouzh that ze hane no routhe
Alwyse zolle ey that ze be zoure trouthe
Repenteth zolle for that ilke god above
ffor ze sleen me by cause yat y zolle lone
ffor madame wolle ze wroot yat ze hane hyzt
Sith that y chalange eny thynge of pyzt
Of zolle my conueyne lady but zoure grace
But in a grydeyne zonde a ouche a place

A Tale

ze shot zyzt shelf shat zo shyzt mo
zo may don as ze sesto my lady sho
ze sholde lone mo best zo seyde soo
al be shyt I am vnsworthy they to
gladamo y sesto hit for the honours of zolk
shore yen to sano my lyf nolz
I shall don so as zo comaumded mo
and yf zo fouche saf zo may go and se
woth as zour lusto shano zouyo hesto in myndo
ffor quycke or dede zyzt they zo schulle mo fyndo
in zour shesho all to do mo lyns ordyo
Hit shelf y shot yo lokkes ben adredyo
his tooko hys hend and sche a stonyd stood
In allo hir face nas they a dropo of blood
Sche shendo mercy shane como in such a tyzano
allas sis sche yat ruey yys schall shayno
ffor shecause y mercy hy possibleo
That such a mesaylo schold so
and shewe sche goth a sorzfull gestuyo
hit ys azenst yo profess of nature
ffor every fyse vanorsho may sche go
Sche shepeth and shaylath a day or two
and allwonnoth yt hit shas joustio to go
Bute shy hit shas to no shyzt to do sche
ffor outed of toshno shas gon amyyagus
Hit to hir self sche seyde and yus
In hir complaynt as zo schulle after hyso
Both fate passo and shi sorzfull thyo
Allas sis sche on yo fortune yplayno
That on shalle shall shayned no in thy sheyno
ffor shyncho the estate shot y no oscuyo
Saf only Death or dishonuyo
On of these two dishoneth me to thyso
But natheles zit had y leuer to dese
my lyf yen of my body to han a schame
Other knowe my sclf false or lese myn name
And both my bothe y may be myrro y shys
hath they not many a shyf y thys
And many a mayde y slayn hir self allas
Rather than both hir body os don trespas

And rehtes leo these storyes beseth wytnesso
Whan prytty tyrannes ful of cursednesso
hadde y slayn pisydon in athenis at yo lasto
They cōmaunded hys douztyes to ascendo
And bryngē hem byforne hē ī Dispyto
Aff naked to fulffulle hys dehyto
And in hys fadres blod yey madē hē Dannco
Vppon ye paynymert god zeue hē meschaunco
ffor whyche yese whorfulle maydons fulle of dredo
Bathey then wolde lese hyo maydenhed
They preuely ben gone in to a desertio
And dyeynt hem self as the bookes tellio
They of mesue let enquere and seko
Of hyo maydenys & maydons eko
On whyche yey wolde don hyo lechery
But whas they non of all that compayny
That eche was slayn and with a glad cnto
These fadres forto dye yeu forto assento
To ben oppressed of hey maydenhed
Whyche dredde y thanno to dye ben in dredo
leo eko the tyrannt astochydes
That loued a mayde yat hyzt cymphalydes
Whan that hyr fadyr slayn was on a nyzto
Vnto dianes temple goth eche a non pyzto
Hertte yo ymago with hyr armes thro
ffro whyche ymago wolde eche nemey goo
So wyzt myzt of hitt hey handes twoo
Tyll eche was cleyne pyzt in yo selue place
Lolle eche ens yat maydens hadde suche disgrace
To ben defouled with mannes foule delyte
Whett anne a wyf fadres hyr self slo
Thenne be defouled as then doth no
What schall y seye of hasdrubaldes wyf
That at carthago by fasto hyr self hyr lyf
ffor whanne eche sawe that romaynes hē yo tenno
Eche tok hyr children alle and whyte a benno
In to yo fuyre and thes fadres to dyo
Thenne he defouled or hadde whemeyo
Hath not hugos y cleyn hyr self alias
At romo they eche cyte sesse was.

Of ralphyno

ceptcynly that on ne may not be cleuth onn ȳatt othey
and tryfteth cleeft ȳ in the name of thyne neyzbor
thou cuhalt vndyfonde the name of thy brothey
for ceres al the hane o fadyr fleyfthly and o modey
hatt ys to ey adam and eue and cleo o fadyr fpyrituell
hatt ys to ey god of heuene thy neyzlbo are thofe
helden forto louen and ablne thym al goodneffe
and they foro eeyth god lone thyne neyzbor as thy
elf that ys to ey to ꝑuiacõu both of lyf and of
foule and more ouey thou cchalt lone hym in word
and benynge a monyfthe and chaftyfynge and to
forte hym in hys a noyes and pray for hym ffech
aff thyne hepte and in dede thofe cchalt lone hym
in ouche cleyfe ꝑatt thofe cchalt don to hym in cha
ryte as thofe cleoldeft cleeys don to thyne olde
fone and they for thofe cchalt don to hym no da
uage in cleyched cleordes ne hame in hys body ne
in hys ftatett ne in hys foule by euryfynge of cleyc
ked example. thofe cchalt not deffyre hys cleyfne
nes of hys thynge vndyfonde efto ꝑatt in the na
me of thy neyzbor ys comphended hys enemyes
for the cõmaundementes of god and forthy thy
fhende cchalt thofe lone in god. ¶ ey thyne enemyes
cchalt thofe lone for godes fake by hys cõmaunde
ment. ffor yf fhe cleye jefum ȳ man cchold hate
hys enemye for foth god cleolde not jefeeyne vs
to hys lone that ben hys enemyes. a zenft the
mercy of cleyonges ꝑatt hys enemye doth to hym
he cchalt do the ze thynges as thus a zenft hate
and ȝeneony of hepte he cchalt lone hym in hepe
a zenft thy dynge and cleyched cleordes he cchalt
preye for hys enemye a zenft ꝑo cleyched dede
of hys enemye he cchalt don hym bonnte for
eyft eeyth lone oth zonge enemyes and preyeth for
hem that eyeleth zou hame and cle for hem that
zoffe chaffen and pnyffhen and doth bonnte to hem
that zoffe hate. lo yus commaundeth vs onre lord ihū
eyfte to do to onre enemyes for foth as natuye
dyfyneth vs to lone onre fhendes and ꝑfey onre enc
myes than more nede to lone yen onre fhendes. and

K

ley that more nede hath ceptes to shem men schulle
do more goodnesso and ceptes in thylke dede hauo je
meinbraunce of the lono of ihū qysto that sude fo.
hys enemyes. and in as muchs as thilke lono ys
more grenous to pforme so muchs ys more gle-
ye meryto and theyfore the lonynge of ouje enemyo
hath confounded the venym of po deuell ffor yze
as po deuell ys confounded by hymulito yze so
ys he sbounded to the deth by the lono of ouje
enemyo ceptes thamme ys lono po medigyno that
thactheth out ye venym of euelyo flo wiannes
hert. The qyces of thys pays schulle be more lugo
by in hey thapitles folowyngo — —

Ma

Austyn

Saud

hey emuye aboff y declaro the cynno of yno so
orth also that hath emuye vppon hys neyboz
a non comynly he aboff fyndeshym mate
of sbath in worde or in dedo azenst hym to shon
he hath emuyo and as well cometh yso of pruyde
as of emuyo forsorthy he that ys proude or emuyons
ys lyzely aboth. thys cynne of yso after the dishynuyngo
of ceynt Austyn ys abycted abuff to ben auenged
by worde or by dedo. he after the philosophie ys po
sequent blod of mā y quycked in hys hert vormes
abshycho he aboff hatno to hym that he shattesh
ffor ceptes the hert of mā by esthaffyngo and no
nyngo of hys blod sbeyeth so troubls pat he ys out
of alle ingenient of reson. But ze schulle vndyffonde
that yze ys in tibo maneys. that on of hem ys good
that other ys abycked. The good yso ys by raysonne
of goodnesso thorugh the abshycho a man ys sbroth
abrth sbyckednesso and a zenste sbyckednesso and
theyfore seyth the sbyse mā that yso ys bot that
yscyz thys yso ys abrth debonayto and swt ys sbyse
sbrth oute byttyrnesso not abroth a zenst the man
but sbeyth ys myssede of the man as seyth ys
apheto Saud 'hastuum & nostra petrasso' schalt vn
dyffonde that sbycked yso ys in to maneys that ys
to sey godeyno yso or hasty yso sbrth oute agryso
messe and consomyngo of hys resonn. The menyngo
of thys and the sens ys that the resonn of man

ne conceyued not to thylke godeyn ſyn and than ys
ſyr venaff an ochey yſo ys fulff weyked that of
vekauye of hert acuyſed and caſte by foro herth
weyked weyff to do venimous and therto ſeſou
conceuteth and ſo gothly thys ys bedly gymo
Thys yo ys ſo diſpleſaunte to god that ſyrt you
bleth hys hous and chaſeth the holy goſt owte of
mannes ſoule and yirt in hym ye lyknesſſe of the
deuell and by ueineth the man fro god that ys hys
ſyrſt fulff lorde. Thys yre ys a fulff gret pleſaunce
to the deuell for ſyr ys deueles fomeys that ys ſo
chafed with the fuyre of helle for certes fuyred ys
more myrty to deſtroye eythely thynges theime an ochey
element ſyrſt ſo yre ys myrty to deſtroyo aff ſpirually
thynges loke hoode that fuyre of ſonnale gledes that be
almoſt ded whan aſſhen wollen quyke azen when
they ben touched with brymſtou ſyrſt ſo yre woff euey
quyken azen when hit ys touched by pruyde that
ys tauyed in mannes hert. for certes fuyre ne may
not coue oute of noſhynge but yf hit wey fyſto in
ye ſame thynge naturelly. as fuyre ys dawen out
of flynttes with ſteel and ſyrt ſo as pruyde yſ ofte
natuyre of ye ſyrt ſo is jalouſy noryſh and kepey
of the they ys amonge ye as ſeyth ſeynt yſodre
yat when a man maketh fuyre of thilke yo and
conueyeth the cole of hyt with aſſhe gothly the fuyre
of hit woll laſten aff azeo or more and ſyrt ſo
faſteth hit by ranony when hey ys ones conceyued
in the hert of ſom man certayne hit woll laſte
fiom ou eſterday tyll an nothey day or more. Bute
certes ylke man ys full feye fle the meyed aff ylke
vityle. in yis forſayde deueles fuyney theye ſouge
yre ſcharpeſſes pruyde yat aff ſtoketh and enqeſteth
the fuyre bydiſſynge and coueted goodes yat ſtandey
euuye and holdeth pe hert yſen vppon the herte of
man with a payle of longe tonges of lange jalouſy
and yenne ſtreit pe gynne of couetiſeſſe or enuye
and diſcato and bateyeth and forgoth by vcleynes
ſeproueynges certes yys enyme gynne anoyeth
bothe the man hym ſelff and eke to hys neyzbor

The ꝑson

for cothly almoſt all the hapne that eny man doth to hys neyzbor. cometh of ꝓde. for ceptes ofte tymes ꝓde doth all the euell euey the deuell hym commaundeth for he ne ꝑceyueth nyght ne hys ſlepe moch. And in hys outrages angry and yre alias alias ſtuff many ar that tyme faleth in hys herte ſtill ꝓdyſtely bothe of nyght and of hys halwen Is not thys a cauſe of yre hys be bonayre lyf eſpyritueli ſcholde kepen hys conſe. ceptes hyr by nymeth eke godes dele lordſhip and that ys mannes goule and the loue of hys neyzbor hyt commyndeth eke al day a zenſt youthe hyr zeueth hym the quyet of hys herte and ſubiecteth hys goule. Of yo cometh theſe comyknges engendrynge fyſt hate that ys olde ꝓcyath diſtorde thozouz enuyche man forſaketh hys olde frendes that he hath nones ſtuff longe and thanne cometh werres and euery manes of veniaunce that man doth to hys neyzbor in body or in catell of thys tuyſte comune of yre cometh eke manſlauzter and condeyſtonde eſpecyall ꝓuidence that ys manſlaugter ys in dyuerſe weyſe com manes of ſtomyſtreyo ys ſpyritueli and com ys bodely ſpyrituell manſlauzter ys in .iij. thynges fyſt by hand as deyth deyuit ioſm that he that hateth hys broder ys homycyde ys eke by backbytynge of whyche backbyters ſeyth ſa lomon that they haue tweye ſwerdes wyth whyche they ſlen her neyzbors for cothe as declared ys to by nyme hym hym good as hys lyf. Homicide ys eke in zeuynge of deſpyteful counſell by ſtande as forto zeue counſell to a leyde wrongefully cuſtomes and tallages of whyche deyth ſalomon. Homm lordynge beje ſtongly ben ſtyked to queſt lordſhip in wrath hotynge or abreggynge of the grieue of the ſtuffe of the wages of the almeſſe of yore goſſ for whyche the deyſe man deyth fede hym that ate moſte deyeth for hunger. for cothe but thoſe fede hym thou ſloeſt hym And all theſe ben bodily cymes bodyly man ſlauzter ys eke ſtanne thoſe ſloeſt hym wyth thy tonge in diſſey manes

to ſle aman or elles zeueſto hym counceſſ to olden
aman. agaunſtauzteq in dede ys in ſouſe maneys that
on ys by ſaſſo. Ryzt as a iuſtice dampneſh hym yat
ys coupables to the deth but ſetts the iuſtice be obeq
that he do hit ryztfully and that he do hit not for deſyre
to ſpylle blood but for keppynge of ryztfulneſſe. An no
theq homade ys don for neceſſite as aſhan aman
ſkep an other in hys defendaunt and that he ne may
in non wyſe aſſkape for hys owne deth but ceteynly
if he may aſkape deth oute ſlauzht of hys aduerſayes
and ſleth hym he doth ſynne and he ſhalle beqe
penaunce as for dedly ſynne eke yf aman by caas
or auentuze ſchete an apoſſe or caſto aſton deth
wyche he ſleth aman hit ys homicyde eke yf a
woman by negligence ouep lyth hys chylde in ſle
pynge hit ys homicyde and dedly ſynne eke whe
a man diſtorbeth conceyuyng of a chylde or ma
keth a woman bayne by drynke or veneums
ſkeſſes whozu deliuerſe ſche may not conceyne or
ſleth a chylde by drynkes or elles purueth in ceteyne
materiall thynges in ſheze oeqe places. to ſle or do
vn kynde ſynne by deſyre of man or woman
och deth hys nature in inaneze or in places ſheze
as a chylde may not be conceyued or elles yf a
woman haue conceyued or hurt hy ſelf and ſleth
hyr chylde it ys homicide. Alſo ſay doo of phyſy
cien that miſſeren heze vrſkyen for drede of worldly
ſchame ceyces an oxible homicide. homicide ys
eke yf aman approcheth to a woman by deſyre
of leccheryc whenne deliuerſe the chylde ys dyſſhed
or elles coupeth a woman delyuerynge whenne deliuerſh
ſle beſeth hyr chylde as ofte ſhe homicideth and doth
hy oxible ſynnes that cometh they of yre and
many other ſynnes as ſpeke in worde as in thoute
and in dede as he that aſeneth anon god or ſla
meth god of thynge deſtroyeth he ys hym ſelf
guilty or diſpleſeth god and all hys halwes as
thus theſe aforſeid haſardours in diuerſe maneres
Whys aforſeid ſynne don they ſchenne they ſelf

In hepre fulfilleth ye prophecy of and of hys halowes also
Whan they shuld entre ye Sacrament of the
auter, thylke synnes ys he oryble and yet yat vnmeth he
may hit be releped but that the mercy of god passeth
hys werkes hit ys he yet and he he benigne then
cometh of ye aftyr angry Whenne a man rhappely
amonesshed in hys prayer to forsete hys synne
then wolde he be angry and answere hokerly and an
gerly or defende and excuse hys synne by vnstedfaste
nesse of hys fleyshs or elles he did hit forto holde
compayne with hys felawes or elles he seyth the
feude entryseth hym or elles he dude hit for hys youthe
or elles hys complection ys so forayous that he may
not forbere or elles hit is hys destenye as he seyth
vnto a certeyne age or elles he seyth hit byconeth
hym of gentelnesse of hys auncetres and semblably
thynges all these maner of folkes so rehappe hem in
here synnes that they wolde not delyuere hem self for
peres no reyzste that exauseth hym wylfully of hys
synne may be delyuered of hys synne tyll yat he
meekly by knoweth hys synne after that pan toucheth
Reuenge that ys expresse azenste ye cōmaundemēt of
god and pus byfalleth ofte of angry and of yis God
seyth thou shalt not take ye name of thy lorde in
veyne ne in ydelt also oure lorde ihū cryste seyth
by the wordes of seynt matheu. Ye wolde ze not wreye
make many nethey by heuene for hit ys godes trone
ne by the erthe for hit ys the benche of hys fote ne
by ierlm̄ for hit ys the cyte of a gret kynge ne
by thy hed for thou mayste not make an heer white
ne blacke But seyth be zoure worde ze ze nay nay
and wat that ys more hit ys euell thus seyth
cryst for cristes sake wolde not ye curiously in al
membres of by coude hele body and bones ffor
peres hit semeth that ze thenke yat the myssed
deedes ne dismembred hym not y wote ye prea
cher of pys sermone But ze dismembre hym and
dude yf ze be yat the talke temperelle forth to
wreye ye pan pulo yette after the talke of god in
zoure wrecchednesse as seyth Jeremye. ℣ capite

Jeremye

thou shalt kepe thy commaundmẽts yo shalt not
take ye name of god in vayne and in ydelnesse thys ys
to sey thou shalt obeye both for euery lesynge
ys agen cryste ys euery synne and therfo shalt
thys that euery chrysten man be compelled lawfully
to obeye the commaunde shalt not departe fro the gouer
naunce the vsyth suche vnlefull practyses yo shalt
obeye eche man in dede wherin they are constreyned by
thy domes man to bere wytnesse ye trouthe eche thou
shalt not obeye for enuye ne for fauour ne for mede
hate for ygnorancesnesse for declaryng reuerence of god
and to declaryng of thyng euen as cryste and they
for euery man that taketh godes name in ydelnesse
or falsly obeyeth declareth thys mouthe or elles taketh
ye name on hym of cryste to be called a cristen man
and lyueth a ceuil cristes lyuyng and thys techyng
alle they taken godes name in ydelnesse and lyke
vnthat seyth scynt petre ate nyl stou eft aluid uoniã
sibi telo. pese ys non other name seyth scynt petre
vnder heuene y geuen to men in wherby they must
be saued that ys to sey but in ye name of cryste
ihũ Take kepe eke how ye precious name of
cryste ihũ as seyth scynt poule to ye philipens
in noĩe ihũ a cetera yat in ye name of ihũ euery
kne of heuenly creatures or erthely of hells schulde
bowen for hit ys so hyz that ye sende in hells shulde
tremble to hey hit nemyned yan seyneth hit yat
men yat obeyen so cristly by thys blessed name y
they dispysen hit more baldely yen did ye iuysed
iewes or elles ye deuelle yat tremblen whan he
heryth hys name. Lose ayres cristens yat obeyng
but hit be don as lawfully ys he holly desyred
inwarde obeys ys for reuenge falsely and ire medly
shall euer dee eke of hem yat dishyren hem eke
in obeyyngo and holden hit geynest ys or a mannes
dede to obeye grete ordres and despise of hem yat
of worthy vsage ne aske not to obeye grete ordres yow
the whyse be not aboute a grete cristes ywys ys
orible synne obeyyngo ydeynely bothe ordre
ouyssement ys eke a synne but lette ys now

Athe ꝑson

go to thyske ꝓible and auised obseruynge of admu
nicon and ꝯuersacon as dothe false enchaunters
and nigromancyens in basins stuff of scarnly or
in abrayt obsecde in eyche or in afuyre or in a sthyl
dysbon of a obiect y can not seyn but that they
do auisedly and dampnably a zeust gyst and aff
ye fayth of holy thyche exchangeyse of stem ſ
by leuen on dyuynalyses as flyzt or by noyse of
bryddes or of bestes or by sort by egremonusye
by dremes or by thystynges of dores by gnastynge
of jattes or gaknge of houses and suche maner
obsecacons for testes as pys thynge ys defendid
by god and by holychurche for obyche they ben ans
sed tyll pey towne to amendement that on suche sinche
seuten they by leue. Charmes for wondes and mala
dyes of menor of bestes yf they taken eny effecte sit
may be pauentyse pat god suffreth sit for folkes ordynde
zeue the more feythe and reuerence to hys name. Soth
seyff y stele of lesynges obyche falsenesse is signifi
caunt of wordes in entente to distreynen hys enemyes
ten com lessynge ys of obyche pere cometh non auan
tage to no obsyzt and com lessynge tuyneth to pese
and prophete of man and to damage of an other ma
An other lessynge ys for to saue hys sif or hys catell
An other lessynge cometh of dekyte for to lye in lesyn
the dekyte pey doth forge a longe tale and peynte
sit with all circumstaunces obseys all pe grounde of
the tale ys false com lessynge cometh for he doth
disteyne hys worde and com lessynge cometh of pe
ignoraunce for nyte a resemblable pyn
ges. lest ys nedy to vse the eyse of flatrey pe obyche
ne cometh not gladly but for drede or for couetyse flate
rye is gretly abhominable pleasynge flateres ben pe
deueles norices pat norysshith hys children of losynges
of losynges ffor seith seynt salomon pat flatrey
ys worse than detraccon ffor com tyme detraccon ma
keth an haunteyn man be pe more timide for he dredeth
detraccon But nedes flatrey maketh a man to enhaunce
hys herte and hys cortuaunces flatereres ben the deue
les enchauntors for they make a man to leue of hym

Salamo. Salamo.

¶ The xson

self be lyke to that he ys nouȝt lyke they ben lyke iudas
that betrayed god a man to selle hym to hys enemye
pat ys to the deuell ffalcyeys ben pe deuelles shaue
leynes that cymgen euery placebo-/ yekene flatteys in
the vices of yre ffor ofte tymes yf a man be wroth
with an other yen absolf he flatey com abyte to
counteyne hym in hys quayest. exile the nolle of suche
corsynge as cometh oute of prouoket ayalisoun may
be seyde generally euery maner polleȝ of harme
suche cursynge by reueth a man fro the seruice of god
as seyth seynt poule and ofte tyme suche cursynges
wrongfully retorneth a zen to hym that cursseth as a
bryd retorneth a zen to hys owne nest and euery cur-
synge vien owȝte eschetteth to cause hege children and
zeue to the deuell hege engendryge as for forthe as in
hym. certes yet ys a gret pite and gret synne. lett vs
therne exile of dysdynge and reproue wrythe ben
gret wrongdes in marines sight for they conseyven pe
demes of frendeship in marines sight. for certes vn
nethes may a man pleynly ben acorded with hym yf
he hath ben openly reuyled and reproued and defamed de
thys ys a full gret synne as wyse seyth in pe gos
pell and take kepe how pat he pat reproueth hys ney3
bor other he reproueth hem by som harme of peyne y
he hath on hys body as meselle gotes hanlot or by som
synne that he doth. for yf he reproue hym in harme :by:
of peyne pen turneth pe reproue to hym self for peyne
ys sent by the ryȝtwysonde of god and by hys ordynaunce
he hit meseshye or mayme or maladye and yf he re
proue hym of trechaunteles of synne as thefe holor yu
dronken man hanlot and so forth than apperteyneth
pat to the reioysynge of the deuell pat euery hath ioye
pat men don synne and certes dysdynge may not
come but of wykkeyns sight. ffor after pe habundaunce
of the sight after the ryȝt mouth full ofte and ze
ofte vnderstonde that lyke by eny weye wherein
eny man ought caste a notyng pat he be wroth fro
dysdynge or reprevynge ffor treuly but he be wroth
he may full ryȝtly myȝte pe fuyre of angre and
of dedayth wythyche pat he schulde quenche and ⁊

Salamon

Augustin

Apoulus

Salamon

Salamon

Als colocens. m̄.

The yfh

auentuje seeth hym that he myzt chastise with
benygnite ffor: as seyth salomon the amable tonge
ys the tye of hyf yat ys to seyn of hyf hyf esprytuelle
and a dissolue tonge sleeth ye spyrites of hym ꝑ
sepzouyth and eke of hym that ys sepzoued so seyth
seynt austyn There ys no thynge slyke the
deueles chylde as he that ofte chydeth. Seynt poule
seyth eke Seruaunt of god by houeth nouzt to chyde
and holde yat chidynge ys a beleyns thynge by alzyzt
almaney folke zit ys hit reytes moste vnbouenable
by alzyzte aman and hys dzyf for they ys uency yest
and therefore seyth salomon an hous that ys ouer
ueyed in seyno and doppynge and a chydynge dzyf
ben y lyke a man yat ys in a doppynge hous in ma
ny places They ye estheche the doppynge mo ꝑti
te hit doppeth on hym in an other place so fazeth
hit by a chydynge dzyf but ofte chydeth hym in o place
ofte dzoff chydeth hym in an other places And therfor
betty hyt ys amoꝛseff of bred with ioye penne an
hous full of Deyntees with chydynge seyth salomō
O ze seynnuē ben subiectes to zoure housbondes
as by houeth in god. And ze men loueth zoure weynes
Als colocens m̄. afterward speke the of couayting
eschyeth ys a dzyeked synne and namly whan he
stoureth aman for hys good Seyth ffor reytes ouche
stoneys fazen y lyke the foule rode yat may not en
daye to gnyffe ye other Canony of the vnie he-
hit flozyssheth These stoneys ben pazynge sedattes
wheth ye deueff for they haue noy wheynne the deueff
dzynneth and corode wheynne he lesseth They ben
aduersayres to ihū cryst ffor they hateu yat loueth
yat ys to sey Salnacion of soules. Speke the nolde of
dzyeked conuerse ffor he that dzyeked conuerse ze
ueth ys a tzayto ffor he disseyueth hym that tzysteth
in hym. yt dethnoffe ad absolone. But natheles
zit is it dzyeked conuerse fyzst a gayns hym self ffor
as seyth se dzyse man Euery fals thynge hath
hys propzi in hym self yat he that dode anoye
another man he anoyeth fyzst hym self And nē
othnlle vndryffonde yat man othall not take

The .xxxiij. chapitre

Of the condicion of false folke ne of to angry folke or
peuous folke ne of folke pat ouerdally loue to muche
pe owne profite ne to muche vnbridly folke namly
in counselynge of coules. Of folk cometh pe synne
of hem pat maken discordes amonges folke wherfore
is synne pat ayste hateth vtterly and no wonder
is for pe deyde for to make concorde and more ensa
ample pan they to ayste than did pey pat hym crucified
ffor god louerh bettre pat fle fro synne be amonge folke
than he did his owne body wherfore he zaf for vnite
thei forbeden ben pey to pe deuel pat euer ys a boute
to make discorde. Of folk cometh pe synne of wikked
tonge cursinge as ofteu fayre by fore folke and eyre
bedy be hynde or elles pey maken semblaunt as pough
they ayste hem good conpersion or elles in game or
pley and pei they ofte abrith ylle ententes. Of folk co
meth by sleynge of counsell yeuen wherby a
man ys defamed wimmen may be sestred pe damage
Of folk cometh manslaughter pat ys an open felonye. ffor he pat
open manslaughter is dredeth more pan he may reforme
hus ofte tymes Of folk cometh wikked wordes pat cometh
hem out of pe habundaunce of pe herte. Of folk cometh
vnhonest ioyeldynge of hym pat ofteth pe wordes and
eke of hem pat he receyueth pe worde or elles wikked wordes
ben pise pat ben vnlefful or hem out of vnkynde custume of vnkin
dally profite and a pe hir pat wikked wordes ben com
tynue vsinge. Of pise cometh vnresonable chyldren pat
schulle zelde a resonyng of hem by fore god. Of folk cometh
vngelynges pat may not come hem out of synne and as
seyth salomon hir ys signes of a verre folye and pise
foie a physicien seith pise signes aneen a sek hym hath
he schulde pise verre wikked and he amended comynes good
werkes and eke pe wikked custumes after thys cometh pe
synne of ydelnesse and ben pise pe gates ffor pey maken folke
to lachen as pei ydelnesse ys pe deen of pe gaudes of an
ape Ouche ydelnesse defendeth pat pouke hath pat
ouermuche wordes and hardy conforteth hem pat trauayle
in pe synne of gyfre pat is vnresonable pise pe veldynes
wordes and bnaskes of wordes pat trauayleth in pe dy
uisio of pe deuelle These ben pe synnes pat cometh of
pe tonge pat cometh of yre and of eche synne

Salamon salamo

Poule poule

The prol

Iaum

¶ The pson

¶ Gregorii

¶ Augustii

¶ Luke xv.to

¶ Luke xxviij.to

¶ Seynt gregore. sayth comenly Beaufayre thinge ys dystroyed of ys myght of god yf it cometh ovir tyme of to muche outrageous sorowe and ovir tyme of muche dredde ymagenynge yf he shall do do vnlefe ovirme yat shall not availen hym yough he wolde leve hym and for sake and do good penaunce wherfore dispayre of dedde he shalbounden his hert to many synnes As sayth seynt austyn wherfore beaupuche synne yf yat he hit continue vnto his ende hit ys dampned synninge in ye holy goft. this exemple sheweth ys so plenteous yat he that ys distressed yat nys no folonye ne no synne yat he ne sholde fonde do as oftetyde was by iudas Cayros abouen alle synnes yerne ys his synne most displesaunt to gyfte and most abhominable to gyfte. forthy he that dispeyreth hym ys like ye wikked champion Iudas and sayth geaunte Cayn vnto nodde allas allas nedles is he geaunte and sayth geaunte and needles dispeyred for cayres ye mercy of gode ye euer ready to his penytence hit ys abouen alle hem wikkednes allas nay no man by thenke hym on ye gospell of seynt luke. in xv. Where as gyfte sayth as wel forthalle ye be ioye in heuene vppon a synfulle man that doth penitence as vppon a ryghtfulle man yat nedeth no penaunce lokke fyfte in ye gospell ye ioye of ye feste of the good man that had loste hys sone Ne ingratitudo was ywryten to hys fadir. can ye not remembre hem eke that as sayth seynt luke. in xxiij. holy yat ye theef was hanged be syde thu gyfte sayde. lorde remembre on me when pou comeft in to thy kyngdom ffor forth sey de gyfte to day thou fchalt be with me in paradys. certes they nys non so orgulous synne of man yat hyt ne may in hys hyf be destroyed by penitence ywis eyenn of ye passion and of deth of gyfte. Allas wherfore dedeth a man yan ben dispayred certeins yan hys myght ne ioye ys and aske and hym thynke cometh couetyfnesse yt ys sluggy. slumbrynge wherfore man hath amen bo hem ny in body and in soule and yus synne cometh of sadnesse and ye tyme that he abbey of ihesu men calde not elles yat ys by ye noroffe

Salamon.

Dauid

The xson

but yf they doo cause reasonable for to pray vn to me
I wolde yt were most conuenable a man to say his pray
ers a man ought to thanke god and to honoure god
and to geue alwesse to the pore yf he wolde come vn to
name of cryste lo what Salomon. Also do doth
by the mooles that ought geue me the ought shulde nue
glygence conueth negligences or recheselesnesse par
reckyth not of no thynge and holde yt ignorance to
be body of all shame ceptes negligence vs the moyre
negligence ne doth no force to shew the ought don a
thynge wherein he don wele or gladly of the iewelys of
these to eymes as eyth vs wyse man that he pat
dredeth god openally purposeth not to do pat hym ought
to do and he pat loueth god wolde don diligence to plese
god by hys workes and abounde hym self seruith all
hys myght & all force don yenge conueth vdelnesse yt
vs the yat of all shames An vdell man vs lyke to a
place pat harth no walles the deuell may entre on euery
syde or ellers an hym at dysonest by tetyptacions in
euery syde hys ydelnesse vs the yore of all wyckednesse
and vcleynes wonyres and of alle wangles tyffles and
alle ordure ceptes the heuene vs y zeuo to them pat wolde
laboure and nought to hyndre folke eke Dauid seyth
pat they ne be nought in the labour of me ne they shulde
not be dryed with men pat vs to crye in pnigacio
the temes yenne semeth hyt they shulde ben rejected
thruh ye deuell in shewe but yf they don penitence
The. conueth the eyme pat men clepeth tapertus as
the shame a man vs so hardyed and so rappyng of he
wolde rejoyse to yt and ceptes pat vs a yift folys he
vs y lyke hym pat falleth in the dyche and wolde not
a lyfte but rhyse (vice conueth of fast hate pat he vse
hath he shall hyne longe but pat hope faileth fulle
ofte the shenne conueth slaghesse pat vs the shenne
he by gynneth eny good dede anon he wolde lete
hyt and ceyse as don they that haue euy dryte
to goueyne and ne taken of hem no more keep duo
as yey hynde euy tonnayes or eny anoye. yat so bou
the nedes schuldes pat letten hem schep dystynghy
gow lame to the wolde pat ys in the hyes or don no

fore

forces of the owne gouernaunce of this cometh to
ueres and distemon bothe of spūalte and of temporalte
pynges thenne cometh anauey of coldenesse yat he
seth alle ye herte of man yen cometh vndeuocōn the
nuz resp̄yte amans ys so bleut and as eyth eyt
Bernardo sayth outhe taugon nu gouls yat he may
nothey zede ne synge in holy chyrche ne heye ne
thenke of deuocōn ne trauayle with his honde
ni no good deyde that hyt hys to hym constancy
and alle apalled then thay he ons and clouz and chim
bry and cono tholde be theyth and cono ys enchuedde
to hate and to enuye yen cometh yo synne of wordly
sorowe wyche yat ys cleped tristicia yat cleth a mā
as eyth eynt gould for teres ouche sorowe be takes
to ys deth of ys gould and of ys body also for they
of cometh yat aman ys anoyed of hys owne lyf
wel for ouche sorowe ech ortereth fulle ofte ys lyf
of aman ey that hys tyme tonis and by weye of
kynde azenst hys ozible synne of accidie and the
braunches of the same they ys a vertue yat ys
called fortitudo or seyengoth yat ys in affection vorz
wyche a man dispyseth alle noyes thynge this
vertu ys so myzty and so vigorous yat hit day with
stonde myzthyly and wyasteth a zen ys assautes of
ys deuelle and abyssly hepen hym self ys pelle yat
ben abycked for hit enhaunceth and enforceth ys gould
kyzt as amadys abateth hitt and maketh feble ffor
hys fortitude may endure by longe suffisaūce ys
thauayles yat ben conenable to this vertue sheth
many oppyces The fyste ys cleped magnanimite yat
ys to sey gret corage for teres ys hy gnoseth gret to
jape a zenste alle the yat hit wolde ys gould
by the synne of sorowe or destroye hitt by wanshope
This vertue maketh folke vndertake hasty pynges
and grenous thynges by heye owne wyte wysly and
resonably and for as muche as the deuelle fyzteth a
zenst man more by queymys and by sleyzthe yenne
by seyengethe they for aman ochalle with stonde hy
by abstinence and iesun and by discrecōn. Thenne shal
ys ys ys vertues of feyth and hope in god and in

The pson

shys ꝯcyuytes to atteyns and compstes ꝑs goode ꝛbeyꝛ
kes in ꝛbshyche the pupposeth fermly to continus Thsen
cometh cupte or syknesse and ꝑat ꝑs ꝛbhen a
man dowtey no tyanayle in tyme comynge of good
ꝛbeykes ꝑ man shath by gumne yen cometh magni
ficence and ꝑat ꝑs to ꝯcyn ꝛbhen aman doth and
ꝑformeth gret ꝛbeykes of goodnesse ꝑ he shath by gumne
and that ꝑs ꝑe ende ꝛbshy ꝑat men schulde don good
ꝛbeykes for in ꝑe compliynge of good ꝛbeykes shethe
ꝑe grete gherdon. yen ꝑs pere constaūed ꝑat ꝑs erable
nesse of corage and ꝑus schulde be in herte by grud
fast feyth and in mouthe and in hꝫynge and in dede
and in dede ellis thy be no ꝯtenaūt ꝑynges and ꝑe
medyes azenst attrys dueliss ꝛbeykes and in tonsi
dꝫacōns of the ꝑyne of helle and of ꝑe ioye of he
uene and of ꝑe ꝛbirtus of ꝑe grace of the holy goost ꝑ
ꝛbolde ꝛceue hymmynyste to ꝑforme shys entendyd
frey attrys ꝛbolly exercise of anayed and of
conuertyse of ꝛbshy the cymus ꝯcyth ꝯcyue ꝑonse
ꝑat ꝑe lore of alle cymues ꝑs conuertyse. ad.
tymoth. ꝙ. for certisly ꝛbhen ꝑat ꝑe herte of a man ꝑs
confunded in hert dede and trowbled and ꝑat ꝑe cōuse
ꝑate hath lost ꝑe comforte of god yen ecketh he an
ydelle cōtas of ꝛborldely ꝑynges dnayed after ꝑe
ꝯpysiōn of ꝯcyue austyn ꝑs a sycornesse in herte
to shaue erthely ꝑynges com other folke ꝯcyn that
anoyet ꝑs forto ꝑpchase many erthely ꝑynges and no
thynge ꝛceue to them ꝑat shan nede and vndystonde
ꝑe ꝛbelle ꝑat anayed ꝑs not only in londe ne cartelle
bire com tyme in ordenyd and in glorie and in euery
maner of outragous thynge ꝑs anayed. and conuertyse
ꝑs thus: Conuertyse ꝑs forto conuerte suche thynges as you
hast not: and anayed ꝑs forto ꝛberch holde and kepe
suche thynges as thou hast ꝛbrch out ꝑyrtfulle nede
ꝛbrthly ꝑis auantrage ꝑs a cymne ꝑat ꝑs fulle damp
nable for alle holy ꝛbrit cussith and exekith azenst
hirt for hirt doth belonge to ihū qyste for hirt thy ꝛceueth
hym the lone that men to hym owen and tuyneth
hirt bakꝛbards a zenst alle ꝛbisdom and makith ꝑat ꝑe
auoyous man shath more in hys cartelle yen in ihū qyste

trist

And yese fore seyth seynt poule. Ephes. v. pat an
ueyous man hath thys praldam of ydolatrye. What
difference ys by twyxte an ydolatre and an aueyous
mā but pat pe ydolatre ne hath but o maystrer
or two and pe aueyous man hath many for certis
euery floreyne in thys coffre ys thys maystrer and cey
tes pe synne of maumetrye ys pat god in pe ten
comaundementes beyeth Exod. xx. Thou schalt ha
ue no false godes byfore me ne pou ne schalt make
to pe no graue thynge thus as is in an aueyous mā
pat loueth thys tresour a fore god an ydolatre pat
thys synne of aueyce and of couetyse cometh pys hayd
lordshipes porw wycche men ben ouerpwed by talla
ges custumes and outrages more panne they owe or
reson ys and elles take pey of they bonde men extorc
cions pen aueyrenesses of wycche weyghtes and
mesures wycche myxt more reasonably be reqwyred eyther
wons pen aueyrenesses of wycche weyghtes and
mesures of bonde men com lordes outrages
ocyn that hit ys wytnesse ffor as muche as a thefte
stant no temporalte thynge that hyt ne ys thys lordes
as they ocyn hit wyces these lordeshipes don belonge
pat by reuen they bonde men thynges that they nein
ne zaf hem Austyn. De ciuitate dei. iv. sayth ys pat pe cou
cion of thraldom and pe fyrste cause of thraldam
ys for synne Genes. De. Thus may ye se that the
gyft delyuereth praldam but not nature Wherefore
these lordes ne schold not muche glorifie hem in
they lordshyp sayth ou pat by nature they ben lordes
ouer they thralles But for that thraldam came fyrst
by desert of synne and fortherey ouer they as the
holy scryth that temporalte goodes of bonde folke
ben pe goodes of they lordshipes ye that ye sayn ou
tyssonde pe goodes of the emporye to defende the
re they wyth but not to forbie hem ne to reue hem
And they fore scryth ouerk. yy prudence schalde
hyne seruysly Wrest thyne thralle thinke pat thos
except yy thralle ben godes peple for symple ben
qwyte hendes they ben contributyf to the lordes
Therto eke pat suche deed as thefles oppryngē

Apoule
22

Augustyn
25

Genes.

of Surlse oed cpryngen lordes as cbelk may pe cheple
be gaued as pe lorde pe cano Seth pat taketh pe chepls
taketh pe lorde wherfore y rede eb pyzt go with pyno
cheple as thow woldest thy lorde Sud with pe
yf thou were in hys pyzt euery cynfull man ys a
cheple to cynne cf rede pe textes pat thow lordes pow
reiectest in ouche wyse f pyne chelles the ianuey
lone pe than diede pe. I wot welk pero ys degre
a bone degre as resonn ys and ckyle ys f men don
hey deuey they as hit ys dreo hit textes extorcions
and disspytes of zonge vndstynges ys dampnable and
fulfchequey vndystonde cbelk pat conquerours or ty
iaunes maken full ofte pralles of hem pat ben berne
as pyatt blod as they pat hem conquercn. This name
of pralsam was neuey knowen eyste Tyll pat noe
seyde pat hys sone chaam orchulde be pratt to hys
bretheren for hys cynne what oey the themne of
hem pat telen and don extorcions to holy chyrche
textes pe obeyde f me zeuen fyste to a huyzte wise
he ys nelk y dubbed signifieth pat he ochulde do
fende holy chyrche and not forto robbe hit and who
so doth he ys a traytor to qyste as seyth seynt austyn
They ben deueles wolues that cy angelen pe other
of ulst qyste and don wers pen deoules ffor textes
when pe chulf hath hit hys wombe he conueyeth
to cy angele echeep but ecchily pe pyllis and dep
leyes of godes of holy chyrche he don not go for
pey ne cryme neuey to pylen. lorde as yhane seyde
echeens that cyrne was hyste cauje of thraldom
yenne hit ys pus pat pulke tyme pat alle pe wouldo
was in cyrne pen was alpe comune in praldam and
in subiection but textes sey pe tyme of grace cam?
god ordeyned pat som folke ochulde be more hyz
in estaat and hyz in degre and som folke more lowz
and that euerych ochulde be content in hys estaat
and in degre and pey fore in som werkes they they
be pralles when they hane turned hem to pe feyth
pey make hey thralles he ner of thraldom and pey
for textes pe rede obey to hys man that ys man
obeth to hys lorde. The pope declareth hym self sey nannur

of the ordinaunces of god but for as muche as the
estate of holy chyrche we myght not stand longeth to
myn profite myght stand be beyng we pees and rest
in erthe. But yf god hadde ordeyned that som men
shan sheyzsh degre and com men lordesshyp ye shoes
was ordeyned ordeyned to kepe and mentayne
and defende sheye cyuyl shynges or sheyr subiectes in
resonn as forth as stt stith in shey power and not
to destroye them we as forth towardes ye shayfore
y sey yt ye lordes that ben ye holy chirches that de
nouyen ye possessions or ye estate of yore folke shoge
fulsh with out ryght or reson yey withstande resteyne
by ye same meyn that yey shan mesuse to ye pore
folke ye meyn of us̄ ayste but be amended sholde
comith disceyte by whene mayshaunt and mayshaunt
and yet be shall cyuyl stryfe that mayshaundyse ys
in many manes yt on ye body and that othe ys goostly
that on ye beeffulle and yt othe ys dishoneste and vn
beeffulle. of the body mayshaundyse that ys beeffulle
and honeste. ys yus that yore as god hath ordeyned
that a segne or a comyn ye cristisaunt shym self the
ys hir honest and beeffulle that of the halmudaunce of
ye comyn that men shen an othe comyn that ys more
nedy. and yey fore yey mot be mayshauntes to bryngo
fro that o auntre to that othe they mayshaundyse that
othey mayshaundyse with shande and deshayte and
disceyt with leshynges and with falso othes ys cursed
and dampnable Thirdly mayshaundyse ys pryme
by symonye yt ys entent of desyre to with hynge spirit
ell that ys thyngo yat pteyneth to ye seyntell as
of god and to ye aus of the soule yus desyre yf so
be yat a man do shys diligence to enforme hir also
hir also hir yat shys desyre take non effecte yet
ys hir to shym deedly synne and yf he be ordeyned he
ye segnely cures symonyes ys sayd of symon magus
yat wolde shave bought ye comyn gyft of god
yat god shadde geuen by ye holy goost to comyn yer
and to ye apostles and yey fore vndirstonde lordes ye yat
wolleth and he yat bieth synnes strayte ben ayed
symoniakes he hir entent he hir procuryng or by

Mayfully preyed of hys frendes or of fryndeff frendes
fleyfully in tho manneys as by hymed as orfoy he
des godly yf they prey for hym yat ys not able and
worthy fyrt is Symonye yf he take ye benefice
and yf he be vnworthy and able he nys nou yat onfoy
mathey ys Aslen Anan or Saphira preyeth for folke
to a vayne fyen only for yer frendes fleyfully affo
ron yat pey haue vnto ye pfones and yat ys vn-
foule Symonye for exes in sequise for Alfych ma
zeuen thynges effyrmeth vnto hey sequaintes fyrt
not ben vndyftonde yat ye sequise not ben fo
nest and elles not and yat fyrt ben Synfy vnto bay
geynynge and yat ye pfone ben able ffor as yerth
Seynt Damaste Alle ye Synnes of ye Worlde ar yo
regarde of hys Synne ben as a pynge of nouyt for fyrt
ys ye gretest Synne y may be after ye Synne of fa
ther or of auncyft for by yys Synne god forfeseth
ye chriche and ye foule yat he bought with hys
precious blod to hem y ben chriches to hem that
ben nouyt digne for pey putte in thenes yat fro hem
ye foules of ihū cryfte and defyoyeth hys patrimo
nye by fuche vndigne pryftes and aspetes hauo
mē ye lasse feneynes to ye Sacrementes of holy
chriche and fuche zeneys of chriches putte out
ye chyldren of gyft and putte in ye deueles Sone
Sone pey often ye foules ye lambes of ihūfte be
kepte to ye dooff yat oryangelep hem and pafforo
fyrft pey ueney haue part of the pafture of lam
bes yat ys ye hyrde of heuene. Holy Synch hasfidy
Synch hys apurtenaunces as tables and pyftes of
Alchyche cometh diftryt falfe ordres chydynge and
alle vanyuys blafphemynge and fenynges of god
and hate of hys neyghbors Wenfte of good myfpendyng
of tyme and Som tyme manflaughter eyres hasfidoi
ne may not be Synch out gret Synne Whyles they
haunten that gaft Sfraudynge cometh eke lefynges
yefte and falfe Witnesse falfe ordres and yo ofcul
oudyftonde yat thefe ben gret Synnes and expreffe
a zenfte ye comaundement of god as y haue exyde
ffalfe Witnesse ys in Exode. Ji

Sancte Damaste.

as forto byrene thyne neyzbors good name by thy falso
wytnessynge or by leue hym hys catell or hys heritage
by thy falso wytnessynge vsen thon for yre or for mede
or for enuye be yest falso wytnesse or elles exaust
hym of hys falso wayzes questmongers and notayres
scryptes for falso wytnessynge was ordayned in grete
sorowe and peyne and many other mo. Synne of thefte
ys eke expresse a zenste godes heste and ys the ma
ner corporall and ghostly as forto take thyne neyzbors
catell a zenst hys wyll be yt by force or by slyzthe
be yt by met or by mesure. by stelynge eke of false
endytements vpon hym and by borowynge eke of
yy neyzbors catell in yat entente neuer to pay and
semblable thynges ghostly thefte ys sacrylege yat
ys to say hurtynge of holy thynges or of pynges or
dayned to ghostly vse in maners by reason of the holy place
as thyrches or thyrche hawes for euery veleyne synne
yat men don in suche places may be cleped sacrilege
or euery vyolence in ye semblable places also they
they that wrechedly reuen falsly ye pyzres yat longeth
to holy thyrche. and playnly and generally sacrilege
ys to zeue holy thynge fro holy place or vnholy pynge
inne of vnholy place. scorne orthuffe to vnderstonde ye
ye releuynge of auayled ys mysericorde and pete lay
gely taken. and myzt asko why that pete and mysericord
ys releuynge of auayled man ordeyneth no pete ne no
mysericord to ye nedfull man for he delyteth hym in
ye kepynges of hes tresors and not in ye restoringe
ne releuynge of hys neyghbory and therfore sayth
fyrst of mysericordes. pen ys mysericordes as seyth ye
philosophyre a certayn by whyche ye drage of man ys
eyed by the myssayes of hym yat ys myssayed vp
pon whyche mysericordes follweth pete in performynge
of charitable werkes of mysericordes. certes there ne
uer man to ye mysericordes of ihū crysto yat hym ne
for ouyr gylt sufficed dethe for mysericorde and forzaf
ys ouyr originale synnes and they by releued ys fro
ye peyne of helle and a mennyssh ye peyne of pur
gatorye by penitence and zeuethe glorye welle to don
and at ye laste ye ioy of heuen. The specyes of myss

ryende hem as forto lene and forto zeuen and forto release
and forto haue pite in herte and compassion of pe mis
chefe of hys euen cristen and eke chastise hem as nede
ys an nothely mercy of auoyde vs resonable largesse
but onthely shewe by ensaumple pe consideracion of ihū cryste
and of hys temporall godes and eke of pe godes pduya
bles pat cryste zaf vs and eke to haue remembraunce
of pe deth pat he schalle resteyne. he not reioyse
and eke pat he schal forgoo alle pat he hath dispended
in good but for as muche as oū folke ben vnresona
bles nē oght here to estimen foul largesse pat nē
receyueth vnwyse certes he pat ys foul large ne zeueth
not hys catell but he leseth hys catell foolishly vnwar
ynge pat he zeueth for veyne glorye as to mirth and
and to folke forto beyen hys renoū in pe worlde he
hath don synne and non almesse, certes he leseth
foule hys good pat he sebooth no thynge of hys good
but synne he ys lyke to an horse pat sebooth perthey
to dryuke doth hym wexen or doubly pen of the dee
welle and for as muche as pey zēne they as they
schulde not zeue. to hem appertyneth pylke malyce
pat cryste schalle zeue at pe day of doome to hem pat
schalle be dampned.

Envye auoyde cometh gloteny and vnlyche pe
expresse eke azenste pe cōmaundement
of god. Gloteny ys vnresonable appetyte
to ete or to dryuke or elles to don y nolle to pe vn
mesurable and disorde coueytyse to eten and dryuke
pys synne corrumpeth al thys worlde as ys wel
schewed in pe synne of adam and of eue. lo eke
what seyth seynt poule. Many of whyche y haue
ofte seyde to zow and nolle y hit now eft wepynge pat
pey ben enemyes of the croys of cryst of whyche pe
ende ys deth and of whyche hem wombe ys hem god
and hem glorie in confusion of hem that so sauoreth
erthely thynges he pat ys wyse to pys synne of
gloteny he ne may no synne eschewe. Ferthe he mot
ben in despaire of alle vices forthi ys pedencia hord
pe he studeth hym and reseweth. pys synne hath
many spyces. pe fyrste ys dronkenesse pat ys pe

horrible sepulture of manuos. Jesou and abhorre
man ys bounde he hath lost hys Jesu and yet
ys dedly synne but lepres whan a man ys not
wont to stronge drynke and yauentrye ne knoweth
not ye strengethe of ye drynke or hath feble
in hys hed or hath ytranayled yorugh abstynence he
drynketh ye more al be he sodeynly cauze with
drynke hit ys no dedly synne but venialle The
seconde. spyrte of glotenye ys yf ys spyrte of vnkn
weyeth alle trouble. for doubtnesse by yeueth hym
ye dispossion of hir witte. ys yridde spyces of
ys whan a man deuoureth hys mete and hath
no yzrfulle mauey of etynge The iij ys whan
yorug ys gret habundaunce of hys mete ys humours
of hys body ben distempred. The. 4. ys forzet fulfulnesse
by to muchelle drynke for whyche sein tymes a man for
geteth at ys morowe whatte he doth by the eue or on
ye nyzt byfore. In othey manes ben destruyed of spyces
of glotenye after seynt gregory The fyfte ys forto eten
byfore tyme. ye seconde ys whan a man geteth hym
to delicate mete. ys thyrde ys whan me taketh to
muchelle ouey meslys. ys fourthe ys ouyquste whyth gret
entente to maketh and appalayle hys mete. ys fyfte
ys forto eten to gretly. yese thurh ye 8 fyngres of ys de
uelles honde by whyche he alloreth folke to synne. Azenst
glotenye ys ye remedy of abstinence of hys body as
seynt gregorye hym hit holde y not vnmyse to hys yf he
he do hyre on hy forhelde of hys body. Seynt austyn whan
yat abstinence be don for vertue and whyth pacience
abstinence he seyth ys thrifft whorth hit yf a man haue
god whyll yerto And hit yf hit be enforced by pacience
and by thayred and yat nie don hit for godes sake and
in hope to haue the blysse of heuene. The fendes
of abstinence ben attempraunce yat holdeth ys mene
in alle thynges also ordeynes yat eschelleth alle dysho
neste Suffisaunce yat seketh no thyng vnkouth ne dyuers
ne doth no forse of no outrageous appalaylynge of mete
ajeyns also yat restreyne by reson ye delaus appetites
of etynge Obeyuesse alle also yat restreyneth the out
rages of drynke Spayynge alle yat restreyneth the

Greg.

Galyan
Austyn

ɪt ese to syttę longe at hys mete and sothly com
mende ye grondē of hey olbnes wylle and to eten at ye lasse
and reysey.

Hey glotenye thsen tometh lechęyo ffor thęso
thbo synnes ben no myz to synn yat ofte tymo
ye wille not departe god thor pys synno ye fulle
displesaunt pyngo to god for he seyde hym self bo no
lechęyo and pesforo he putte gret peynes a zenst pys
synno for in ye olde lawbo ye thbonnimā pnitt thęye
taken in pys synno sthe scholdo be beten thrtho to
nes to ye deth and yf othe thęys agenstt thbonnimā
othe scholde be slayne thrth stones and yf othe
thęys abysshopes douzty scholde be bięnt by godes
comm aundement ffurthermoro god bęynt alle ye
thzolde at ye dilnyē and after yat he bięnt hym to
thrth hyzt and sankę hem in to hellę stoffe sores ye
sykę penne of thylke synnyngo synno of lechęyo
that nīē thęren auoutryo of thedde folke ꝑ ys to seyo
yf that on of hem be thedded or elles bothe seynt iohn
seyth yat auoutęys othullen ben in hellę in a synnyngo
bięnnyngo of fuyo and of bytunston in ye fuyo
for lechęyo in bytunston for ye stynkę of hęy ordyo
sethos ye bięnnyngo of pys ꝓpęnent ys an exibls
pyngo hyt was maked of god hym self in paradys
and confeymed by thīē qyste as thertuesse seynt
matheu in ye gospell aman othall lete fadyr and
modyr and take hym to hys thyf and they schull
haue but on flęysh thys agaynst bytokenęy
ye knyttyngo to gedęr of qyst and of holy thurches
and not only ꝑ god for bad auoutęy in bedde but
eke he cōmaunded yat yolke schuldest not comytte
yy neyboris thyf in pys hęste seyth seynt austyn
ys for bode alle inanęr of conetyse to don lechęyo
so thhat seyth seynt matheu in ye gospell yat
whso seeth a thoman to conetyse of hys wyfe he
hath don lechęyo thrth hęr in hys hęrte hęre may
ze se yat nought only ye ded of thys synno ys for
bode but eke ye desyre to don yat synno thhys
aysed synno anoyeth gretously hem that hęre hanne
and fyst to hęy goulo for he obligeth hem to synno

¶ Goffes

¶ uyatheds.

¶ Augusti

¶ yatheds.

and to peyne of the dedy ytt ys pdurable vnto
ys body annoyeth hyr grenously also for hyr hyeth
hym and wasteth hym and of hys blood he maketh
engendre to ys feude of hell hyr wasteth eke hys
strength and hys substaunce and expres yf hyr be a
foule vnlyke vnto a man to wasten hys strength on whom
yt ys hyr foule lykynge when yt for lothyng oddy
wymmē destende vppon hem hey strength and sub
stance ys hyrs as eyth ys to hyre by mariage
man and wommā hey good fame and all hey
honour and hyr ys full pleasaunt to ys deuell
for yey by wymmen the ys most parte of hys
worlde and yyt as a mayshamt deliteth hym most
in theffare yat hem hath most avauntage by yyt so
delyteth ys feude in yys ordre. yys ys yat ordre
honde of the deuell hath hys wyues yat eche hath
ys temple to hys welcome ys fyrste hyngey ys ys
foule lothynge of the foul man and of the foul wō
man yat they yyt as ys dispised they folke by
ys vsaunce of hys eyr for vnclenesse of eyren foul
hath ys vnclenesse of ys hens yat they hyngey ys
ys vyleynes tuchynge in wykked maner and yer
for eyth salomō yat the ys to vnclenesse and hauk
leth abhominacōn the fayeth eke hym yat hauntes
a strompon ſ enpongeth and vnclenesse ouer
hys enpoysenynge as eke so tuchey in pyche
the adhere hys fingres ys ydde ys foule wordes
yat fayen ſ hym yat hauntes yat breyeth yat yyt
a non breuneth ye hert. ys fourthe ys ys hyssynges
and neyghe the dreys a gret fool yat wolde hysse
ys moneths of a breuynge ehen or of a fonedys
and more fooles ben they yat hyssen to poysenede
for yat moyth ys ys moneths of hesse and nemly
the olde dronkydes holoures yat wolde yey hysse
yem yey myght not do and ouermore hem etes
they ben lyke to hommes for an hommes when the wanteth
by ys yose or by odhey beestes yem the may not
hysse yer wolde the hene vp hys legge and make
contenaunce to hysse and so that many man wo
neth yat the may not opnue for no lykes pnuysshe

Salamon

yat he doth with his wyf cares that opinion ys fals
god shot a man may ofe hym self with his owne
knyf and maken hym dyuers with his owne tonne
cares be shyt wyf or child or eny other dely thynge
yat he louyth by fore god hit ys his maistr and
he ys an ydolatre yan ofholde his wyf lowe by dis
cession pacyently and attemperally and then ys-
cise as ofte wyf his custo ye fyngey of ye de
uelles honde ys ye styrkynge dede of lechcyye eyres
ye v fyngres of glotony ye fende put in ye bombo
of a man and with yese v fyngres of lechcyy he gyt
teth by ye jeynes forto throwen hym in to ye fournays
of helle yese as they ofhuld hauo ye fuyre and ye
brymes yat ouer with alle last and vengynge and day
lyngo ofsayte hungey thurste and grettynesse of de
uelles yat ofhulle alto taken hem with oute ieffyres
and with oute cude of lechcyy as y seyde tofore
ouelyse spyces as fornicacion yat ys by twyxte man
and womman yat ben not wedded and pys ys ded
ly synne and a zenste nature alle yat ys enemy
and destruccion to nature ys a zenste nature pat
say ye jesoun of man telleth hym eke with yat
ys dedly synne for as muche as god for bad lechc
lye. and seynt poule zeneth hym ye regne yat
ys dulles to no thyng but to hem yat don dedly
synne an other synne of lechcyye ys forto by reue
a mayde of hey maydenhed for he yat so doth re
ues he reacheth a maydo out of the heyest degre
yat ys in pys present lyf and by reuen hym yilke
precious fluyre yat ye bookes clepen the flouryd fluyre
for ne can no clergy hit non other wey in englyssh ne
hit in latyn hit hyte virginitas fluxus cares he
that go doth ys cause of many damages and ve
nyes ne yan eny man can rekene hit as he ys
cause of alle ye damages yat befallen don in ye
folde yat hyeloth ye heggo or ye closure yorus
wrathe destroyeth y may not be restoured for
euere no more may maydenhed be restored efsen
an ajne that ys fluyren fro ye body may retourne
a zen to hely ofse may hauo mercy thys hoot

Apoule

The ꝓlon

I ſeek yf ony he do remembred but nener ſhall ſhit be
pat ony he nas corrupted and al be ſhit ſo pat y ſhall nat
ſpeak ſpoken of a vouchyng ſhit ys good to edifye
mo pells pat longen to advouchyng ſo vouchyng nu latyn
ys ſonto ony apprehendyng of an obiect nammed bed pozus
pe ſeyd ſhe ye thar ſeyd ſhyldonn ſeye fyſtes o fleyſch
and bonde hoge offne body to ony ꝓſones of hyr
ſynne as ſeyth ye ſeyde nā ammed many ſhapnes
ffyſte ſuckynge of feyrthe and rapes feyrth ye eke
of gyfendom and ſeyen pat feyrth ys broken and lome
ſothly nyſtrudom ſeynes and ſeyth onto fyuyne ys
eke a vſef. for theſte generally to ſpeke ye ſonto zeue
a thynge of a ſeyre a zenſte hys deyde rapes pryſe
ys ye ſouleſt vſef pat may be ſeyen a ſkommian
ſtaleth hy body ſhen hy ſhonſcience and zeueth hire
to hey ſholonge to defoule heye and ſtaleth hy ſoule
ſhe gyfte and zeueth hire to ye deuelt pryſe ys a ſoule
theffle peuns ſonto blake and ſeale ye ſchalys fo. theſe
apoſtates breken ye temple of god ſpuallly and ge
ten ye veſſelle of glace that ys the body and ye ſoule
for whyche gyfte ſchalle deſtroyen hem as ſeyth ſeynt
poule ſothly of thys theſtlie ſounde gretly roſeth
ſeyen that hys ſoldes hyt preyde hym of ſeckneſſe
ſe my lady holde my ſoule hath take to me vnder my
feyth alle pat he ſhall in thys vnſeelle ne noſhynge. 18.
of hys owne of my power but only ze thar ben hys ſeyf
and holde oblyſſhyd y theune ſon pys abſtynence and
ſyenne ſo enuble azenſte god hit for bede. Alas alle
to hytelle ys cruelle ſonthe confounde nede a dayes thys
paſſede hſapne ye pe fyſthe yeru whyche pey brake
pe commandements of god and deſtroubleth pe mary
of hey mattymonye pat ys ryſte for wyfes m ge
mache as pe ſacrament of mazyage ys ſo noble
and ſo digne ſo muche as hit ys ſpet ſynne ſonto
breke hit ſor god made mariage in paradys in pe
eſtaat of innocence to multiply creature to
ys eqwiſe of god and pey for ys the brekynge
pey of greuous of abſtynche brekynge commeth ſalſe
hopes ofte tyme pat beſynge ſothly corrupten ſalſe
ſeyntages and pey ſonto deth put hem out of pe regne

poule

of scheue pat ys seyttago to god folke of thys lye
kynge toucth eke ofte tymes pat folke vnkay ded
den or cymñ forth here olyno kynged and namly
thyllke hayloures pat shaunt̄ bordels of theso fōuls
thymmen molden den hyred to a tōmune gongo
holye, as mē pugst̄ hey ordyne. Whatt oey eke eke
of pticis pat hyuen by the ordyne cymo of pugys
and confeyned Rymmē ze com tyme thys olyno
thyf a thys thylde as dou these barbes to zelde
hem a cleuyne leuue of hey bodily pnayd ey
tes these den ayssed cymes vnderstondeth eke pat
goonge ys yet gladly mynde. y. comaundemētes
by thy yre pefte and manslukthey for hyt ys pe
grettest pefte that may be for hyt ys pefte of body
and of soule and hyt ys hyke kommāde for hyt hey
uerth a thef and sucketh ardo hem that flyste the
leu y make of fleysthe and theyfore by pe olde
lawe they schulde be slayne hit nathcles by
pe lawe of thū gyfte that ys lawe of pese Whē
the seyde to the thomma pat was fourded in ad
uenture and orthodox hans be slayne Rytht eo mes
attey pe Reyth of the relkes as thas hey lawe do
qs thū gyfte and hans no more thyf to do cymes
or Reyne no more to cymes goodly pouerdmes of ano
nymo ye a chapele to pe cyme of thelke hue hyt be pef
sybles by cymes of thelke penaunce pe hem pat e
more cymes of auoutrye as when thare on of hem
ys religious or elles bonde or of folke p den entyd
in to ordre as subdeakene or deakene or prest or oppr
tuelys and euery the Reyzthey that he ys in ordey
pe grettey ys the cymo. pe dyuynes pat neuly
abiegge thys cymo ys pe blackynge of thys a mo
of diuynes Whan he festeyneth ordyne and hyghey
ouer forth ys that holy ordey ys chef of alle pe the
seny of god and ys thenyalle cymo and make de
diuynes to ouercome pat they den ioyned to thayn
de Reyzthe thare ys pe moste precious thyf pat
ys and these wikked folke den thenalty ypuld to
to gode and of ye greuaste folke of god for Reyzthe
Whan they don dedly cymo they den pe greuaste

The pson

thetouns god and of hys peple for pey leuen of ye
pepell to prey for ye pepeple and thy for they be
Suche thaytouns they preyes a thaylleth not to ye peple
Prestes ben as angels as by the dignite of hey mynstreyes
But for sothe seyth poule seyth ye Cathanas thanssor
mueth hym an amugelt of hym to sothly ye prestes ye
shamedeth seyth she may be bylened to the amugelt
of hym but for sothe he ys amugelt of Deuelnesse
Suche prestes ben ye ymages of belyall as sthe seith
in the book of kynges ye pey seyen ye ymages of
belyall pat ys the deuel belyall ys to seye without
ouere nugo and so saien they hem thenketh they
ben she and shau no nugo no ... yau shalle a slo
ye tonu so saieth pey by abomine ... hym sheweth nu
bose ys y nom for all a tonu kyst so ye ... as a she
preste corrupte y nolle for all a tonu or alle ...
yese prestes as seyth ye book ne kome nouse ye
ministreyes of preste hod to ye peple ne god ne knolleth
hem nouse pey ne holde hem nouse as seyth ye book
of gode fleysshe pat was to hem offred but pey
tok by force ye fleysh pat ys all testes pat so yeps
ochsellpes pat shalden hem not a payde of rosted
fleysh and soden fleysh with ye abyde of the
peple fodde hem in gret jeuesence but pey shall
shaue all fleysh as sholtos kynges and heys dou
ges and tetras these abynnuen y contenten to hey
shaylorrys ben gret thyonge to kyste and to holy
chyche and all halwes and to all soules for they
beleuen all yese hym pat schulde abyssh kyste
and holy chyche and fond prey for kysten soules
and they fore shan ouele prestes and hey kemmas eke
pat consente to hey lecherys ye malison of ye compt
gistien tylt pey come to amendement. ye pydde expres
of apostrys ys som tyme bytwene man and hys
wyf and and pat ys closen pey take no selle ayt in
hey assemblynge but only hey fleysshly lustes as
seyth seynt Jerom. And ne seken of no thynge but
pat pey ben assembled by cause pat they ben y
mayes alle ys good y nolle as thenketh hem but in

poule

Therom

ruche folke pe Denefft hath forbey as ceyth ye kn
ngelff taghaaff to tobys ffor in hese assemblyngo
pey pretten hit qyst onte of hese hefte and zaf he
self to alle ordrys. Tlhe fourthe cpyes of hem. pe
assemblyngs that ben of hey hymed or of hem par
ben on affiuntes or elles ordris hem tbth pe tbshyche
hey fadres or hey hymed hath dased tbfh in ye cymo
of hethey no the cymo in aketh hem hyke homudes
hit taken no hefte of no hymo and refres pace ureth
ys in tlho maneys or gos hy or clayfth. Tofteh is
fomo deken tbich hey gossih hit go as is godfadr
hys fadr opnefft for tbfh pe a tbomuna may in no
lefte cymo assemble with hey godsyb then tbrth hey
ordrus fleyfthly hey Tlhe b. cpyes is tlhykko ab
hommable hymo of tbshyche pat no man cymeys
onfist hem hosh tbwt stekko of horrible cymo hey
hefth hosh tbwt may ug be defoukd no mors pe
pe comno pat ordrneth in pe mystreyno an nothey
cymo pat preyneth to lethefye pat comeh in sseppyngo
And pys cymo comeh ofte to hem pat ben nisy
Dons and eke to hem that ben corupte and pys cym
ne nien dehe pollucon pat comeh in fouje maneys com
tyme of alanguisshyngo of body for the humors ben
to janke and habundant in ys body of man com tymo
for the mfyrmte for ye febelnesso of the vertuo jeh
tyf as phyfyk maketh mencon com tyme for gozfer
of mete and dzynke and com tyme for yeclepyngo pom
tes pat ben enclosed in maneys mynde tbhen he goth
to slep tbshyche ne may not hefte hem tbysly or elles
may nien cyme fuff gzeuously, soth cometh ys je
nedy azenste lechefye and pat ys geneyalby chastito
and continuenco pat jefheyneth alle pys. Dishordynuo
mendynges pat comen of fleyfthly talentes and euch
ye gzetty meyto schafft he hath pat moste jefheye
neth chaungyngo of ordrys of thys cymo and pys
ys in to maneys pat ys to sey chastito of nigtnago
and chastito of tbedbtbhod. soth schafft pofft cruel
stonde pat matrymonye ys leefull assemblyngo
of man and tbomma pf jestaymen by tbey of ordremet

pe bondo

199.1

199.4

Chaucer

MS.

8137.